TWO SPLENDID STORIES, "THE FLAME OF YOUTH" AND "MYSTERY OF DEVIL'S DEN," IN THIS ISSUE

CHICAGO LEDGER

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Helping to Win the War.

ALL over the country women are quietly doing their part to help win the war. Many others would help if they could decide just what things they could do best. In hunting for these things perhaps they are overlooking those things which are closest at hand. Here are some letters from women which may prove a help, in that they show how they are carrying on their part of the fight.

After the Kaiser

I AM a girl earning $4.50 per week. I gave a dollar for Red Cross membership and go to the Red Cross meetings once a week to sew. I have just finished knitting a scarf and will knit more when I can get the yarn. I also own a $50 Liberty bond, and last, but not least, I gave $1 toward a Christmas club for soldiers in service. I shall continue to do all I can to help get the Kaiser.

L. M.

Three to the War.

WHAT I am doing is not worth mentioning; just my share of the work all patriotic American women are doing—economizing on food, paying for Liberty bonds and knitting. knitting, knitting.

...at one woman in this town is doing is wonderful indeed. She gave her three sons to the cause of justice and humanity. When the youngest, Jimmie, wished to claim exemption on the grounds of being the sole support of his widowed mother she declined to permit it.

Jimmie went to the front. This woman of 55 secured a position in a local factory. She subrented her house, furnished, keeping one bedroom and obtaining the privilege of preparing her own meals in the kitchen. Out of this rent and her earnings she is paying for Liberty bonds. Evenings she goes to Red Cross headquarters to sew and she knits after her noon lunch at the factory, and during any spare moments.

If there's anything in the theory of reincarnation this woman must be the twentieth century re-embodiment of some brave souled matron of ancient Rome.

M. W. E.

Helps Soldiers' Families.

IN OUR vicinity there are six families of from four to six members whose bread winners enlisted in our National Guard in the glittering days of peace and prosperity and who were too patriotic to ...uble arose. The young ... to do anything but care ... and thrift ... for the children ... incomes ... go much farther than shoes and coal.

I felt that I should help these sacrificing mothers in giving their children the best care and nourishment possible. In our town milk is 12 cents a quart and eggs are 50 cents a dozen. My livestock consists of one cow and fifty hens, and I sell milk and eggs to these families for 6 cents a quart and 20 cents a dozen, respectively.

At house cleaning time I solicited my friends for castoff clothing, which my relatives and I remodeled for the boys and girls of these soldiers.

There are a few around us who are not anti-Americans but are negligent Americans. They have rendered no service to the Red Cross, scoffed at the food conservation pledge, and considered knitting needs a good joke. They are women with no household obligations and could give unlimited time and money to war work.

We were foiled in every attempt to persuade or shame them, so I invited them to an informal bridge compliment-ing these fascinating women who are enthusiastic "Red Cross workers from prominent families of our nearest large city. I asked each guest to bring 50 cents, which was given to the secretary of our local chapter to buy mirrors for comfy kits. The visiting women gave impromptu talks (which had been well prepared), which certainly had a hypnotic effect. Every woman there has spent three half days of the two ensuing weeks since sewing at our Red Cross rooms and is diligently learning to "knit two, purl two."

I am supervisor of knitting at our Red Cross rooms and spend nights and Sundays raveling out heels and toes, because many of our older knitters refuse to adopt the Kitchener style.

K. R.

What a Mother Does.

WHAT am I doing to help win the war? I reply, "Saving food, fuel, clothing." I am a woman with three small children. My husband is drafted and may soon be called.

I observe meatless and wheatless days, save sugar by using honey and corn sirup in many recipes, and give the children bread and sirup instead of frosted cake. My mince pies are meatless (green tomato mincemeat). I use oleomargarine for butter. I do all my own baking. In place of candy we have dates, figs, raisins, and nuts. All dry bread goes to make pudding, toast and dressing for fowl. Only peelings are thrown away, and my neighbor's pigs gets those.

By discarding two stoves we reduce our bill for fuel one-half. Rooms not in use are closed. Our oil stove can be turned out like a lamp, but on extreme cold days we leave it lighted to help heat the room. In place of our hard coal base burner we have a smaller stove, which burns either soft coal or wood.

Clothing partially worn out is made over into smaller garments. Shoes go to the cobbler. Men's shirts are used in making aprons and dusting caps for mother, waists for the boys, and aprons, skirts, and dresses for the little girls. Our auto stays in the garage, saving gasoline, oils and repairs. Money once spent at the movies is now saved, as we retire early, which also saves fuel and light. Most of our amusements have been given up, as we are content just to be among ourselves; in thinking of the many homes broken up in the countries now at war, we are so thankful our own ...

MRS. M. E. S.

A Degradation.

MR. EDISON says he hates to apply electricity to warfare, but before the menace of militarism what is to be done?

"Still, it seems to me a degradation of electricity to apply it to warfare. Electricity shouldn't be treated, you know, as the man treated the doctor," he said.

"At 2 o'clock one bitter winter morning a man rang a doctor's night bell.

"'How much, Doctor,' he said, 'to make a call six miles out?'

"'Five dollars is my charge for night calls,' said the doctor, and, shivering in the bleak wind, he drew his nightgear tighter round his chest.

"'All right, Doctor,' said the man. 'I'll wait and go with you.'

"So the Doctor got out his little car and drove with the man to a suburban residence. The man got out, produced a $5 bill, and said:

"'Here you are, Doctor, here's your fee. That will be all. You can go straight back now.'

"'But—but—' the doctor stammered.

"'You see, Doc,' said the man, 'I couldn't find a taxi man who would make the trip for less than ten bucks!'"

The War Has Come to America

EVERY one of us—every man, woman and child—is affected by the great war which reached across the sea and is taking our Men, Money and Materials. As we are now fighting for our own rights and safety as well as for the rights of mankind and the peace of the world, we all want to be correctly and fully informed on the struggle in which our country is taking so important a share. We want the facts on everything of interest to us at home and abroad. The monthly magazines are not up-to-date enough for us; the daily newspapers are not complete, for in the rush of going to press they are often unable to correctly present the facts. In The Saturday Blade, America's Greatest Weekly Newspaper, you have a complete, truthful and reliable record of the war and what we are doing in it—not only the official reports, reviews and war maps, but special articles and correspondence explaining all important features of the military and naval moves thruout the world; specially drawn illustrations in all colors, pages of latest photographs; news every week of our boys at the front and in all the training camps. In addition to fully covering all interesting angles of the war, the Blade still contains the old-time features. Every issue of this big weekly newspaper is full of information and entertainment for the whole family. It is only 5 cents a copy and you can get it from the agent who sold you the Chicago Ledger.

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Mystery of Devil's Den

By Leon W. Dean

"MYSTERY," she said was her name, for she knew no other. She had one, however, and this strong story tells you how the identity she had lost was regained.

I.

BUTTERFLIES! When Professor Muller carefully explained to me that there was a fortune to be had in butterflies I laughed. What did I, Peabody McArthur, care about butterflies?

Circumstances, however, as all men know, sometimes alter cases. Six months later, bereft of a fortune, well-nigh penniless, with the ultimatum of one of New York's eminent M. D.'s hanging spectrally over me, I recalled the old Professor's words, and repented of my laugh.

Even butterflies weren't to be sneezed at—not under the present circumstances—albeit I was a full-grown man and aged 30. Doc had informed me in words altogether too plain for misinterpretation that I mustn't work, that, if I did, I'd soon be on the colorless side of the sod. And I had promptly informed myself that, if I didn't, money would be so scarce it would be a hopeless matter saying on this side for long, anyhow. The upshot of it was that the more I ought in terms of butterflies the more utterflies took my fancy—doubtless a ormal psychological condition.

One day I found myself at a department counter buying green tarlatan. Adversity had wrought well and I, Peabody McArthur, was going into the butterfly business. Three yards of tarlatan and two rings about eighteen inches in diameter—this was my purchase. Out of these and an old fly rod that had escaped the sale of my personal dunnage I fashioned to my satisfaction a couple of nets. Three cyanide bottles made of quart fruit cans, cyanide potassium and plaster paris completed the outfit. I arranged all on the table, surveyed it with considerable pride and felt encouraged.

The next day I was on my way to Vermont, and within the week was safely ensconced within as snug and pretty a little cabin among the maples along the banks of Baldwin Creek as the most fastidious could desire. Baldwin Creek was a cold, swift-running, mountain trout brook. My cabin was a three-roomed rustic affair built of pine board slabs and equipped with a marvelous porch and fireplace. Forest trees, berry bushes, underbrush and wilderness of all kinds abounded, while civilization lurked harmlessly in a little hamlet three miles distant.

Civilization and I, however, rubbed elbows but little. It is surprising how a garden patch, good trout stream and fruit season will eke out a frugal larder. Added to these were my butterflies. Yes, I caught them, caught the good and the bad indiscriminately, and shipped them all off by the R. F. D. to my dealer. But at length long patience was rewarded and my efforts began to assume some pretense to regularity and order. I learned to tell the good from the bad, to differentiate varieties, to know their haunts and price and habits. At that, the sport began to attract me for the sport's sake as well as for the selling price. On sunny days I netted, on dark days I swept the bushes, dug for larvae, or beat for the full-winged insects; at night I hunted moths with a dark lantern, sometimes using bait. By middle July I had out a line of moth traps two miles long. These I inspected every day, and thereby hangs a tale.

The Dog Leaped, the Horse Reared!

II.

FIVE miles east of the village, therefore two east of my cottage, was a rocky drift-strewn basin known as Devil's Den. Thru it flowed the New Haven River, a swift stream like Baldwin Creek, but much larger and more powerful, in spring the conveyer of old King Spruce; in summer the toiler, monotonously turning the wheels of enterprise. And down along the banks of this stream amid the rocks and river debris and water-scarred willows was grouped a cluster of some half-dozen disreputable shacks, fashioned of odds and ends struggling weakly for support, and inhabited by long-legged, scraggly chickens, an occasional shoat of questionable residence, men, women and children, the last neither a luxury nor a commodity. An ill-famed brotherhood it was, bound together by common ties of indolence and lawlessness. How they subsisted only Providence and their neighbors knew. Living on a disputed boundary line between the townships, their domain was fairly secure from molestation. Whether the place derived its name from the forsakenness of its appearance or the character of its occupants I never ascertained. In either case it was no misnomer.

In a little maple clearing on the mountains some half a mile above the aforementioned locality my trap line came to an end. A tumble-down woodhouse, a few rotting logs, flowerage, and three or four heaps of storm-eaten cordwood several seasons old made of it an ideal moth habitat. Here, almost invariably, I secured something worth keeping.

The morning of which I speak had been dull and misty, succeeding a rainy night. Delayed by well-filled traps, it was hard on 9 o'clock when I came into the clearing above Devil's Den. Even had there been no mist I could not have seen the Den, for heavy woods occupied the intervening half-mile in that direction. As a matter of fact the mist broke and partially rose just as I entered, framing the glistening glen in a halo of sunlit fog. Woodpiles, flowers, shed, truncated trees stood out in clear relief—and over my nearest trap, coaxing along its inclined glass panels to freedom whatever was contained therein, bent a girl. Even as I stood there, surprised beyond any ability to make move or sound, said contents squeezed thru an outlet, fluttered a moment in the sunlight and darted triumphantly away. With a gasp of astonishment I swung my net, barely missing her head, swung again and landed him.

"He's a beauty," I exclaimed—"and worth four-fifty," I added, falling to my knees and deftly manipulating the cyanide jar. "You must pardon me. I didn't intend to frighten you, but I'm a fiend—a butterfly fiend, I mean. Butterflies are my hobby, my existence. I—er—pardon me, I——"

The absolute silence had at length penetrated to consciousness. Surely I must cut an absurd figure groveling there on my knees in the moist, dark loam, and, forewarned by the silence, it was with some little apprehension that I cautiously screwed my head about over one shoulder to obtain a better survey of my visitor.

Slowly the cyanide can began to slip in my fingers. Tall she stood, with simple dignity, yet poised as tho for sudden flight, her brown eyes, big with startled surprise, looking down and searching mine. Her feet and ankles were bare, gleaming white in the sparkling moisture; the sun glistened on a mass of golden hair that flowed in wild profusion over neck and shoulders. From shoulder to half below the knee a single simple garment hung. But it was the face that dominated all and made you forget the rest—fair, beautifully featured, strong and sensitive, just now intensely interested. Had I stumbled on a maid's boudoir I could scarcely have been more amazed.

"Pardon me," I began again, with barbaric conventionality, "I——"

But still she gazed and still my wonder grew.

"I—I was hunting butterflies," I concluded lamely, struggling with my embarrassment. "Excuse me, I will go." I began to arise.

"Why?" she asked.

"Why!" Ye gods of Olympus, imagine one of the belles of my more plentiful years asking, "Why?" Yet here this woodland goddess, shy but unabashed, stood, a veritable Diana, expectantly awaiting my reply.

"It's—it's worth four dollars and a half," I murmured.

"What is? Your going?

"This," I said, mechanically holding out the bottle.

"That—oh, I didn't know it was yours! I was going to let it go."

"Who are you?" I asked abruptly.

"Me? I'm nobody. Who are you?"

Catching my breath at the sudden counter, I rapidly calculated my change of circumstances and grinned weakly.

"I guess I'm nobody, too," I admitted.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she said.

"Sorry? Sorry for what?"

"Because you're a nobody. It's hard being a nobody, don't you think so? Everybody takes liberties with nobodies."

"I'd like to see anybody take liberties with you!" I growled under my breath—and waited.

"Where you from?" she continued.

"I? I'm from New York. Used to own a magazine—money, friends, influence. Now, no magazine—no money, no friends, no influence. Perfect sequence."

"And you don't know who your folks were?"

"Don't know who my folks were? Sure I know who my folks were. What made you think I didn't? Why, dad——"

"Oh, oh!" It was a bitter, heartaching little cry as she buried her face in her hands. "Then, then you aren't a really truly nobody after all! You don't understand!" she cried. But—but I guess I'm glad you're not," she added, raising glistening eyes, "it's too hard being a nobody. I'm Mystery—Mystery of Devil's Den. Good-by."

And there in the early morning sunlight, my hat where my exertions for the moth had tossed it, in my hand a net and cyanide bottle, I stood agape, watching Mystery of Devil's Den walk soberly off down the hillside.

And I wished that I, too, had been born a nobody.

III.

A WEEK later I entered the village in quest of provisions. It was high noon. A bright sun was shining hotly—

too bright and too hot. It prophesied rain. But for the present the day was fair and delightfully "summery." I breathed deeply of the sweet-scented air, chanting an old college song as I went:

"Oh, Harvard has her crimson
And Yale her colors blue,
But for our dear alma mater
We'll shout for the——"

Up the street people were suddenly scurrying hither and thither, into doorways, around corners, one even essayed a window, bringing the big plate glass clattering down about his shoulders. No sound accompanied the confusion. People simply turned and ran, seeking without question the nearest refuge. It looked like a sure-enough stage setting, act one, scene two; and I was vaguely wondering where to look to find the moving-picture operator on the job when the scene changed and the action quickened.

Taking the ground in short bouncing leaps, ears laid back, foam flecking from his jaws, ominously silent, swerving neither to left nor right, he sped, while I prayed for an open road. A mad bulldog in full career can raise the very mischief.

Out onto the sidewalk in his wake people were already cautiously trooping. I myself was about the only living being within the danger zone, and it would seem that the peril, for the nonce at least, was over, when all unexpectedly there swung off a by-street directly across the creature's path a magnificent chestnut horse. No catch was registered in the performance. The dog leaped; the horse reared; snapping fangs intended for the throat sank deep among the swelling muscles of the great chest.

I don't know why I did it. I think it must have been because I couldn't stand there like a craven and see the beast suffer. I don't know how I did it. I think it must have been instinct. Certainly it was one of those moments when instinct rather than reason prompts one to act.

My first recollection, save for a hazy notion of racing across the street, is of seizing the plunging horse with one hand and the throat of the dangling dog with the other. Promptly I realized, and right vividly, that I had hold of a somewhat over-animated bundle of livestock. Desperation and a summer's life in the open must have lent vigor to my grip. Anyhow, the dog let go.

Then I began to think—and I thought blamed quick. The bulldog was squirming like a snake and snapping like a turtle. His second strike relieved me of a section from my shirt front, and I decided then and there on a parting of the ways. Dropping my free hand to his hind legs, I swung—just once—high above my head and let go. My eye on a telephone pole, the swing had not been without intent. Hurtling rigid and noiselessly thru the air, the victim of my first adventure cracked dully against it, fell to base, quivered, and lay still.

The crowd, which had halted with a stupefied sense of inadequacy, now began to gather closer. The driver had his horse under control. Modestly I began to retire. I was a plain, anaemic, New York magazine man. I wasn't a prize fighter; I didn't crave notoriety of the bulldog type. Seclusion appealed; but the crowd, growing momentarily larger, hemmed me in. A confused murmur of sounds arose. Some were talking, others craning to see; no one seemed to know exactly what was to be done.

Without warning the noises ceased, the circle stopped milling, and thru the crowd a big dour-faced man came pushing his way, men and women pressing aside before him. Grabbing me sharply by the shoulder, he swung me roughly toward him, thrusting his face savagely into mine.

"Kill my dog, would yuh!" he growled. "Kill him, would yuh, yuh sneaking chit, yuh——"

The ugly face, the harsh voice, the insolent threatening words! I forgot I had been a dignified New York editor, forgot I was in search of quiet and health. I was stirred up, I was furiously angry. I saw the big gold-headed cane describe a semicircle, flashing bright in the sunlight. Then I hit him, hit him where the jowl rounds into the jugular, and over he went. He quivered just like his dog had quivered, and lay as still.

For a minute I was so surprised that I was at a loss. I had no idea a man would go over so easily. Then, as tho knocking out a fellow being were an everyday occurrence, I stalked carelessly off. The interrupted buzzing recommenced.

By the time I had bought my groceries and set out for home, the crowd had quite dispersed, but news travels quickly in a small town, and there seemed to be no diminution of interest as I passed along the street.

"Gee whickers, I'll bet you could've nigh whaled the life out of that feller, if you'd wanted to, eh mister?"

The words jabbed into my thoughts like a punch in the ribs.

"Eh—wh-at?" I gasped, looking down.

A lad of some 10 years was trotting along beside me.

"Gosh, his face looked just like his pup's when he went thru that crowd! I thought he was going to do yuh up some sure. Smack; and over he goes"—emphasizing his words with a vigorous flourish at his own jaw. "Most knocked him out of his gallowses, I guess. Say, I bet I wouldn't 've swapped that for a circus. You oughto waited round—most uv us fellers did. Gee whickers, he was mad! His face were the readest I ever seen it, and he looked about like he was going to maul the town. I guess you ain't afraid of him much, are you, mister?"

Here was youthful adulation. Here was something I had never experienced before. All my life I had been treated as preordained to weakness and sickness. All my life I had been told that my brains had cost me my body. But here was admiration—admiration for my physical prowess. Under its impulse I threw back my shoulders, feeling the birth of a new life.

"Not much," I laughed lightly. "Who was the fellow, lad?"

"Huh!" The boy cast me a sidelong glance.

"Who was the bruiser?"

"Him? Yuh don't know him?" There was no mistaking the genuine surprise and incredulity in the boy's voice. "Gee whickers, mister, that was John Lord."

My heart sank. I had heard of John Lord, the town's master and tyrant, its unscrupulous money lord, and I knew I had not seen the last of this morning's business.

But for the present I must keep my newly won prestige.

"So that was John Lord, was it?" I said. "Well, well, if I had known that I'd have put the hooks to him again. He needs it, eh, lad?"

A quick glance of approval, duly noted from the corner of my eye, assured me that my footing was again secure.

"You bet he does," responded my companion, "and I guess you're the one to put 'em, but I wouldn't live in your boots, no siree!"

I laughed again, mirthlessly. The laugh ended, we marched on in silence.

"Good-by, mister."

"Good-by," I answered, putting out my hand.

Laying hold of it somewhat as tho handling a hundred-dollar bank note, the little fellow said good-by again, said he hoped he might be in at the finish, and sidled away.

Long I looked after him, disappearing in the west, vague apprehension squeezing at my heart.

IV.

BEFORE I reached home it was raining. In the night I woke up two or three times and each time said "Damn!" for it was still raining, and I knew by the sound of the wind in the trees that my traps would be a wreck by morning. Small need to worry about the traps had I been able to read the horoscope of my future. Sticking my head thru the doorway in the morning, a dash of rain greeted me full in the face. Under force of the highest wind I had seen that summer it was beating the width of the porch and up against the side of the cabin. I ducked. There would be no butterflying that morning.

Had not the increase of the storm held my attention I suppose I would have been impatient. There had been no days but what I had been able to accomplish something, and even today I could pack for shipment and make cases for later use. But this had not the fascination of the out-of-door work, and soon grew irksome. Usually I assigned this task to the evening, when I could work at it as little or much as I saw fit.

Once during the morning, chancing to pass a mirror, I stopped short. In the light of recent events I had come to take a little more personal interest in myself than usual, and the bronze upon my cheek, the brightness of my eyes, the expanse of shoulder—all these stood suddenly out like a revelation, demanding more minute inspection. So, bending close like an ape interested in his own image, I took my inventory. Added to the brown was a certain healthy glow beneath the skin. This had displaced a former colorless something that always reminded me of a tombstone. My eyes seemed to have taken to themselves a little more self-assurance, firmer lines marked the contour of my face. Slipping my shirt from my shoulders, I watched the tensed muscles ripple along arm and neck and back. Then, with the enthusiasm of a boy, I threw back my head and laughed. God! Here was something I had never had before. What was money to this—health!

And then again I fell to listening to the unsteady beat of the windy rain. By noon the storm had increased to a gale. By night baldwin Creek was over its banks, foaming a dirty yellow in my dooryard. From far below I could hear the dull roar of the river, and thought of the occupants of Devil's Den. Perhaps it would be more precise to say the occupant. Thus, with the cry of the storm in my ears and truant thoughts in my head, I fell asleep.

Morning of the second day. It was still raining. I began to worry in earnest. Night. Baldwin Creek at my doorsteps, the clearing strewn with forest wreckage. Still raining. I drew on my boots. Of course nothing would happen, but—I would go and see.

Would I? I threw open the door, and the cut of the rain lashed me back into the room. A litter of leaves and twigs came with me. On the instant a little rill of water had formed and was growing to a pool in the middle of the floor. I cursed. I had never been what is known as a cursing man, but neither had I ever felt before just as I was feeling now. The wind whipped the new blood to the surface. Here was something to fight, and the new blood was the fighting blood, the blood that makes men fight for the mere love of the fight and lust for the coming struggle. I had never felt that way before. It felt good. I leaped at the door, went thru, and was alone, the wilderness howling about me, face to face with its wrath.

Somehow I crossed the creek; somehow I beat my way down an old wood road; somehow I found myself in the main highway. My boots were full of water. I kicked them off. I had entered upon a new enterprise, and was playing another new role, as singularly strange to me as that of pugilist—the role of protector.

I think I must have covered nearly a mile when unaccountably I started in to run. What made me I don't pretend to know, any more than what made me start out on such an errand in the first place. But, with the wind and the rain vying with each other to buffet me from the road and with the mud slushing heavily underfoot, there I was, running bareheaded thru the storm for Devil's Den.

Covered from head to foot with a goodly portion of that self-same slime, drenched, panting from my exertions, I got there, too.

Down thru sumacs, water willows and weeds waist-high I plunged, in the direction of the one and only light still glowing at the bottom of the Den. Too exhausted to check myself, I charged on, brushing by dim, distorted shapes, men and women staggering up the bank bowed beneath grotesque bundles of household gooas.

I must have been following some sort of a path, for suddenly a half-dozen of these shadowy forms drifted up directly in front of me. Trying to avoid them, I slipped, stumbled forward, and, striving to recover, pitched headforemost among them. Down like a bunch of tenpins we went in a heap, a sad confusion of twenty legs and arms; and out of this confusion, as from a single throat, rose one cry of terror. "The dam!"

The pent-up dread of fifty years was given vent in that one cry that sent me flying on my way again. It was dark down there in the basin, dark and the footing treacherous. Rain-soaked limbs lashed me in the face. Slippery rocks rolled beneath my feet. Once I careened full charge against some giant tree. But always to urge me on was that cry of a stricken human at my back, the wail of the storm and the great rumbling roar of the flood rushing down from above.

It was coming closer now, coming fast. So was the light. Would she be there? Was it her light? I didn't know. I merely knew that I must reach it.

But I didn't. The flood caught me. It rose up behind me in a big, surging rush of water. It pursued me, shrieking, drawing nearer. I was afraid. Its advance curled about my feet. I was swept away, gone, struggling amidst flotsam and hurrying waters. Something loomed beside me and we were swept fiercely together. A dull, numbing ache began to creep up from my side. I felt myself going and climbed desperately. I was afloat. My hand came in contact with something soft and human. It stirred, speaking faintly. I put my arm around it and drew it close. We rode on, bumped hither and thither by the swift white waters of the night.

V.

MYSTERY and I and the subsiding storm were alone, and Mystery was sick. Feverish tossings and a soaring temperature were quite enough to inform even my untutored mind of the nature of the illness.

As the morning wore on the fever increased. My dilemma was assuredly two-horned. Take it one way, I dared not leave her long enough to make the trip for a doctor. Take it the other, and, even were I competent to deal with the case, it was beggaring circumspectness to remain. I considered the matter profoundly. Had I been Peabody McArthur of New York I would have gone. But Mystery was too sick to be left safely alone. More than once I had occasion to force her to the pillows by main strength—and it was main strength, too, for she had the sinews of a mountain cat and a raving determination to match. Peabody McArthur of the Green Mountains took stock of his provisions, and decided to remain.

Those days which followed taught me many things, not the least of which was self-reliance. It was a hard uphill fight we fought—Mystery and I—and emergency with such wholesale rapidity and adroitness that I came at length to welcome each new-sprung enterprise with a kind of exultant defiance.

And in those days, lost to the world, lost to myself in the great absorbing fight for a human life, I forgot the Peabody McArthur who was, and ate and slept and worked with the McArthur born the day John Lord went to the gutter at the smack of a bare clinched fist.

And of this John Lord I learned much more, sitting day by day at Mystery's troubled bedside, listening perforce to the myriad thoughts that flickered across her fevered brain. That which no one else could have known, the merest fraction of which would have ended John Lord's future had it fallen on the ears of his fellow citizens, came to be my daily lot. Fear was seared from my heart. Hate rode hot in its place, a good red hate whetted by every word that dropped from the poor girl's lips, till, out of my erstwhile callow self, lurched a big man-sized desire to meet John Lord, the monster, and, meeting, to wring bare-handed the devil from his soul.

He owned Devil's Den, did John Lord, and with it the bodies and souls of those who dwelt therein. Mystery, standing for right, had lived in a den of evil. Mystery, standing for wisdom, had lived amidst the most sordid ignorance. About her, as about the rest, had fallen the shadow of John Lord, the master, but, unlike the rest, goodness sat supreme on the broad space of her forehead, and wisdom lurked in the dark, thoughtful depths of her hazel eyes. Boldly she had discountenanced the evil of his ways. I loved this girl with the mass of tumbled golden hair, I loved the daring tilt of her chin and the spirit of her words, the wild free grace of her as, raising herself quickly on one elbow, she would break forth in wordy battle against the demon of her people.

Her people? Ah, therein lay the mystery. How came a mind like hers to be exiled there, bright where all else was lusterless? How came a soul like hers to spring, flower-like, from a bed of foulness? John Lord knew. So did an old hag, her attendant, called by the sick girl Meg. John Lord knew, and, because he knew, held her in his power. Yet by some paradoxical whim this very knowledge seemed to protect her, to grant her liberties the others did not have, and to permit her to live her life in a measure as she would, unanswerable to the clan, as the mountains she loved to roam—free from all save one—the master.

Days passed. Mystery due either to my unflagging attention—surely not to my skill, tho I must admit I had become rather proficient—or else to her own splendid vitality, at last passed the danger point and began to recover.

Her surprise on seeing me there and on beholding her new surroundings was doubtless great, but I think her lire must have been accustomed to surprises, for she took the experience placidly enough, and I knew she believed my story. I had been good to her and kind to her; i was a being from that sphere to which every word, look and gesture convinced me more and more that she belonged, yet from which the fickle wand of fate had cunningly excluded her.

Summer ripened into early autumn. Candid was the love that Mystery gave me. Candid was the love that I returned. As sweet and wholesome a love as ever united man and maid, I knew was ours. But of one thing she always warned me—John Lord would come.

And one day, proving her words, he came, boisterous, arrogant, thrusting himself by me at the door, demanding Mystery. Many days I had waited for that coming, and a wondrous anger welled within me as I pushed the girl behind me.

"Come and get her," was my sole reply.

Great joy I had in that anger. I knew

(Continued on Page 21.)

THE SET OF A SOUL

One ship drives east, and another drives west.
With the selfsame winds that blow:
'Tis the set of sails and not the gales
Which tells us the way they go.

Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate
As we voyage along thru life;
'Tis the set of a soul that decides its goal
And not the calm or the strife.

His Red Cross Sweetheart

By St. George Rathborne

Love, war and adventure are combined in masterful style in this story. It starts off with a thrill and vivid interest is kept up to the very last word.

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CHAPTER I.

FROM ONE DANGER TO ANOTHER.

BOYD KENNEDY looked up at the double row of curious faces along the rail of the rescuing steamer. Looked, smiled wearily, and then mentally thanked Fortune it was all over.

The battered boat rising and falling against the side of the eastward-bound liner was one in which he and a number of other survivors of a vessel, sunk by a floating mine some hundreds of miles from land, had kept themselves from the hungry maw of a stormy sea for three long days and nights. During this dreadful time two of their number had been washed away while incautiously dozing, and the remainder found themselves exceedingly weak from lack of water and sustaining food.

He himself had received a painful laceration of the left arm during the strenuous period following the explosion of the drifting mine. This seemed to have bled copiously, tho he had wrapped it up roughly with several handkerchiefs found in a coat belonging to one of the lost passengers, and which for warmth he had appropriated.

Apparently Boyd Kennedy was taking things in a remarkably matter-of-fact way that stamped him no novice when it came to the line of stirring adventure. True, he may never before have chanced to be aboard a steamer in which a tremendous hole was knocked by contact with a mine, possibly sent adrift in the trade routes by a cruising German submarine, but shipwreck and Boyd were no strangers; and in his knocking about the world, seeking new and strange sights in order to appease the wanderlust spirit that dominated his nature, he had also experienced a full measure of other perils by land and sea.

There had been five men, a woman and a child in the boat, besides himself, at the time they found themselves cast adrift on a heaving sea, the vessel having foundered inside of twelve minutes after being struck. Whence the other boats containing passengers and crew had vanished, they knew not, for night had come on swiftly; and the boat, poorly manned, had been swept along on ruthless, mountainous rollers in an opaque bank of mist.

What the castaways suffered during those long days and nights would not soon be forgotten. They had a very scant allowance of water and food, but Boyd, assuming charge of affairs by reason of his dominant nature, had seen to it that the mother and small lad did not suffer; tho to endeavor to protect them much longer might have taxed his ingenuity, and even cost him his life, for the three remaining sea toilers were whispering suspiciously together and watching him with the bloodshot eyes of starving wolves at the time the smoke of a steamer was discovered.

And now this new and novel episode in his rather tempestuous career seemed happily closed. Boyd Kennedy felt a wave of positive relief sweep over him, unaware of the fact that by long odds the most astounding series of strange happenings in all his experience was just opening.

For the first time he found himself obliged to admit to a feeling of extreme weakness, which up to now the grave condition of affairs had forced him to ignore. While he limited each of the three husky sailors to a small portion of the precious food and water, in order to conserve the supply for the innocent child and helpless little mother, he had with Spartan firmness denied himself a single bite; and only wet his lips with a few drops of liquid from time to time in order to keep his swollen tongue from sticking to the roof of his mouth.

But now it was all over, and presently they would be quaffing life-giving nourishment in the shape of warm broth. He was glad that he had been able to spare those helpless ones much of the suffering which they were so poorly fitted to endure, and without having to sacrifice his own life; for Boyd was young, and the world looked good to his observing eyes.

Why, how strangely the faces along the rail began to appear, after the poor little mother and her lad had been safely swung aboard. They assumed all manner of weird effects, melting together, taking on the grotesque aspect of gargoyles he had studied on Far Eastern pagodas, even grinning at him in the most fantastic manner. Could it be possible that he was about to swoon away, he, Boyd Kennedy, who had never been guilty of such a weakness in his entire life?

Then he knew no more, and had it not been for the sustaining arm of a man from the liner, one of several who had slid down on a rope to assist the castaways mount, he might have fallen into the cheated sea.

Some time afterward Boyd Kennedy came slowly back to his senses. At first he found himself bewildered to know where he was. Then the familiar grinding of machinery, and the well-remembered purr of screw propellers at work told him that instead of being ashore, and in an East Indian bungalow such as he had been dreaming of, he was aboard a vessel, and evidently on the wide ocean.

That gave him something tangible upon which to build a structure, and slowly he began to feel his way back, until arriving at the explosion of the mine, followed by the speedy sinking of the ill-fated steamer, he realized it all.

So, apparently, they had been saved in the nick of time! Another half-day, perhaps even much less than that, and all would have been over. He shuddered at remembering how those burning eyes of the three hungry and thirsty seamen had followed his every movement; then a sense of infinite gratification came over him at the thought of having cheated them of their intended prey.

Apparently he must have been given liquid food while in a semi-comatose condition, for there seemed to be a faint remembrance of such a thing; and somehow he no longer experienced that terrible griping sensation about his depleted waist, as tho Nature were crying her essential needs.

Some one was softly moving about him, some one who now and then seemed to bend over and touch him so gently. Low whisperings he could also hear, as tho they were consulting concerning some necessary operation.

A twinge of pain in his left arm reminded Boyd how he had been injured while working like a giant to save some of those who were hurled about by the force of the mighty explosion. That explained it all, for now he could understand the few low words that reached his ears. Some one was about to attend to his wound, left uncared for so long, with its salt-water soaked bandages literally glued to it.

Why, of course, the little woman whom he had served so faithfully, the mother of the tiny lad, in the gratitude of her heart, was trying to assist the ship's doctor in his intended duties. He could hear the swish of her garments as she came and went; he even caught a slight sound as the basin, possibly containing warm water for bathing his arm, happened to gently collide with some other article.

Boyd just lay there and kept his eyes closed. It seemed to him as tho he must be resting on a bed of roses, so comfortable did the bunk appear after those days and nights in the open boat, with not even a blanket between him and the bare planking; for he had insisted on turning his covering over to the delicate little mother and her child.

Some One Was Softly Moving About Him—Low Whisperings He Also Could Hear.

Yes, now some one was bending over him again. He felt tender hands unswathing the wounded arm; he caught a perfumed breath, and even experienced an odd little thrill when a wisp of hair chanced to pass across his cheek; which was indeed a strange sensation for a bachelor of 32 to admit, one who in his time had often run the society gantlet of marriageable daughters without even a scratch upon his hardened heart.

Again he heard soft words spoken. The ship doctor was there, now giving certain directions; anon commenting on the ugly nature of the wound, which Boyd had all along insisted on considering "just a mere trifle," to allay the fears of those whom he so willingly served.

Then a low feminine cry of pity gave him an exquisite thrill. Why, just then it seemed to him he rather gloried in the fact that the gashes on his arm presented such a severe appearance, since it gained him sympathy. He lay there and enjoyed the new sensation. Of course he expected to open his eyes presently, and would find the little mother with the worn face bending over, perhaps hear her say how much she felt indebted to him. Really that was one of the reasons why Boyd continued to act as tho still insensible; he never liked to have any one tell him he had done a good turn; to himself he grimly made out he had only been doing his duty as a gentleman, and that any fellow who could dream of doing less was none.

It was a little thing that finally caused him to change his mind, and partly open his eyes; the one whom he took to be the ship doctor, and who had assisted in the starting of the bandage, after his arm had been carefully washed, and anointed with some healing salve—this heavier voice addressed the worker as "Miss Thompson," which struck Boyd as very peculiar, since his companion of the boat had been a married woman and the mother of the tiny lad.

Immediately he saw his mistake. The very first thing he discovered was the well-known insignia of a Red Cross nurse, the tiny red cross on a band of white attached to the sleeve of her dress. Ah! yes, he dimly remembered now that among those myriad faces looking down at him from the rail of the rescuing steamer he had particularly noticed that one wore the filmy headgear with the mark of mercy in red; tho it was just at the time his senses reeled, and he lost his grip on all things mundane.

How deftly she managed that roll of soft linen; even the ship doctor could not help complimenting her on her proficiency he noticed.

"If all the American Red Cross nurses have learned their business as well as you seem to have done, my dear ma'mselle, then your boys in khaki who may have need of their services after America is deep in this terrible war, will have cause indeed for gratitude. I must leave you now to finish your task, as I have other patients on my hands. Please report to me later on."

With these kind words the doctor withdrew. Boyd made up his mind that altho the physician spoke such excellent English there was a positive foreign accent to his voice. Yes, it must be one of the French liners that had picked them up; he remembered suspecting this, even tho no distinguishing mark, no gayly fluttering tricolor decorated the grim vessel passing thru the submarine war zone.

So Boyd finally opened his eyes wider. He found a certain fascinating amusement in watching the movements of the nurse and admiring her shapely arm; while the touch of her tapering white fingers gave him an exquisite sensation that he could not account for except that he had been weakened by his privations and was in an unusually susceptible condition.

Just then, as tho she might have heard him sigh, the nurse turned her head, and Boyd Kennedy found himself looking into the most wonderful pair of large black eyes he could ever remember seeing, in the luminous depths of which there seemed to lurk a well of romance and mystery combined.

CHAPTER II.

THE LITTLE RED CROSS NURSE.

IN THAT minute of time somehow Kennedy seemed to experience the strange realization of having escaped from death when the floating mine sank the vessel on which he journeyed toward America, and afterward narrowly missed meeting his fate as a castaway on the wide ocean, only to come upon a still more real peril

affecting his whole future peace of mind.

For he recognized the fact that there might be danger in that pair of dazzling black eyes belonging to the American Red Cross nurse, on her way over to the battlefields of France to give her services to humanity.

He wondered why she flushed, also what there was about his appearance to cause her to draw back, and apparently be upon her dignity. He did not claim to be a handsome man, but up to then he had never known that his looks were against him in any way.

"You are very kind to take so much trouble with a poor castaway like me," Boyd managed to say, for he wanted above all things to hear her speak—wanted to discover whether her voice matched her gloriously sweet face and those wonderfully royal eyes.

"That is a part of my profession, Mr. Carroll," she told him, recovering in part her self-possession. "A nurse must be always ready to do her appointed work, nor does it matter to her whether the one in need of attention is rich or poor, a king or a humble peasant, if only he is suffering. Your arm was in a serious condition, sir; it should have been looked after before. Mrs. Damon, the poor little mother to whom you were so kind in the boat, tells me you insisted that it was only a trifle, but further neglect might have cost you dearly, sir."

He did not say anything immediately, only lay there and looked, and began to speculate on many things that surged into his brain. He first of all realized that she must have seen the address on several letters he knew were in the coat belonging to that passenger who had been washed overboard by the wave that almost upset the boat; he himself had felt no inclination to bother looking inside the envelopes, tho no doubt it would be right for him to do so later on, in order that he might notify the man's relatives regarding his dreadful fate.

So, he had really come aboard the French liner as an English gentleman, one Gerald Carroll, and not Boyd Kennedy, native-born New Yorker, world traveler, and now on his way home principally because he felt that the call of his country for all her patriotic sons could not be much longer delayed, and he desired to rejoin his old militia regiment, of which he had been a captain, so as to do his full duty by Columbia.

Somehow Boyd did not hasten to rectify this odd error into which the dainty Red Cross nurse had fallen. There would be plenty of time later on to do so, if on mature reflection he decided to acquaint her with the fact that he had not the slightest claim on the English name she had given him.

Besides, it happened that Kennedy had certain reasons of his own for not wishing to blazon his identity broadcast. When the vessel docked in some French port, no doubt the facts connected with the rescue at sea would be cabled over to New York. This would be done to illustrate the deadly perils lying in wait for every ship, regardless of nationality, since the German government had decided on a ruthless campaign of destruction of the world's tonnage thru submarines and mines. It did not please Boyd Kennedy to have the fact of his presence aboard the lost vessel made public just then; he had meant his homecoming to be unheralded, the principal reason being the fact that he knew he had a secret enemy. This unknown had for many moons in the past been exercising some sort of malign influence over his life, throwing obstacles in his way, and causing natives in the Eastern countries he visited to be affected with a strange and altogether unwarranted desire to injure him, even to the point of taking his life, tho to the best of his knowledge he had never done them the slightest harm.

And as these things continued to seep thru his brain he resolved to allow the little deceit to remain uncorrected. In good time he could explain the facts to the nurse—provided she cared to hear anything connected with his personality, which he thought exceedingly problematical.

She had almost finished her work. Somehow Boyd was sorry it could not be indefinitely prolonged. He even contemplated making some incautious move at a certain juncture that would compel her to repeat her labor, and do much of the binding of his arm over again; but somehow he lacked the nerve; besides he realized that she might guess his motive and reproach him with a look out of those luminous eyes.

"I suppose then, you are going over to the fighting line in France, to lend what aid you can to the brave poilus who are holding the trenches against the Germans?"

He made this remark partly to gain information, and wishing also to hear her voice again. She turned her head and gave him a strange look; he hardly knew what to make of it just then, and puzzled over it more than a few times afterward; but she replied to his question just the same.

"That is my present intention, sir, tho perhaps I shall only be employed in the base hospitals of Paris at present, or until some of my own countrymen are on the firing line, when I may insist on going with the field hospital units to the front."

She said it all so modestly that Boyd was more charmed than ever. Why, when he considered what advantages were now coming his way because of that floating mine, he could no longer deem it a misfortune or a calamity. Surely blessings have been known to come in deep disguise; and possibly this was just such a case. At any rate he was genuinely glad he had been picked up by that French liner; glad had done his best to protect the poor little mother and child; and could even feel grateful because that piece of iron, torn loose by the force of the explosion, had cut so deeply into his arm; since only because of that same wound he was now enjoying the pleasure of being her patient.

"It seemed to me," he presently went on to say, with a double design back of his words, "I heard that French ship doctor call you Miss Thompson. Is that your name, nurse, please?"

Without looking at him she answered his question. If her voice quivered a bit he did not suspect why this should be so, altho later on a reason was likely to arise and confront him.

"I am registered under the full name of Ann Carey Thompson, sir. I have taken a regular course as a trained nurse, particularly in connection with military hospital needs, altho you happen to be my first real patient since sailing from New York. There, I am thru, and I believe you will be in condition to stand the remainder of the voyage until we land, and a surgeon can attend to you."

He wished to hold her just a little longer, and casting about for some excuse, happened to think of the mother and her boy.

"You spoke of Mrs. Damon and her child," he went on to say, hoping she would allow him the privilege of looking into those liquid eyes again; "I trust she is already beginning to recover from her fright. It was a terrible experience for a woman to undergo; bad enough for men who like myself have rubbed up against all sorts of dangers in a lifetime of travel and adventure."

He was conscious of another of those peculiar questioning glances on her part; and upon her face he thought he could see an expression akin to wonder and bewilderment. Evidently he was something of a puzzle to her; he wished he knew why.

"She says she owes her life to you, Mr. Carroll—that the men would have robbed her of her portion of food and water, perhaps have cast both her boy and herself into the sea in their madness, only for you standing between, and threatening to shoot the first who dared put out a hand toward her. Oh, she says she will remember you in her prayers all the rest of her life for what you did! That, at least, was a noble deed; and every woman can thank you for your gallantry to one of her sex!"

It was nice to hear her say that, but Boyd wished he could find the key to the enigma; her words seemed to imply that perhaps all his actions in the past might hardly bear close scrutiny, or come under the same commendation. It was tantalizing, to say the least; and he wondered what reason Nurse Thompson might have for suspecting the honesty of all men, or of him in particular.

So she left him, Boyd called out after her to thank her again, but she did not deign to give him another chance to glimpse her face. But then he meant to be on deck immediately, and would find an opportunity before the vessel docked to speak with her again.

As he climbed out of the bunk, and drew the sleeve of his shirt down over his bandaged arm, he laughed at himself for a feolish fellow because he raised that member and pressed his lips upon the row upon row of surgeon's tape which her fair fingers had wound around it so deftly, and secured in the manner that only an experienced nurse could attain. What a remarkable happening it was; he chuckled to think how the spirit of romance touched him there on the broad Atlantic—first the sinking of the vessel; followed by those three horrible days afloat at the mercy of the surging billows; then the menace of the half-famished seamen; and afterward the timely rescue, to be followed in turn by this fresh peril lying half hidden in the depths of a girl's dusky eyes.

To his chagrin he found that he actually did feel a bit weak about the knees, altho he need not have been surprised that it was so, for he had gone almost without sustaining food or drink for those three full days.

"I'll just sit here in this stateroom chair for half an hour or so, and recuperate," he told himself, "and then make my way on deck, to promenade up and down a dozen times; for exercise is what I really need to take this cramp out of my legs."

He sat there a little while, and apparently his thoughts must have centered more or less around the nurse with the sign of the Red Cross on her arm, for presently he shook his head, and half-laughingly said:

"Somehow they don't seem to go well together—that dainty little maid and the plain name of Ann Carey Thompson. Her handkerchief lay there on that stand in full sight, and I certainly saw the initial B. Now, I never knew Thompson to be spelled with a capital B; and then again neither Ann nor Carey begins that way. It would complicate matters a bit now, if it turned out that Nurse Thompson had another name, even as the gentleman she knows as Gerald Carroll, Englishman, must confess for once in his sinful life to sailing under false colors."

He laughed as the somehow the conceit rather pleased him. Perhaps he also amused himself in applying every girl's name he could remember beginning with B to the mysterious Red Cross nurse.

His hand chancing to come into contact with a coat that was hung over the back of the one stateroom chair, he recognized this as the garment he had worn ever since its rightful owner disappeared in the maw of the ocean, after a wave had hurled the yawl almost on beam-ends.

More in a spirit of idle curiosity, and to pass the time away than anything else, Boyd Kennedy took out the packet of damp letters that lay snugly resting in an inner pocket. The address was still legible, tho washed somewhat by the salt water, and the name appeared to be the same in all instances; tho the location of the gentleman's quarters seemed to change, he being at one time in London, again in Paris, and finally in Liverpool, possibly just before the vessel sailed.

Idly he opened the first letter and began reading the contents, hoping to thus learn something of the lost passenger's identity, so he could communicate his sad fate to his folks. Hardly had Boyd got fairly started than he began to evince a most decided interest in what he was reading. Letter followed letter until he had gone thru the entire batch, when he gave vent to a whistle, and observed dryly:

"So, after all, it seems then this Mr. Gerald Carroll, pretended Englishman, was really in the pay of the German government as an international spy, and going to America to curtail the shipment of munitions abroad!"

HOW MANY TIMES

How many times do I love thee, dear?
Tell me how many thoughts there be
In the atmosphere
Of a new-fallen year,
Whose white and sable hours appear
The latest flake of eternity.

How many times do I love thee, again?
Tell me how many beads there are
In a silver chain
Of the evening rain,
Unraveled from the tumbling main.
And threading the eye of a yellow star:
So, how many times do I love, again?

—THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

CHAPTER III.

CONCLUDING TO "SEE IT THRU"

AT FIRST it gave Boyd Kennedy a most unpleasant sensation to know that even for a brief time he had posed under the name of one who was in reality a secret agent of the Kaiser. He considered gravely whether he should not immediately cast off the borrowed cloak and appear in his true colors. Better let it be cabled across the Atlantic to New York that one of the rescued passengers of the ill-fated steamer was Boyd Kennedy, an American citizen, and thus let his unknown enemy know he was on his way home, than to play the part of traitor to his native country, even temporarily.

Then, as he pursued the subject further, as was his wont, before actually deciding on his next move, it struck Boyd that Fate had afforded him a glorious opportunity to be of signal service to the cause of the Allies, and America, if only he possessed enough nerve to play the game.

Undoubtedly this pretended Britisher was in reality of German lineage, tho eminently fitted to carry out his difficult role. Boyd had talked with him a number of times, and without in the least suspecting that he might be anything save what he so boldly claimed—an agent of the British government headed for America to make further heavy purchases of horses, munitions and supplies of various kinds, all of which were desperately needed by the Allies.

He must be connected with a clique which was knit together with German gold, and each member would necessarily be a picked individual, capable of doing the utmost harm toward the cause of the common enemy. From hints contained in some of the cautiously worded letters Boyd found reason to believe this so-called Gerald Carroll had been given the dangerous role of looking after the crippling of munition factories in the United States, and possibly the secret placing of infernal machines in the coal bunkers of certain freighters, that would send them to the bottom of the sea a few days after they left port—numbers of steamers that were supposed to have struck floating mines must have really been sunk thru some such fiendish contrivance as these, Boyd reflected.

He began to feel that a serious responsibility rested on his shoulders, placed there by a freak of Fate. After all, what did his private affairs amount to when compared with the destiny of a nation, or perhaps even the future happiness of a democratic world at war with autocracy? A lofty patriotism began to dominate his entire being. Vague theories commenced to take on definite shape, and he saw just how he might prove to be of inestimable value to the cause of humanity, if only he possessed the nerve, and the inclination to play the part that had drifted across his course thru the Winds of Chance.

If he reached France under his assumed name it might be he would sooner or later find himself in communication with some of the other members of the spy league; for he had no doubt they were scattered over many countries, and in constant touch with one another. Thus it was possible he might become acquainted with certain astounding plans looking to creating demoralization among the Allies, or keeping public sentiment in America from allowing the great republic to take sides with Germany's numerous foes.

"I've got a good mind to drift with the tide, and see it thru," Boyd told himself, some time later, after he had become fairly inspired with a sense of the important role he might yet play. "It looks as if some freak of fortune had launched me upon this queer adventure with a deep purpose in view. The selection of that particular steamship, the coming aboard at the last minute of the man calling himself Gerald Carroll; the striking of the mine when less than two days out; our tumbling into the same boat when hurrying away from the sinking ship; his being washed overboard; and finally my appropriating his coat for warmth, and finding a sheaf of letters in the pocket—all these may have been but phases in a grand program that will eventually carry me into the finest adventure of my whole life. Yes, I think I would be foolish to decline so plain an invitation, when the gods have been so kind."

Then he winced. He had suddenly remembered the little Red Cross nurse aboard the French liner, bound for the hospitals of fortune in France, to do her bit for sufferin' humanity on the side where her sympathies lay. Could she have also glanced at some of those incriminating letters, and thus gained a faint conviction that Mr. Gerald Carroll was not altogether the innocent Britisher he pretended to be, but a wolf in sheep's clothing?

Somehow he did not like the idea of her thinking badly of him. Looking back he plainly remembered how she had surveyed him in such a puzzled way. Was she then trying to reconcile the character of the man who had served the poor little mother and her child with such devotion when adrift in the boat with a savage crew—reconcile it with that of a spy, a plotter who would even blow up a factory, and endanger the lives of a thousand workers, if by so doing he might blindly serve the Fatherland?

So Boyd Kennedy found himself facing a dilemma. Turn whichever way he might, there seemed to be an unpleasant prospect before him. Still, the fever that ran in his veins lured him on. He could keep up the deceit just a little longer, and if it really became unendurable, of course he had papers to prove his real identity.

"Then that settles it," he said finally, rising to his feet and stretching, as might a man who had been engaged in a mighty mental battle that quite exhausted him; "it is decreed that I accept the golden chance that came unsolicited and see what lies behind the mysterious curtain of the future. This seems like an Aladdin tale retold, for who can say what wonderful happenings may not

spring from my decision? But I'd be a whole lot happier if that little Red Cross nurse only knew the truth."

He sighed again, made a grimace, and then started for the deck, meaning to exercise his cramped limbs, as well as make the acquaintance of some of those aboard the rescuing French liner, if so be an opportunity presented.

The night had settled down meanwhile. Darkness lay upon the heaving sea, and all precautions seemed to have been taken aboard the big steamer to prevent discovery by any hostile submersible that might chance to lie in wait like a hungry tiger ready to spring upon the unsuspecting deer. Lights had been dimmed or extinguished altogether, lifepreservers were in evidence everywhere; a double watch stood on duty, and anxious eyes scanned the sea around, as the foam-crested waves rose and fell monotonously, each looking like a white-maned charger with its phosphorescent apex.

What few passengers there were aboard either walked the hurricane deck, eager to add their mite to the watch for the terrible enemy, or else lounged in the desolate saloon, the dim light from which was hidden behind protecting curtains.

Even the engines worked stealthily, it seemed to Boyd, entering into the grim humor of the situation, as if they realized that the cunning of the German foe had perfected novel "ears" for their latest submarine terrors, whereby those aboard were enabled to catch the grind of a ship's propeller miles away, and even locate the precise spot where the sound proceeded.

So after all Boyd found himself disappointed, for he did not catch even a fleeting glimpse of a white-garbed little figure in which he confessed to have taken such a sudden and intense interest. Miss Ann must be resting in her stateroom below. He wondered in what part of the vessel it was situated, and if a fellow could find it in a hurry, should some sudden emergency arise. Of course it was assuming a whole lot to dream that he could ever be of any assistance to her, or that she would care to be indebted to one for whom she appeared to entertain a vague feeling of suspicion; but then Boyd Kennedy had known odd things to happen before in his checkered career, and no one could tell what might come about. Fate dealt the cards, and sometimes it turned out to be a queer hand one received.

He did come across the first officer, and had quite an interesting little chat with him, for Boyd had always been a fair French scholar; and just then there were a multitude of intensely engrossing subjects to be touched upon, most of them in connection with the great war, and the perils of the deep, accentuated a thousand fold in these modern days of submarines and German ruthlessness.

As he was greatly fatigued, since he had really secured little decent sleep for several nights, Boyd finally decided to seek his berth and turn in. Perhaps when another day came he might have the good luck to encounter some one for whom his eyes had vainly searched the darkened deck as he strolled up and down; and thinking thus, he fell asleep.

Thru the long hours, while the good vessel was creeping along under reduced speed, seeking to conceal her presence in the danger zone as much as possible, Boyd continued to slumber calmly. He had so often faced peril that it was a familiar subject with him, and he did not mean to let his rest be disturbed by any unnecessary anxiety. Being inclined to look at the philosophical side of things, he considered that if the worst came to pass he would not have bettered his condition by undressing, or staying on deck thruout the livelong night.

When day came at last he knew it by the increased hum of the engines, for now that there was a possibility of the steamer being sighted thru a submarine periscope it became necessary to put on all speed, and steer an erratic course, so as to lessen the chances of their being struck by a torpedo launched from the tube of an undersea piratical craft.

At breakfast Boyd had an opportunity of seeing his fellow passengers, several of whom had already interviewed him, keenly interested in hearing the story of the sinking of the other steamer. Conversation was almost wholly centered on the danger now fearing them so forcibly in the face. They could think and talk of hardly anything else, and every imaginable possibility connected with the proper thing to do in case of a dreadful emergency arising, was gone over again and again.

Everybody was exceedingly nervous on account of the tremendous strain. Some even hurried thru the meal so as to resume their places on the hurricane deck, which, being furthest removed from the hull, was supposed to be the safest place for lounging; and there was always the excuse that they felt a curiosity to see the suggestive periscope of an advancing enemy craft, in case such approached them.

It came about that Boyd was given a place at the right of the Captain, and during the meal he related every phase of the late adventure, save those that had to do with his own championing of the cause of the helpless ones. But there was that same little mother sitting on the other side of the Captain, as a particular guest of honor, and she watched Boyd with glistening eyes, even interrupting from time to time, greatly to his embarrassment, to insist on telling how he had defied the hungry seamen when they threatened to seize upon the scanty stores, and how they even hinted that might made right in a case like that, where all were far removed from law and order.

Boyd was disappointed because the pretty wearer of the Red Cross insignia ate her breakfast at a table far removed from his. Nor did she favor him with a single glance after the formal bending of her head in recognition of the salutation he gave her at her entrance, when she was compelled to face him in passing to her place.

He sent many a mute wireless that way, but without result. She continued to pay strict attention to her meal, and finally passed out another way. He wondered if this had been done just to avoid meeting his eyes again. It annoyed Boyd Kennedy, for truth to tell he was not accustomed to being looked upon with either disdain or suspicion. For the moment he was tempted to throw the whole game overboard, and tell the captain of the French liner just who he was in reality; but there was a stubborn streak in his nature, which had got him into an unlimited amount of trouble in times past, and which now compelled him to insist on going thru the program he had marked out for himself.

That morning he walked the deck unceasingly; it seemed to some of the others that he must be trying to make up for lost exercise. As for them, they huddled in sunny nooks, and watched the heaving surface of the sea, particularly ahead, ever and anon, thrilled by a sight of some uncanny-looking object, which often turned out to be the dorsal fin of a cruising shark.

The steamer was making good time, tho following a zigzag course that was calculated to lengthen the voyage by hundreds of miles. As the morning passed and nothing of a suspicious nature was seen, they began to cherish hopes that the danger zone might be navigated unmarked by a collision with one of the enemy craft. It added to the piquancy of the occasion, in the minds of some of the bolder souls, to realize that at any moment a submarine might thrust its periscope above those heaving waters and those aboard discovering the intended victim head directly for the helpless steamer; in which emergency direct flight would be their only recourse.

It was now almost the noon hour, and any minute the summons to luncheon might sound in the clear bugle notes of the "Assembly." Boyd had even planned how on this occasion he would endeavor to intercept the Red Cross nurse when she started from the saloon. He had figured out just how he might address her without appearing rude, and he had high hopes of being able to discover why she avoided him so, even surveyed him in such a puzzled manner when their eyes did meet.

Like a good many other plans which mortals engineer, those so deftly arranged by Boyd Kennedy were fated never to be carried thru. Something which he was badly calculating on, but which was quite within the bounds of reason, came to pass, and changed conditions so that his cleverly concocted scheme became a back number.

Boyd at the time chanced to be observing one of the crew stationed on the hurricane deck, with a pair of marine binoculars glued to his eyes, with which he was sweeping the agitated surface of the surrounding waters, always keenly on the watch for the first sign of a projecting submarine "eye." Suddenly he saw the man start and look intently at a certain quarter. Boyd himself turned his eyes in the same direction, and to his horror plainly saw a significant "finger" thrust out from the crown of an undulating billow not more than five hundred yards off the port bow!

THE KISS

I hoped that he would love me,
And he has kissed my mouth,
But I am like a stricken bird
That cannot reach the South.

For tho I know he loves me,
Tonight my heart is sad;
His kiss was not so wonderful
As all the dreams I had.

SARA TEASDALE, *in "Love Songs."*

CHAPTER IV.

DRAWN BY UNSEEN BONDS.

"PERISCOPE of submarine on our port quarter, sir!"

What a spasm of alarm shot thru every heart aboard the threatened French liner when that loud cry was heard. Faces whitened, and every one staggered to the side of the steamer to look with strained eyes for the long-dreaded object, just then the most terrible thing in the whole wide world to those trembling passengers.

There was no great commotion to begin with. This emergency had been anticipated so long that every one must have arranged in his or her mind just how it might best be met; tho of course many were already seizing upon the handy life preservers, and vainly trying to adjust them with fingers that had suddenly become like clumsy clubs, they so utterly refused to show their accustomed dexterity.

The Captain was on the bridge at the time, and he, too, must have made assurance doubly sure by picking up the suspicious object thru his glasses. He instantly gave orders for the steamer to swing around, so as to present her bow toward the threatening peril. It may not have been the intention of the commander to try and ram the submersible, as might appear on the surface; but to head that way after making a quick curve seemed to offer the best chance of escaping the torpedo that might even by then have been launched.

The news went thru the steamer like wildfire. Even the wireless operator was already working like mad trying to send out calls for help, telling how they were being attacked by a submarine. Had he found nothing better to do, Boyd Kennedy would have liked to stand by and watch that aroused operator work, repeating his wireless call again and again, also coupling the same with the latitude and longitude, so that in case the worst came, and they had to take to the boats, a rescuing steamer or a British destroyer might know where to locate them.

But he remembered that he had an interest in some one aboard the threatened vessel; and so he immediately started out to find the Red Cross nurse. Just as he was about to enter the main saloon he met several men and women flocking to the open air, having a peculiar horror of being shut up inside in case of accident; for vessels have been known to founder in an incredibly short space of time when torpedoed; and besides, the last boat might get away before they could issue forth.

Boyd collided with one whom he instantly recognized as the head steward. He remembered that Miss Thompson had stopped to speak with this important individual when leaving the saloon after breakfast, as tho they might have become acquainted during the voyage. Seized with a sudden idea, he now gripped the other's coat sleeve, and bellowed in his ear; for all sorts of outcries had by this time commenced to be heard, with women shrieking, and men cursing, while members of the crew dashed back and forth, hurling others aside when they got in the way:

"Miss Thompson, the Red Cross nurse—do you know where I can find her, m'sieu?"

The man himself was very much exercised, for he was a Frenchman, and given to emotion, tho possibly as brave as any other man more composed. He stared at the speaker for just two or three seconds, as tho gathering his wits, and then replied in a shaking voice:

"Mon Dieu! it ees terreeble, terreeble! Ze torpedo eet will surely strike us. Mees Thompson, ze nurse, sair, she ees just now down in ze steerage, where zey haf a child zat get ze cut when playing. I hope zat she will haf reach ze deck in time to secure a seat in ze boat if ze worst comes."

But Boyd had not stopped to hear all this. Upon learning that the nurse was even then down below, and in far greater danger than those on the upper deck should a torpedo strike the vessel in the side, he fairly flew along to the ladder up toward the bow that led to the lower deck. Like a flash he was over and landed below.

Here he found the greatest confusion. There were a few steerage passengers, in the main Italian reserves going home to fight their country's battles when called for the last time; some with members of their families along, tho as a rule this was not permitted save in exceptional cases. These excitable people were wild with terror, and ran back and forth like wild animals in a cage, calling, crying, imploring their patron saint to preserve them from death, and even frantically embracing; and the men were just as bad as the women.

Boyd Kennedy gave this strange spectacle just one comprehensive glance that took it all in. Under ordinary conditions he might even have lingered to try and calm the fears of these intensely agitated ignorant people; but just then he had something else on his hands, and a life much more precious than any of theirs must be looked after.

In that comprehensive sweep of his eyes he had looked in vain for a sight of the familiar white garb with its glowing red symbol of faith, hope and charity combined. She was not there among the steerage passengers. Then she must either have gone to her stateroom, the number of which he had managed cleverly to secure, or else even at that dreadful moment was in the steerage itself, intent on her labor of mercy.

He did not hesitate; it was one of his best traits that he could act on the spur of the moment when an emergency suddenly arose. He knew just how to go about it in order to enter the quarters where the steerage passengers were herded. More than a few times in the past he had spent spare hours in just such a place, studying human nature in some of its quaintest guises. So now he bolted thru the opening to find himself in the dim and anything but pleasant steerage, where men, women and children were accustomed to herd together, sleeping in pens that might have served as accommodations for cattle, and usually fetching their own bedding along, since the ship supplied nothing of the sort.

In the dim light he saw her. She was bending over, and apparently just finishing the bandaging of the child's injured limb. A man stood there wringing his hands in a sudden panic of fear, doubtless guessing the cause of all the tide of excitement that was surging in from the open. It was his child, possibly being taken over to relatives in Italy for safekeeping while he joined the colors, and did his duty by king and country; and the poor fellow hardly knew whether to stay there until the kind nurse had completed her task, when he could snatch up his little one and run, or take to his heels immediately, overpowered by that sense of abject fear.

As Boyd ran toward them he saw to his relief that the nurse must have finished her self-imposed task. As she arose, the impulsive Italian seized one of her hands and kissed it, in order to give vent to the gratitude that could not be expressed in words; after which he was almost ludicrous to see how hastily he snatched up his child and fled wildly for the open air.

Then Boyd Kennedy reached the side of the nurse. She looked surprised, and yet it seemed to him not displeased. Her face had gone white, but he knew she must be made of the right sort of stuff for one of her calling, because she had refused to abandon her task, even while all that dreadful clamor was arising without, the meaning of which she could not for one instant mistake.

He did not wait on ceremony now; with that peril hanging over them all this was no time to apologize for being rude. So he boldly took hold of her arm, while those luminous eyes surveyed him with a strange pleading in their depths.

"Come, you must get out of here instantly, Nurse Thompson," he told her, in his authoritative way. "They have sighted a submarine periscope; we may be torpedoed at any second; and this is the most dangerous part of the whole ship to be caught in. Let me help you get on deck, please!"

She made no remonstrance when he hurried her along, half carrying her at times, it seemed. The noise was increasing at a terrific rate, while the hull of the vessel trembled perceptibly under the forced draught of the engines, and the whole situation was fraught with an atmosphere of expectancy well calculated to cause the heart to throb like a triphammer, and the breath to come in gasps.

Now they were out in the open. He hurried her toward the ladder leading to the saloon deck. Once they reached this, and he believed the worst of the immediate danger would be over, unless the threatened torpedo should strike directly underneath, and they were caught amidst the shattered lifeboats and whatever wreckage was hurled up from below.

His heart seemed in his throat while she was climbing the ladder ahead of him. He had been compelled to make a place for her, even dragging some of the frightened steerage passengers away; for they were all trying to climb out of the depths, as tho realizing that the farther up they got the better the chances must be.

She saw what he was doing, and it could hardly be possible that any girl would fail to feel a thrill of satisfaction upon realizing that she had been singled out particularly for rescue by such an aspiring champion. She had deigned to give him one look in which there was something of gratitude shown; at least it spurred Boyd Kennedy to even greater activities.

And thus they presently reached the saloon deck. There were only some of the steerage passengers hovering here, not knowing what to do, now that they had succeeded in gaining their first objective.

Hardly had they taken half a dozen steps, heading for the stairs that would allow them to reach the hurricane deck, highest of all, when there came a mighty and sullen roar, and the doomed steamer quivered as tho given a fatal blow.

The torpedo had struck its mark!

Events follow with incredible swiftness after the torpedo strikes and Boyd Kennedy gets a new insight into the character of the woman who already has excited his admiration. You will want to follow these developments in next week's Ledger.

The Immemorial Secret.

"I JUST had to laugh at Tom!" confided the bride. "There it was right before his eyes, and he said he couldn't find it!"

"My goodness!" cried the lady who had been married a long time. "Haven't you learned that men never can find anything? It's the best thing they do! Adam was smart enough to start it, and all his descendants have improved on the idea. 'Where in thunder is that apple?' Adam wailed helplessly, and that was when Eve had to drop the seashell dishes she was scrubbing, murmur, 'Isn't a man the dumbest creature!' and go and hand it to him! 'Pretty soft!' reflected Adam. 'Saves exertion and all that!'

"This was one of the texts on which he preached to Cain and Abel on one of the occasions when he remembered that he was a father and should implant moral ideas and shed good advice. 'Never,' he told them, while Eve was over at the neighbors, 'never make the mistake of finding anything you go to look for! Because if you do you'll have to work hard at finding things all your life! Why, it's a positive pleasure to a woman to have to hunt for anything and you should always be thoughtful and kind to your mothers and wives and sisters and not deprive them of any little thing which would add to their happiness! Look at me! I'm the model husband on this earth and I've let Eve search out everything the family has ever wanted! Why, she'd be just lost without that little job!'

"'Great idea of dad's' said Cain and Abel, and jotted it down in their notebooks.

"It has grown worse all the time, sort of expanded with inheritance, as it were. We've been married a thousand years, more or less, and never in that time has Henry succeeded in finding his umbrella when he wanted it. He likes expensive umbrellas and in order to prevent their being loaned to the milkman by the cook or to the airy friends of my children, who regard umbrellas as their rightful prey, Henry's umbrella is always kept in his clothes closet upstairs. It never has reposed anywhere else. Always it hangs on a hook on the south wall of the closet unless it is standing in the corner. There is an excellent electric light in the closet and space to move around.

"Nevertheless, this is the procedure when Henry looks up from the breakfast table and notes that it is raining. 'H'm!' says Henry. 'Raining, is it?' He goes to the coat closet downstairs and I hear strange rattlings, thumps and crashes. 'Finally there is a muffled roar and I run to find Henry buried amid a mass of coats, sweaters, tennis nets and mackintoshes which he has yanked down from all the shelves and hooks in his frenzy. 'Where's my umbrella?' he yells when I dig him out. 'Somebody's taken my umbrella! If those kids——'

"'Henry,' I say in the deep, well-modulated voice that I keep for emergencies, 'you know your umbrella is never in your own closet!' 'Oh!' says Henry, shortly, surprised at the news. He shrugs into his coat and hat and tramps upstairs. Presently he shouts down. 'Where d'yuh say it was?' 'In your closet!' I call back. I hear him depart from my closet, where he has been conducting his search, and enter his own.

"'Again he calls irritably, 'It isn't here! I don't see it!' 'Look in the corner!' I order. He kicks out the whole neat row of his shoes from against the wall and shouts that the umbrella isn't there. 'Then it's on a hook,' I answer.

"'Oh, great guns!' Henry calls down in a few seconds, 'I'm going to miss my train and I tell you it isn't here!' By this time I'm upstairs and I walk into the closet and pluck Henry's umbrella from the wall, where it is hanging in plain sight, and Henry says, 'Oh!' in a disgruntled voice and skips off.

"It's the same way when he wants a certain bit of literature. 'Where is the September number of the Buzz Magazine?' Henry will ask. 'I want to read over the start of the serial!' 'Right on the library table,' I say. Ten minutes later, entering the room, I think the Germans must have bombed the spot. Altho the pictures are still on the walls nothing else is left in its place.

"'The September Buzz is gone!' he cries in injured tones. 'You've gone and sold it to the ragman! It isn't here. I can't find it!' I walk over to the table and picking up two other magazines pull out the September Buzz which has lain beneath them. Henry says, 'Oh!' again.

"If Henry ever found the icepick when he went to prepare a cold drink, the said pick invariably reposing on top of the box; if ever he was able to perceive his box of collar buttons on top of the dresser; if ever he could see the clothes brush which always hangs solitary on the broad expanse of his closet door; if he ever succeeded in finding any of these things without howling for me to come and discover them, why, I'd lie right down and die from the shock!"

"My goodness!" gasped the bride. "So that's it, is it? Well, I'm going to execute a flank movement and begin to lose things myself!"

The Thing to Do.

"I hear young Smith had a windfall."

"Yes, and he immediately proceeded to blow it in."

When the Microbes of Misooka Met the Salamander Reds

By Will Gage Carey

A GAME was on that evenin,' an' the Ice Rink's glarin' lights showed a seethin' sea of faces—ravin' rampant hockeyites. For a septet from Bolaro, called the Salamander Reds, blew into town an' yelped up loud they'd stand us on our heads. Now the Microbes of Misooka don't like that sort of stuff, an' our citizens insisted that we call Bolaro's bluff.

Our Captain's name was Monahan, a Swede from County Clare; a Nut for speed an' passin', an' no squirrel's tagged him fair. If some simp body-checked him—say, he left that boob a wreck! A stone wall for defense, too; not jes' above the neck.

An' Monahan, he says to me: "Say, Joe—how 'bout this crew?"

"Take on the Salamander Reds!" said I. "We'll leave 'em black an' blue!"

A game was on that evenin', as I have jes' remarked. Swell dames adorned the boxes. The bleachers yipped an' barked. For the home crowd of Misooka set the limit at the skies, when they bet we'd put the fixin's to them Salamander guys.

The Captain of that Red bunch was a gink named Luke McLain, an' he had a lot of empty space where most folks carry brain; but he'd played the game of hockey since times beyond recall. Adam asked for waivers on him in the Eden League one fall. An' say, that rummy was some bear upon the ice; an' in a mix, with busy poke he'd "bean" 'em neat an' nice. In truth the Salamanders, when all was said an' done, were fightin' demons all the way, the best team there—'cept one. For I still claim we held 'em well, despite the sore-heads—when the Microbes of Misooka met the Salamander Reds.

* * * * * * * *

The startin' whistle sounded, an' the forwards faced the puck. A Microbe got the rubber pill an' poked it jes' for luck. Our valiant Captain took the pass, an' started mildst a shout. A Salamander bumped him good an' stood him on his snout!

An' Monahan he says to me: "Say, Joe—what hit me here?"

"I think," I says, "the same gazook who tore off my right ear!"

Then round about us everywhere the battle raged still more. The bleacher fans shrieked out in glee, the ice ran red with gore. A swell dame in a box observed: "This game would be a hit—if only some one started to liven things a bit!" Steel clashed steel with merry clank, the air was filled with pokes. We could not push the puck across, our best attempts seemed jokes. Yet all the while we held 'em tight, they could not sag our net; they worked down to our five-yard line—no further could they get.

An' those who on the Microbes had placed up all their dough, now started in to rag us: "Hey—give us a show!" An' wrathful jeers an' spiteful flings now fell upon our heads; we the Microbes of Misooka, an' the Salamander Reds.

* * * * * * * *

We played the first an' second thirds, an' not a punctured goal; we started then to rip one thru—to save Misooka's roll! We fought our way down gory field, we missed their goal-net twice; we thought we had 'em hooked now, an' nailed fast to the ice. We pounded an' we hacked 'em, we blew 'em round like chaff. We couldn't get one past 'em; they grinned—an' stood the gaff! An' then they started into us—say, man, they came on strong! We saw we couldn't hold 'em; it couldn't last for long.

"A Salamander Bumped Him Good and Stood Him on His Snout."

An' Monahan he says to me: "Say, J-joe—how 'bout this crew?"

"Grip tight your poke," I says to him, "they'll take that 'fore they're thru."

That sort of peeved our Captain—he started down their fold. Luke's war club crashed against his dome an' laid him flat an' cold. He waited for the count of nine, then jumped up in a trice. He got his poke against the puck an' started down the ice!

Now in the years I've played the game, I've seen some hockey played; yet never yet, before or since, a run like that Swede made! Straight for the goal he started, like a streak of gleamin' light. A pack of wolves jumped on him—he tossed 'em left an' right! Stop him? Yes—jes' stop an avalanche! An' Salamanders—Microbes, too—he had us in a trance.

He raced with puck before him, a scene I'll ne'er forget; he pushed the goalman over—an' slammed 'er in the net! An' then from out that frenzied throng arose a mighty roar—a leather-throated anthem like I'd never heard before.

* * * * * * * *

Now, Monahan he meant well, but that blow upon his bean for the moment made him dippy—as now was plainly seen. His gallant dash on down the ice to save Misooka's roll, was all in vain, he smashed the puck straight in—Misooka's goal!

That leather-throated anthem, the home crowd's vengeful shout, was not the sort of music that heroes rave about. An' our Captain's reputation was busted into shreds—when the Microbes of Misooka met the Salamander Reds.

A Touch of the Strenuous.

"WELL, Lucy!" greeted the pink-cheeked girl. "I haven't seen you for an age! Have you been away?"

The girl in brown disappeared into the depths of a huge armchair.

"Yes," she murmured weakly, "for two weeks."

"Why, Lucy Rowe," objected the pink-ruffled girl, "you have not! I saw you only day before yesterday. You were with a determined-looking person in a green hat. You seemed to be in a hurry."

Lucy sat up with a jerk.

"I didn't say I'd been out of town," she defended. "I said I'd been away, and I have. I've been seeing the sights with my Cousin Jane from Ohio. I've been up on Montmorency's tower to get a bird's-eye view and I've been out in the lake to see the shore line. I've consorted with every mummy in the museums and every old statue in the art galleries. I've haunted greenhouses and catteries and the park zoos until I feel intimate with every ape in town. I've visited all the seats of learning and most of the churches. I've attended five concerts and a lot of plays and been down in the Russian quarter to buy old brass. I've——"

"Somebody stop that girl!" cried the person with pink ruffles. "It fatigues me to hear her! You don't mean to say that you did all that in two weeks, Lucy."

Lucy made a scornful gesture.

"All that!" she echoed. "That isn't one-half.

"You see Cousin Jane is a determined person," Lucy continued. "I had thought that she'd like to sit around and knit, with maybe a few tea parties and a matinee. I imagined Ohio people to be quiet in their tastes. But Cousin Jane arrived with a guide book and a complete schedule for every day of her visit. She's one of these wild-eyed women who worry for fear they aren't getting the most out of life. She had planned to sightsee five places that first day, so I had nothing to do whatever but be personally conducted. I've forgotten just what we saw, but I know I had a headache and a binder in my eye and blistered feet and lumbago when we got home. But Cousin Jane had had a wonderful time. She went out again that night to a cabaret and saw a long-haired person she thought was an artist—it took her an hour to record her impressions in her fat red diary.

"Have you ever seen the Hawaiian room in the Art Union? No? Well, when you go you ought to go with Cousin Jane. She had studied the subject beforehand so that she could speak familiarly of everything she saw. I know that she could earn a fortune as a guide. I'm going to suggest it to her! She was awfully scornful to me because I don't know any queer Bohemian people who write or paint or anything; I thought of asking you out, Helen, as you're the queerest person I know, but we didn't have time.

"The third day we spent in Ohio. That is, we called on all the Ohio people who live in town. I'd no idea there were so many. That State must be depopulated.

"And one day we shopped. If you want to learn how to shop take lessons from a country cousin! Cousin Jane was very firm about seeing every suit in town before she selected one. And I think she wanted the saleswoman to take part payment in eggs from the farm, but I'm not quite sure.

"Cousin Jane was awfully surprised because I didn't know all our relatives-in-law who live hereabouts. She should think I'd see them every day or so, since we live in the same town. And she thought I was neglecting my opportunities dreadfully not to be studying art and music and social science and esthetic dancing. She couldn't understand why I didn't go in for five or six such things. If she lived in the city——"

"I know," murmured the pink-cheeked girl sympathetically. "My aunt from Montana was here last summer. But I've always been glad I had that opportunity to see the sights."

The pink-ruffled girl sighed mournfully.

"I haven't any country relatives," she mourned. "I've never been in towers and things. It sounds awfully interesting. But I suppose you do get tired. Why don't you go into the country and rest for a few days, Lucy?"

The girl in brown collapsed into her chair.

"The country!" she exclaimed. "It would be too strenuous! No, sir, I'm going to stay right here and rest! I may not know how to get the most out of a city, but I do know how to rest in it, Cousin Jane didn't."

Too Well Remembered.

"Did your late uncle remember you when he made his will?"

"I guess so—for he left me out."

The Treasure of Zubaran

Vincent Starrett and Thomas Kennedy

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All You Need Know of the Story to Date.

TRACY HAMILTON and Richard Gatewood overhear a drunken peon in a "cantina" in Vera Cruz, Mexico, tell that a treasure train has been trapped in a tunnel by dynamitting the entrances and that Zubaran, bandit chief, intends to get the treasure. The Americans decide to get it first. Carmencita Esperanza, a dancing girl, secretly warns them not to attempt it. Telegraphing ahead for mules and dynamite the adventurers start. Carmencita causes their arrest at Soledad, but they are released by Colonel Alvarado, whose life Gatewood once had saved. They elude a lieutenant, Cabrera, who tries to follow them. The pair, taking Rafael, a Mexican youth with them, start for the tunnel. A girl, thinking them enemies, fires at them, then faints before they can learn her story.

You can go on with the story, which began in Ledger No. 52, Dec. 29. Back copies can always be obtained from agents, news dealers or by mail direct from office of publication.

CHAPTER V.
A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

LITTLE by little, under their careful —altho clumsy—ministrations, the girl recovered consciousness. She opened her eyes and looked up gratefully at Hamilton, who was chafing her icy hands.

"I am better," she finally murmured, with a slight show of embarrassment. She attempted to rise, but fell back again, almost fainting from the effort.

"Dick, we'll have to get into camp and get a fire built," Hamilton told his friend, "We've got to get her something hot to drink."

Gatewood looked around helplessly. On either side the rocks rose in towering black walls. The narrow trail along which they had come, and the boiling mountain torrent, filled the floor of the canyon.

"Where?" he asked simply.

"I know a place," Rafael volunteered diffidently. "It is near here and, while very dangerous because of spirits, contains wood with which one might build a fire, and grass where one might pitch camp. It is a secret place where no one may find us."

"All right, sonny. You seem to be the champion life-saver of this party, so lead on," Hamilton applauded.

Rafael ran ahead of the rest, Gatewood following, driving the burros, Hamilton brought up the rear with the lovely girl lying trustingly in his arms. Suddenly the boy ahead vanished into the side of the canyon. It was accomplished with the celerity of a magician's trick. The mountain seemed to have swallowed him. For a moment his followers gazed in half-alarm at this phenomenon; then the boy's voice was heard, crying out:

"Make haste, senors, it is very dark here, and I would not be left alone with the spirits who live in this place."

Hastening ahead they found a narrow slit in the wall, almost forming a tunnel. They followed the narrow passageway for a few yards, when the walls fell away, leaving them in the heart of a tiny amphitheater.

In the glimmer of their electric torches the adventurers could see trees, grass and a few vagrant flowers which somehow had found lodgment in this mountain fastness.

A fire was quickly kindled. The girl was wrapped in blankets and given steaming broth in a short time. Then, when she had fallen into a deep sleep, the partners prepared supper for themselves and Rafael, and, secure from intrusion, quickly made ready for the night.

"I wonder who she is," speculated Gatewood, glancing at the sleeping beauty. "Probably some peon's daughter, lost in the mountains."

"Peon's daughter!" echoed Hamilton, indignantly. "Did you ever see a peon's daughter with such little white hands; or such a beautiful, classic face, or——"

Gatewood's amused laugh interrupted. "Quit, quit! I surrender! Why, Tracy, old boy, I believe you're in love with her already. Who would have thought it of you, hardened old bachelor that you are?"

Hamilton grinned sheepishly and blushed to the roots of his dark hair.

"You go to the dickens!" he commanded. "Anyway," he resumed, after a moment, "you never saw a peon's daughter dressed in a soft white silk dress, with tiny French-heeled slippers. And peon's daughters don't get lost in the mountains; they know their way around."

"Oh, well, we'll find out all about her," Gatewood replied. "She'll probably tell us the story of her life in the morning. I'm going to make up some of the sleep I lost in that blasted Soledad jail."

He pulled up his blanket and closed his eyes. Hamilton threw another stick on the fire and did likewise. In a few moments only the regular breathing of the tired sleepers punctuated the silence of the camp.

Daylight crept late over the walls of the deep hollow where they slept. With its first beam the two adventurers were stirring, cooking breakfast, packing the mules and making preparations for a quick start.

Breakfast was ready when Rafael crept shamefacedly from his blanket.

"Why did you not waken me?" the boy demanded, indignantly. "Am I not now a man? Am I not able to do my share of the work?" He drew himself up to the full dignity which his scant five feet commanded, presenting such a ludicrous appearance that Hamilton and Gatewood burst into shouts of laughter. The sound aroused the sleeping girl, who sat up in alarm. Then, as she remembered, a smile of recognition flashed to her face.

"Good morning, senors. I see I am a late sleeper in this hotel," she greeted them.

Hamilton Dragged His Huge Automatic From Its Sheath.

"Yes," Gatewood replied, "we were getting ready to start out again."

"Probably you have wondered who I am, and why I gave you such an inhospitable reception last night?"

"That bullet just missed my ear," Hamilton laughed. "I thought we had flushed a nest of bandits."

"And I, too, thought you were bandits," the girl answered. "You see, I have been wandering, lost, for two days, and was becoming more terrified all the time."

"Lost for two days!" echoed the astonished Hamilton. "What were you doing out in this wild country?"

A look of anguish passed over the girl's face.

"You must help me!" she cried. "You cannot refuse. You have been so good to me. Help me now in my hour of bitter need."

"What can we do for you?" queried the puzzled Gatewood.

"Tell us, and we will be glad to serve you," Hamilton chimed in.

"You are right," she smiled wanly. "I must begin at the beginning. I am Carlotta Campero, daughter of Pedro Campero, the haciendado. My father, and others of my kinsfolk, were coming from the City. I was to join them at Orizaba, where I was stopping with friends.

"Then——" and she shuddered—"then Zubaran the Terrible dynamited the tunnel and buried them all alive. There they are yet. I could not get anybody to go with me to rescue them, for every one is afraid of Zubaran. So I came alone. I was lost—and you came and found me. Will you now go with me and help me? Oh, do not say that you refuse, senors! Think, my father, my aunt, my cousins, all buried in that terrible tunnel. Maybe they are even now dying."

The partners stood gazing at each other in mute astonishment. This revelation, its effect on their enterprise, the identity of the girl, struck their minds in a whirl. Studying their faces eagerly, she misinterpreted their attitude.

"Possibly I misjudged you," she remarked more coldly. "It may be that you, too, are afraid of Zubaran. Not that I blame you, much—for he is not a man for weaklings to face."

Gatewood laughed harshly.

"We were going to seek this Zubaran when we found you," Hamilton said.

"Then you were going to the tunnel?"

"Yes," confessed Hamilton. "We heard the train was carrying a great treasure. We did not know it belonged to you."

"So that is the trouble! What do I care for the treasure? I promise you, in my father's name, all the gold we were carrying away—if you will help me. What is gold compared with their lives?"

"Don't misunderstand us," Hamilton pleaded. "We would help you, treasure or no treasure. It was just this astonishing revelation that surprised us for a minute."

"Then hasten. Let us get started," Carlotta replied, all impatience. "Think, the loss of five minutes may cost lives!"

"But you are not to go," protested Gatewood, dismayed at the prospect of taking the frail girl on a forced march over the mountains.

"I am going," Carlotta announced, stamping her feet with determination. "I will not be left behind."

Gatewood paused, helpless, before this resolute stand.

"Let her come, Dick," Hamilton protested. "We can't leave her here to die, and if we should be pursued we don't want to leave guideposts along the road to tell which way we have gone."

The girl and Hamilton prevailed. Immediately the party set out. Carlotta proved much strengthened by the food and the refreshing sleep, and much to the surprise of the men managed with but little help to maintain the grilling pace set by the others of the party.

"I will lead you directly to the tunnel," Rafael informed them. "The way will be hard, but it will save many miles."

A hard way it proved. Up steeps that it seemed men could not scale, much less the burros, they managed to struggle somehow, the sure-footed little beasts picking their way safely over the dangerous trail. Then, down winding ways where the unwary or reckless might fall thousands of feet in the clear, they followed on.

The sun was high in the heavens and Gatewood's watch showed the hour of noon when, reaching the crest of a difficult climb, Rafael pointed in triumph.

"There," he cried, "is the treasure tunnel!"

Far away across a sun-blistered arroyo the party made out the thread-like line of the railroad, and the tunnel where the treasure train lay shattered.

* * * * * * *

Meanwhile, a beautiful and apparently very angry young woman was alighting from the Vera Cruz train in Orizaba, and a meeting of great significance almost immediately took place. From the Mexico City train on the other track stepped Lieutenant Cabrera. On him the furious one descended with the ferocity of a tigress.

"Where are they?" she demanded. "Do not tell me they have escaped you, Luis. Tell me at once what has happened."

With some shame the Lieutenant recounted the story of the trip from Soledad and how the fugitives had escaped him.

"Pig! Fool! Stupid!" screamed the tigress. "To be tricked like a child. I thought you were possessed of some intelligence. Do you know what they are after?"

"No," confessed Cabrera. "What is it?"

Carmencita looked about her cautiously. There was no one near. Then she lowered her voice as she replied:

"The treasure train!"

Cabrera started with surprise, then gnawed his black mustache furiously. He turned on the girl, after a moment.

"And what happened to you, Carmencita Esperanza, the cleverest spy in Mexico?" he demanded. "Bah! You are clever! Why did you not follow on the next train, as you planned? That would have saved us this trouble. I waited in Soledad—but you did not come."

"I could not follow. My orders prevented. I came as soon as I could."

"And now—what is to be done?" asked the soldier, helplessly.

"Will you never learn sense, Luis?" Her tone was that of a mother chiding her child. "We must follow them—follow—follow! No matter where they go—we must overtake them!"

Except in the mere matter of thinking, Lieutenant Cabrera was an energetic person. Once he had his instructions he moved rapidly. In consequence, barely half an hour had elapsed when a troop of picked soldiers rode out of Orizaba. At its head rode Lieutenant Luis Cabrera; beside him, like a beautiful fury, rode Carmencita.

* * * * * * *

Rafael Hernandez was cautiously leading his party, as he liked to think it, toward the tunnel where lay the wrecked train. In time they came out upon a high ledge, looking down on the tunnel itself. A thrill of excitement ran thru the party as, peering cautiously over the edge, they saw a few feet only beneath them a lone bandit.

He was lazily smoking a cigarette and appeared to be half asleep. A tree braced his back, and its leaves protected him from the sun. A huge revolver and a wicked knife adorned his greasy crimson scarf. He was quite unaware that any one was near.

"Jump together!" whispered Hamilton, and before the astonished bravo knew what had happened he was disarmed and bound securely to his own tree. It was all over in a moment.

The two Americans conversed in a whisper for a moment, and then, leaving Rafael and Carlotta on guard, they went scrambling down over the rocks to the railroad.

"Careful!" warned Gatewood. "There

may be a dozen of these fellows around!"

But there were not. When they had reached the level of the track, keyed for a struggle, they recoiled in surprise.

The wreckage had been blown from the mouth of the tunnel. Only an instant they paused, and then rushed into the black hole. A mass of charred wreckage greeted their eyes, and that was all.

"Gone!" gasped Hamilton, thickly. "They've beaten us to it, Dick!"

CHAPTER VI.

A DOUBLE PURSUIT.

AFTER the first shock of surprise had passed, a surge of anger swept over the adventurers. Altho the treasure was not theirs, they felt as if some one had robbed them of it in the night. They turned and hastened back to the captive bandit.

"The treasure!" roared Gatewood, as they swooped down upon him. "It is gone!"

A scarcely perceptible smile flickered over the face of the Mexican. The discomfiture of the Americans was sweet to him.

"Yes, it is gone," he repeated after the other. "Gone where you will never see it. You may be clever, senors, but you are not so clever as my chief."

Without parley Hamilton dragged his huge automatic from its sheath, and sitting down on a bowlder, leveled the weapon at the bandit.

"You have about five minutes left to enjoy life," he coolly remarked, drawing is watch with his left hand. "In one minute I shall begin to shoot. The first shot will clip your ear. On the second minute I shall nick your other ear. The third shot will part your hair for you. The fourth will break your revolver arm and the fifth will pierce your heart as surely as that bird is singing yonder."

He spoke evenly and coldly. Gatewood, aware of his friend's remarkable marksmanship, smiled grimly and watched the play. Carlotta and Rafael, reaching camp at the moment, were paralyzed into silence by the sight. In the next instant Hamilton's revolver spoke. A howl of pain from the bandit showed the excellence of his aim, and the watchers saw a trickle of blood from the tip of the captive's right ear. Yet Hamilton apparently had fired carelessly.

The second hand of the marksman's watch ticked inexorably around to the end of another minute. On the dot another shot sounded. A second yell echoed across the canyon, and the same tiny flow of blood—this time from the left ear—marked a perfect score for Hamilton. On the third minute the soldier of fortune raised his weapon slightly and clipped the forelock from the bandit's head as cleanly as if it had been severed by a barber. The shock to the target must have been great. He shuddered slightly, but again sat motionless and rigid, his face drawn and his eyes shining with fear. Still he made no sound.

"Of course," remarked Hamilton, lazily, "if you decide to tell us where your band has gone with our treasure, I will stop. If not——" He shrugged his shoulders eloquently.

He glanced at the timepiece and again raised his arm. At the same instant he glanced quickly and humorously at Gatewood. The latter understood without the half smile given him by his friend that Hamilton had no intention of actually taking the man's life. The crisis was at hand. In another second either Hamilton or the Mexican must yield to the other's will. The former's wrist was steady as he took careful aim—but he did not pull the trigger.

"Nombre de Dios!" shrieked the bandit, wildly. "Do not shoot, senor! I will tell you!"

"Quick, then," said Hamilton, coolly, without lowering his arm.

"He took the treasure," gasped the terror-stricken Mexican, "Zubaran—my chief." The words fairly fell over each other. "He has taken it with him to his home."

"Where is his home?"

There was a pause. For just a moment the prisoner was rebellious again. Hamilton took aim and there was another shriek.

"He has gone, senor, to—the 'Lost City!'"

Hamilton slipped his gun back into its holster and stood up. He looked inquiringly at Gatewood.

"Know the place?" he asked.

"Heard of it, only," replied his friend. "Some devilish spot in the mountains two days from here at least. Abandoned mining town, I think. Our friend will have to lead us there."

Hamilton turned again to the bandit. "See here," he said, "we've no desire to be hard on you. Now, we want that treasure and we intend to have it. You have the option of remaining here, as you are, bound and without food until we return—or of leading us to this 'Lost City.' You haven't much time to make up your mind, either. First I want to ask you some more questions.

"How many men has Zubaran?"

"Twenty-three," replied the Mexican, reluctantly. "Twenty-two now, I am here."

"Quite so. What became of the passengers from the train?"

"Many were dead, senor. They were thrown into the arroyo. Zubaran has about ten with him. They were very weak."

Carlotta interrupted for the first time. "Oh! My father!" she wailed. "Senor, know you if Pedro Campero is still alive?"

The bandit turned his evil eyes upon her appreciatively. He gloated over her beautiful face for a moment and then said:

"It may be, senorita. There are, I think, five men in the party, and one is an elderly person. I do not know his name."

"Undoubtedly it is your father," said Hamilton, quickly. "And now we must start."

"Yes," Gatewood agreed, "at once. Where is Rafael?"

All turned, but the boy had disappeared. In a moment he was descried hastening to the camp at top speed, excitement written large on his homely features.

"Come quick!" he breathed as he joined them. "Armed men are at hand! Come, I will show you."

On he led them by a short but devious path to a high place overlooking the deep arroyo.

"Behold them!" he declaimed, pointing downward.

Far below, like ants, a line of men wound its way along the narrow trail. They were on the far side of the arroyo, and so small to the sight as to be unrecognizable.

"Are they bandits?" queried Carlotta, "I don't know," Gatewood answered, unslinging his binoculars. He looked long and anxiously into the deep ravine. "They are armed men," he announced. "I see the flash of their rifle barrels. There is some one in the lead whom I cannot make out. Whoever he is, he wears a red coat. I can see what appears to be a splash of red."

"Let me look," demanded the girl, quickly, as tho seized with an inspiration. She adjusted the big glasses to her eyes and stared intently for a moment. Then she gave a surprised cry.

"What is the matter?" came quickly from Hamilton.

"It is a woman!" exclaimed Carlotta. "Look for yourself!"

"By George, she's right!" said Hamilton, looking in amazement at his friend.

"Then I can put a name to her," announced Gatewood, with conviction. "Carmencita Esperanza!"

Carlotta exclaimed with dismay.

"You know her?" inquired Gatewood.

"She is the most daring and dangerous woman spy in Mexico!"

Hamilton took a turn with the glasses. Then, after a pause, he remarked slowly:

"It seems to me that the plot thickens, so to speak. There's something familiar about the gentleman at Carmencita's side, even at this distance. I will hazard a guess that he is Lieutenant Luis Cabrera, our friend of Soledad and later of Orizaba."

A little cry escaped from Carlotta at this, and her hands trembled as she again took the binoculars and gazed at the straggling line below.

"You are right," she said, at length, returning the glasses to Gatewood, but addressing Hamilton. "I cannot be mistaken. It is the Lieutenant of whom you speak."

"You know him, then?"

Carlotta blushed with shame as she replied: "I must confess that I do—to my sorrow. I met him in the City—in fact, he once made love to me, and—when he was rejected he was furious. I am afraid he has little but hate for me now. But whom are they after?"

"They're after us," Gatewood assured her grimly. "But they haven't got us yet. The time has come for a quick decision, Tracy."

"Only one thing to do," Hamilton responded. "I've got our friend the bandit in a fairly tractable mood. He'll have to be our guide. Away we go to the 'Lost City' and if Lieutenant Cabrera and the beauteous Carmencita care to follow, let them."

"What about Carlotta—I mean Senorita Campero?" asked Gatewood, reproachfully.

Hamilton looked at the girl, perplexed. "I will go with you," she cried; and when Hamilton shook his head: "I must! Do you not see? Would you leave me to be captured by the Lieutenant?"

The girl was right. Both Gatewood and Hamilton knew it. Dangerous as it was to take her with them on their perilous mission, to leave her to the tender mercies of the Lieutenant was unthinkable.

"How long will it take those fellows to reach here, Rafael?" Hamilton asked the boy.

"Half a day, anyway, senor. They are on the other side of the arroyo and far below us. They must circle the mountain and climb high before they can reach this spot."

"Well, that's enough of a starter," Tracy remarked, with satisfaction. "Here, you terrible bandit!" He cut the cords that bound the forlorn Mexican and helped him to his feet. "You lead on as hard as you can. Savvy? Head for the 'Lost City' without wasting a minute. There are Federales behind us and you are safer with us than with them."

There was truth enough in that remark to gain the bandit's appreciation, and he started without a word. Hamilton, revolver in hand, stalked behind him with Carlotta, mounted on a burro, riding beside him. Gatewood and Rafael brought up the rear.

The double pursuit was on. Half a day ahead were the bandits, Zubaran the Terrible at their head; half a day behind, Lieutenant Cabrera and his party of soldiers, not to mention Carmencita Esperanza. Between the two were the soldiers of fortune and Carlotta. The adventurers pursued the bandits and were in their turn pursued. It was a rare play.

Toward nightfall the indispensable Rafael rode ahead with the bandit guide, keeping a bright eye on that individual. The country was as well known to the boy as to the bandit, and he had no intention of allowing the latter to play any tricks. The long and eventful day drew slowly to an end. Perilous ledges had been traveled safely and hazardous crags surmounted without accident. The guide, no more anxious to fall into the hands of the soldiers than were the treasure seekers, led them by devious paths. When darkness fell, at length, the party flattered itself that it had lost the pursuers. A splendid gorge offered a pleasant camp, and after eating their evening meal, the adventurers turned in for the night. The bandit was carefully bound and left without a guardian.

At daybreak they were up and about and were leaving camp after a hearty breakfast, when there was a shout from Rafael. Hardly a half-mile distant the Lieutenant and his party were sweeping down upon them.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIGHT AT THE CAVE.

"QUICK—everybody, now!" shouted Gatewood. "We've been outwitted. Not a minute to lose."

His words startled the party into action. The bandit guide, terrified, was on his knees pattering out prayers to all the saints in the calendar, already sensing the death that would be surely meted out to him if caught. Hamilton yanked him from his devotions with a rough hand.

"Sorry," he grinned, "but there's no time for that now. Pray as you go along. Hurry now!"

Traveling as before, with Carlotta mounted and Hamilton on foot at her side and with Gatewood and Rafael bringing up the rear, the party proceeded at as quick a pace as was possible in the circumstances.

A shout of triumph from their pursuers greeted this move, and a ragged volley of bullets from the Federales went singing over their heads.

"Thank Heaven their shooting is rotten!" Gatewood commented, listening with an ear of a connoisseur to the firing. The pursuers were gaining rapidly on their intended prey.

"Not much use, Rafael," he remarked to the youngster beside him. "They're bound to get us sooner or later. They're better mounted for one thing. We've hardly enough mules to go around. Can't you think of a good place to stop and give battle? If we can wing a few of them we may discourage a further advance."

"I was so thinking," the boy replied, "and near here—or not far, at least—there is a cave. If we can reach it we may yet be saved. I have never been there, but I have heard my father speak of it. It is called the 'Bandits' Cave.' Perhaps our guide may know of it."

He rode forward as he spoke, and a hurried conversation with the bandit guide followed. At length he rode back in triumph.

"It is as I thought," he informed Gatewood. "Not only is the cave there, but there is a queer escape from it by the rear. A sort of back door, if you please, senor. It has been used often by the bandits and our guide knows it well. He thinks it is unlikely that the soldiers know of it."

"Good!" Gatewood commended him. "That is, unless the bandits are now occupying it. I have no desire to leap gracefully from our present frying pan into an unknown fire."

At a point marked by an intersecting rocky trail, the guide turned sharply to the left, and immediately began an almost insurmountable ascent. The others followed closely on his heels. It was a wild and dangerous climb, but it led to safety. For the moment, the sudden turn had taken them out of sight of their pursuers. Now, as the last of the party reached the top of the difficult ascent, the Federales again came within range, and a dozen bullets flattened themselves on the rocks unpleasantly near to the fugitives.

Without stopping to return the shots, they fled northward and westward across the small plateau to the base of another steep ascent, and there the cave stood before them. It was an excellent place to pause and give battle.

The tenacious Lieutenant and his party, urged on by the cries of Carmencita, were following close behind. A rifle bullet missed Rafael's head only by inches, and the youngster ducked sharply and made a wry face. He was not terrified, and Gatewood looked at him with commendation.

"Good boy," he gasped. "Don't let them scare you."

The party had dismounted to ascend the steep rise, and now, on foot, were practically dragging the slow-footed burros to safety.

They swept into the cave, and led their animals—particularly the one laden with dynamite—to the farthest corner of the dark grotto, and tied them. Then ensued a wild two minutes. Straining every muscle, the men rolled great bowlders into the mouth of the cavern, while Carlotta and Rafael took the rifles from their holsters and laid clips of cartridges in convenient places. When Lieutenant Cabrera came up, it was to face rifles lowered across a barricade which could have withstood any but the most desperate charge.

But the Lieutenant was a wily soldier, whatever his other faults. He had no intention of leading his men into such a death trap. Instead, he threw out a skirmish line of four men. The remainder of his party remained at a safe distance, while the four advanced cautiously, availing themselves of every possible shelter, until they reached a point where they could fire directly into the mouth of the cave with the least possible danger to themselves.

Gatewood noted and appreciated the move.

"That Lieutenant's no fool," he commented. "Keep low and don't reply to their fire until they try to rush us," he instructed the others. "Then you'll have a chance to kill that man you've been talking about, Rafael. All I ask is that you leave Lieutenant Cabrera for me. He's my especial victim."

In this, Gatewood was, for once, all wrong. Lieutenant Cabrera was not to die that day, and when he did, it was to be in circumstances which neither Gatewood nor he could have imagined.

A moment later a fusillade of shots sounded and bullets fairly rained about them. Gatewood's advice to keep down proved good, for standing up would have been fairly sure to be punctured. Apparently the doughty soldados behind trees and rocks were pumping lead as tho their lives depended upon it.

The defenders waited grimly, without replying. They knew that a rush was sure to come sooner or later. It did come, and shortly. Seeing the failure of his plan to draw the defenders' fire, Cabrera led his men to within one hundred yards of the barricade and then charged.

Not a shot greeted them as they sped forward until they were almost within the mouth of the cave. Then——

"Fire!" ordered Gatewood, coolly.

Three automatics and two rifles spat viciously at the attackers and continued to speak. The continuous firing made a deafening roar in the cave. The charging line melted away. Three men died in their tracks. Two others writhed on the ground. A third ran shrieking to the rear.

The first charge was the last. Unharmed, but furious, Cabrera raged in vain. Not a step toward the deadly barricade would his remaining men advance. Nearly half his fighting strength had been sacrificed in that ill-advised charge. Besides himself and Carmencita he had only five men left, and one of them had a wounded arm. The two who lay sorely wounded in front of the cave, of course, he did not count.

Half an hour passed grimly away. Then came Lieutenant Cabrera with a white handkerchief dangling between his thumb and finger. He paused within speaking distance of the cave.

"Nervy cuss!" commented Hamilton,

In the Next Issue of the Ledger.

NOTEWORTHY stories will feature the issue of the Ledger dated January 12. In that issue a new serial, the best that has appeared in several months, will start. It is called, "Hunting the Mastodon" and is a gripping tale of adventure in the Far North, in the land of ice and snow. Among the short stories, "Donovan's Alma Mater" takes front rank in the line of humor. Donovan had more money than education and as a result he gets himself into some screamingly funny situations. You also will want to read "Spoiling the Game" and "The Twirley Twins in Trouble." The last named is another of the interesting Christopher Poe detective stories. In addition, there will be the usual features and reading for every member of the family.

with a touch of admiration. "Wonder what he wants."

"Wants his wounded," replied Gatewood, laconically. He beat the Lieutenant's remark by a breath.

"Certainly, teniente," he called out cheerfully. "You may remove them with perfect safety."

Lieutenant Cabrera smiled his evil smile and bowed courteously.

"I am bowed down with gratitude," he replied mockingly. He called two of his unarmed men and superintended the removal of the wounded soldiers.

It was late afternoon now. Gatewood, stealthily reconnoitering after a long silence, saw the Lieutenant and his men seated in the comparative shelter of a clump of huge rocks three hundred yards away.

"Seem to be planning to starve us out," he remarked to the others. "Well, now is our time to start out while they are waiting for us to surrender. Tell the guide we'll start out thru this rear exit, Tracy—that is if it's big enough for the burros."

While Gatewood remained on guard, ready to sound an alarm if the soldiers resumed the attack, the others proceeded to the rear of the cave. About a hundred yards from the entrance the cavern narrowed and wound to a small opening. The soldiers gave no sign of moving, and Gatewood followed the others.

Passing thru the aperture, they found themselves on a steep hillside. The dense, tangled scrub hid the opening completely as soon as they had gained the outer air. A faint trail zigzagged down to a swift-running mountain river. The arroyo in which they found themselves when they reached the bank of the stream was small but beautiful. The fugitives had no time for the scenic beauty, however, and as rapidly as possible they proceeded on their rocky way. They never discovered how long the Lieutenant and his party waited before the cave mouth before discovering that they had been tricked.

And now, at last, it seemed that the dangers that encompassed them had passed. The next forty-eight hours flitted by without incident. But on the evening of the second day, as they rode out of a narrow pass onto a high, flat plateau, the bandit, who had guided them, pointed far away to where a lurid light flamed in the darkening sky.

"The 'Lost City,'" he announced simply.

"Barely half a day away," muttered Gatewood. "Well, we mustn't go far tonight. Morning will be time enough to take our bearings."

Returning a hundred yards to the friendly shelter of the pass from which they had just emerged, they pitched camp. Coffee was made and passed around, and afterward the men lolled comfortably around on the ground with their pipes, chatting with Carlotta and Rafael. They were tired from their long day's ride, and soon all were willing enough to drop off to sleep. Rafael was left awake to stand first watch.

Some premonition of evil awoke Carlotta that night, barely two hours after the camp had fallen asleep. At first she stirred restlessly, as evil dreams alarmed her. Then some sound awakened her fully. The premonition still clung, so that it was with extreme caution that she raised her head and looked toward the smoldering embers of the fire.

What she saw sent a quick thrill of horror thru her body. For a moment her heart almost stopped beating. Their bandit guide was crawling stealthily toward Hamilton with a long knife clutched in his hand. Just beyond lay Rafael, the sentinel. Had he murdered the boy?

In a moment the knife would be in Hamilton's heart! It was Carlotta's inning. In the crisis she did not forget that she was armed. Cautiously she reached for her revolver. The pearl-handled .22 had been replaced with Hamilton's serviceable .38.

Her wrist was steady and her eyes were cold and hard. She aimed swiftly but carefully at the bandit's heart, but a sudden shudder swept over her as she pulled the trigger and the leaden messenger lodged instead in the Mexican's side.

He shrieked once and then rolled over and over violently, sobbing and moaning. The knife fell from his hand and tinkled against a stone. In a second Gatewood and Hamilton were on their feet. They took in the situation at a glance. Carlotta, overcome by her sudden act and its result, had fainted. To her side sprang Hamilton, forgetful of all else.

"Carlotta! Sweetheart! Are you hurt?"

Gatewood turned his attention to young Rafael, also lying unconscious with a jagged cut across the brow. That the bandit had knocked him out with a rock instead of knifing him is still a matter of thanksgiving to that young hero, who on saints' days burns candles at the shrine of his patron saint in commemoration of the happy event.

A swallow of brandy and cold applications to his wound brought him back to consciousness, little the worse for wear. He sat up with a smile, to tell how the Mexican had freed himself and crawled up behind him while he stood guard.

"The senors do not believe I slept?" he queried anxiously.

"Not at all," they assured him heartily. "But I think we all owe a vote of thanks to Miss Carlotta," Gatewood interjected. "How is she coming on, Hamilton?"

"I am better," said a faint voice, and the lovely face smiled a faint reply to the query, as Carlotta sat up, with Hamilton's arm still about her.

"I think we all make you chief captor of our bandit friend," smiled Gatewood. "That is, if you will accept the position."

Hamilton bent his head close to that of the girl, and whispered softly:

"I am not certain—I was a bit excited—but I think—I—kissed you after you fainted. Are you very angry?"

Carlotta looked into his eyes for a long moment. Then she smiled archly.

"Why tell me about it if you expect me to become angry?"

But Hamilton, his heart beating wildly with delight, was sure that she was not displeased.

CHAPTER VIII.
THE "LOST CITY."

AS BREAKFAST was being prepared next morning Gatewood had an idea.

"I am going forward to reconnoiter," he announced. "We can't trust the guide any more, so we might as well begin exploring on our own account. I'll be a sort of an advance guard. It wouldn't be safe for the whole party to come any nearer, as we might run into some sort of trap or ambush."

"How long shall we wait before we follow you?" Hamilton asked.

"Oh, say a day," Gatewood answered carelessly. "You know the guide said it was half a day's journey. I'll go a good distance ahead and see that the road is clear. Anyway, the rest won't hurt our wounded here," he added, pointing to the bandage on Rafael's head.

Gatewood struck out in the general direction of the "Lost City," as pointed out by the guide the night before. He went rapidly but carefully, looking for signs of life, but for hours none appeared. Then, suddenly, an old crone stood before him.

She leaned totteringly on a thorn stick, and the million wrinkles crisscrossed on her face proclaimed her as 80 years of age, at least. This apparition looked at Gatewood out of bleared eyes, and laughed a high, shrill laugh.

"Turn back, youth, turn back!" she quavered. "They have no chance to turn back who once reach the 'Lost City.'"

"How do you know I am looking for the 'Lost City,' mother?" Gatewood bantered.

"Oh, I know! Many are the men who have come this path. Some took my advice and turned their steps. Some passed on and returned no more."

"Well, I will go on and take my chances on returning," Gatewood assured her.

Probably this was a spy of Zubaran, he told himself.

"Heed my advice," she begged. "I can lead you to the very gate of the 'Lost City,' if you will go, but turn away before it is too late. Believe me, you will rue it if you do not flee."

"You say you can lead me to the gate of the 'Lost City?'"

"Yes, but I will not."

The adventurer produced a gold-piece, and at sight of it the hag surrendered. She grabbed the coin eagerly, chuckling.

"It is strange," she mumbled, with uncanny mirth, "how a young fool will pay to get himself into trouble. Now, young daredevil, follow on, and do not cry to me for help when you see where your rashness has led you."

She turned and, with a vigor surprising in one so old, hobbled away on her crooked stick. Gatewood followed, listening unconcernedly to her chatter of terrors ahead. Over the mountain path she led him for an hour, and then, suddenly, turned into a small arroyo. Across it, blocking progress, lay a 'dobe hut of peculiar construction. The crone hobbled up without a pause, pushed open the door, and without a backward glance pushed forward into the room.

Piqued with curiosity, Gatewood followed. At the far side of the room she brushed aside a curtain, and the black opening of what appeared to be a long tunnel sprang into view.

"Dare you follow here?" she asked.

"Yes—I dare," Gatewood remarked grimly, drawing his automatic. "And remember, my ancient friend, you have been paid to lead me to the 'Lost City.' No tricks or you will rue it."

A chuckle was the only response, as the old woman dived into the blackness.

Up, and ever up, ran the stone-flagged tunnel. Gatewood judged that he had proceeded fully a thousand feet in utter blackness, when of a sudden came the warning voice of his guide.

"Take care, braggart. We are there. Turn sharply to your left!"

He put out his hand and, feeling the blank wall before him, turned. Then the crone flung open a door and from the depths of night Gatewood stepped into glaring sunlight.

Dazzled, he placed his hand over his eyes for a moment. And before he could recover his sight there was a wild shout, and several men flung themselves upon him. In a moment, despite his mad struggles, he was bound and thrown to the ground with stunning violence. As he lay helpless, half-conscious, the voice of the hideous hag came to him, seemingly from a distance: "Farewell, hero! Remember, I warned you!"

"Carry him away!" directed a rough voice. "Shut him up with the rest of the curs."

Gatewood felt himself lifted and carried a short distance. A door creaked. He was dropped like a sack of meal onto a stone floor. The door banged shut. Then silence.

When he opened his eyes he was looking into the loveliest face he ever had seen. A girl—or was it an angel—was bending over him. A wonderfully gentle voice said, "He is better now."

Gatewood decided it was an angel. No human could have a voice such as that. Then, as he slowly recovered his wits, he smiled at the conceit and sat up. The lovely apparition was bathing his face with cold water.

"Who are you?" he demanded. The girl smiled.

"In other circumstances, senor, I might think you as bold as you are handsome. Here, however, formalities are out of place. I am Luise Rivera, a prisoner—with yourself—in the camp of Zubaran."

"You are Luise Rivera?" thrilled Gatewood. "Wonders never cease. Now, I believe it. Then I may tell you that I have only now come from your cousin, Carlotta Campero."

"Carlotta!" she exclaimed in turn. "Oh, Uncle Pedro! Here is a man who has just come from Carlotta!"

A tall, dignified Spaniard came forward hurriedly.

"You are from my daughter?" he asked incredulously. "Where is she? Is she safe?"

"Safe enough when I left her," Gatewood assured him. "Where she is now I cannot say, but she was only a half day's journey from here this morning, when I started out to look around, in the company of my friend Hamilton. My name, by the way, is Richard Gatewood."

Briefly he recounted the happenings of the last few days, while Campero listened eagerly. When he had finished the old man sighed as if a great load had been lifted from his mind.

"When the catastrophe came I feared she might start out alone in an effort to help us," he commented. "It was God's own mercy that she fell into your hands instead of into those of some roving band of soldiers or bandits. If that had happened——" He shuddered, expressively. "But you say she and your friend are intending to follow you here?"

"Tomorrow morning, if I had not returned, they were to start."

"Then they may, and probably will, fall into this same trap," wailed the old Spaniard.

"Oh, a lot of things can happen between now and tomorrow," smiled Gatewood, reassuringly. "Don't imagine that I'm done for, just because the old woman scored the first point. I'm not thru yet."

"Surely, senor, your jest is ill-timed," Campero protested. "Do you not know that you have fallen into the hands of Zubaran, called the 'Terrible?'"

"Ah, surely; I had forgotten," remarked Gatewood lightly, his voice showing none of the dread apparent in the old man's tone. "By the way, what sort of a fellow is this Zubaran? I think I should like to see him."

"You will see him," Campero said grimly. "He will come to see you before the day is out. At this time every day he takes a siesta, and woe to the man who awakens him then. Later he will come to decide your fate. In the meantime, it may be you would like to meet your companions in misfortune."

He turned to the other occupants of the room, to whom Gatewood had paid slight attention.

"This," said the Spaniard, with stately grace, "is the Donna Rivera, my sister and the mother of Luise."

"A los piez de usted, senora!" Gatewood bowed low, in accompaniment to the extravagant Spanish compliment, and a flush rose to the face of the elderly, but still comely, matron. It was Luise who created a ripple of laughter by remarking mischievously:

"It may be as you insist, Senor Gatewood, that you are now at my mother's feet, but at whose feet were you a few moments ago, when you lay fainting with your head in my lap?"

"Luise," remonstrated her mother, but without displeasure, "how bold you are!"

"But, mother," the girl protested, laughingly, "Senor Gatewood is an old friend. He is a friend of Carlotta and thus comes well introduced."

"Are we not old friends?" She appealed to Gatewood.

"We shall be, if I have anything to say about it," he replied.

"We are forgetting the others," Campero interrupted politely. "This is Senor Percy Drummond, an English merchant."

Gatewood took the proffered hand.

"Welcome to our unfortunate predicament," Drummond smiled.

"Well, for that matter, you would be more than welcome to my share of it," Gatewood laughed, "if the Senorita Luise were not here."

"As for the others," continued Campero, with a wave of his hand toward several individuals who had remained in the background, "they are good enough fellows—servants of some of my good friends, who, alas, perished in the fearful wreck of which you already know."

"Now the thing that interests me," Gatewood said, after the conversation had continued along general lines for a time, "is this: Is there any way to get out of this jail?"

For answer Drummond pointed to the heavy iron bars that crossed the empty window frames.

"This is an old Spanish church," he explained. "It was built three hundred years ago, before the town was abandoned, but the masonry is as good as ever it was. The air is too dry to allow of much rust, and the bars are as sound as ever. There is a small ruined belfry, but I would not advise going up there, as our gentlemanly captors have a pleasant habit of shooting at any head that appears over the parapet."

"Well," vowed Gatewood, "before the night passes I am going to find a way out."

"I wish you luck," said Drummond, with a shrug, "but remember, old chap, that this place is guarded and the guards shoot for pastime."

The afternoon was well spent by now. Looking thru the windows, Gatewood took in what he could of the famous "Lost City." Some of the buildings were of stone, one and two stories in height; a few were of adobe and comparatively recent, and one or two of wood.

A few of the bandit company were visible in an open space, drinking and amusing themselves by squabbling over a greasy deck of cards. Suddenly an event of importance seemed to be taking place. The gaming men sprang to attention, and the women of the camp forsook their pipes and their gossip and scattered out of sight.

A giant of a man, well over six feet in height and bulking hugely over the rest of the band, suddenly appeared in the square. Him, Gatewood studied curiously. His forehead was low and his bestial face was masked by a great shock of bushy beard. A magnificent and highly adorned sombrero covered his long, unkempt hair. About his waist he wore a many-folded, bright-colored sash, stuck full—as Gatewood observed with amusement—of revolvers, knives and a Mexican machete, the keen blade of the latter polished like silver and sharpened apparently to a razor edge.

The giant strode toward the church-jail. A moment later the door was thrown violently open, and he stood glowering at Gatewood, his huge frame filling the doorway.

The voice of Luise breathed into the adventurer's ear:

"It is Zubaran the Terrible!"

Would you have liked to be facing this ferocious bandit and what would you have done? Gatewood was in a perilous place and when men's lives are endangered they think fast. What happened when he and the bandit chief came face to face will be told in the next installment of this story, to appear in next week's Ledger.

THE HEART OF A WOMAN

She never said "I love you not" but when
She was all fearful that she loved too much;
She never took her hand from yours—but then
When most she craved its touch.

She never laughed at you but when she fain
Would be too tender. Never turned away
Save when each impulse urged her once again
To listen and to stay.

A woman's heart is like a witch's prayer—
To be read backward and its craft defied,
Ah, judge us not by those poor lies we dare,
But by the truths we hide.

—THEODOSIA GARRISON.

The Twelve Coins of Confucius

By Harry Stephen Keeler

What Happened Up to This Time

JASON BARTON, reporter on the Chicago Evening Dispatch, is called into the office of Braithwaite, city editor, and given the well-nigh impossible task of getting an interview with the Princess O Lyra Seng, daughter of the Emperor of China, or lose his job. (The events are supposed to occur in the year 1918.) The young Princess is in Chicago, and is making a world tour with the prime minister, Li Hwei Tsung, and his wife. So far the Princess has given an interview to no one. Just as Barton is leaving, the city editor adds another assignment—looking into the case of a Chinese laundryman who had been stabbed to death, apparently in a tong war. Barton stops on his way to see Charles Fawcett, an old friend and brilliant newspaper man who has let liquor get the best of him. Getting the other's promise to reform, make himself presentable and look for a position, Barton lends him some money, and goes on to Sam Toy's laundry. The Chinaman was found with a paintbrush in hand, as if trying to write a message. Barton finds a laundry ticket with strange characters in the ledge of the transom, where it has evidently blown when the door has been opened. This he takes to the University of Chicago to have it deciphered by Professor Chan Fu, for whom he leaves half of the ticket. At the Hotel Rydenour, where the Princess is stopping, he is told she will see no one. Learning her suite is on the fourteenth floor, Barton takes the elevator to the fifteenth, and by using the fire-escape soon finds himself in the corridor of the Princess' suite. He knocks and is admitted. The Princess talks freely to Barton concerning many things and shows her views are radical and modern and reveals that the prime minister hates all things American. Barton expresses great admiration for her and gives her his telephone number. She tells him that Chu Li Yuan, an aged Chinese, flogged because he desired to wed her had stolen the great Chinese treasure, the twelve coins of Confucius. Her description of Chu coincides with that of the slain laundryman. Li Hwei Tsung tries to bribe Barton to suppress the interview and, failing, visits Braithwaite, whom he recognizes as being a fugitive from England. Braithwaite agrees to suppress the interview and orders Barton to go to Washington after another story. Barton, loath to leave the coin mystery unsolved, induces Fawcett to go in his place. Barton accompanies Fawcett to the train and, having occasion to telephone Braithwaite, overhears a conversation between the editor and the Chinese prime minister which reveals the Washington assignment was part of an agreement to suppress the interview with the Princess. Barton induces the Sun to print the story and joins its editorial staff. The professor tells Barton what is in half of the ticket found beside the dead laundryman. Barton discovers he has unintentionally given the other half to Fawcett. He wires him to have it translated and telegraph the result. Barton receives a telephone call from the Princess, who asks him to call on her.

You now have a synopsis of what has gone before and can go on with the story from here. In case you want the previous chapters in full, the story was begun in No. 49, December 8. Back copies may be obtained from news dealers, our agents or by mail direct from the office of publication.

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CHAPTER XV.

A DISCUSSION ON LOVE.

SHE hugged the flowers to her with a little cry of delight. She led him inside the room and closed the door. The maid sat over in the corner again like a graven image, and Barton felt an almost irresistible impulse to go over and touch her with his finger to see whether she were living or graven from wax.

O Lyra Seng surveyed him from head to toe with her eyes beaming. Then she pointed to a chair and drew up another one very close to it. "Now, we talk," she ordered. "Honorable Tsung say he not be back for long, long time—and we not ever get another such chance."

Settled across from her, Barton endeavored to get her to tell him what had happened after he had been forced to leave there that morning. But she dismissed the subject in a few words. "Honorable Tsung all happy now," she averred. "He go away from here directly after, and then come back. He say: 'Princess, you've been bad girl, but you all forgiven now. Everything is all right—and your honorable father will understand.'"

Barton gave a short, hard laugh. "I'm glad of that. I'm glad that honorable Tsung is pleased with the outcome. He may be a little hasty, tho." He looked at the splendid young form across from him. "Princess, in Chinese costume you were what we call stunning—but in these French garments you are ten times as much so."

"I have it made for me at Madame Paquin's in Paris," she announced, "on our trip thru. I never wear it, tho, until tonight. But I feel you rather have me in American costume."

Barton swallowed rather hard. He felt for the first time a disquieting sensation that he was being coquetted with a little; and he didn't like this trait in the personality which he had discovered that morning.

"Princess," he said, to change the subject, "tell me more of your life in China as you were when we were interrupted this morning."

She raised a hand. "No, Mr. Jason H Barton, you have it all. Just lonely little girl—some day to rule over Chinese empire, since she have no brothers—who was always cooped up with her books to dream and think. I bring you over here to have you talk about you. Tell me where you were born—and how you happen to become writer of news. That interests me much."

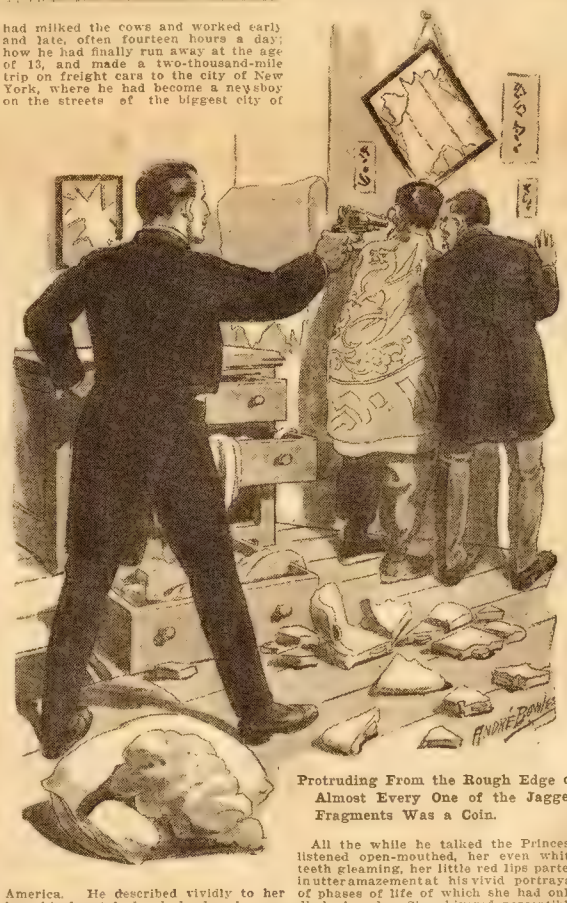
So, seeing that she was intent upon learning more of him, Barton drew his chair nearer to her and told her of his early days on the Texas farm when he had been left an orphan; how he had been put into the care of an old farmer whose only desire was to make him earn far more than his keep; how he had milked the cows and worked early and late, often fourteen hours a day; how he had finally run away at the age of 13, and made a two-thousand-mile trip on freight cars to the city of New York, where he had become a newsboy on the streets of the biggest city of America. He described vividly to her how his heart had ached when he saw other children tripping to school every day; and how finally a big-hearted Wall street broker had taken pity on him and helped him thru grammar school.

He went on to describe how he had finally gone to college in Nebraska, finishing the preparatory school in two years and supporting himself the whole six years by working in the Nebraska wheatfields during the summers; he described the struggle he had had in his impecunious condition, and how he had ultimately met big Fawcett, the one man who had befriended him and helped him; the day he had graduated with the consciousness that the big struggle was ended.

Then he told her of how the second great gold strike had been made in the northern tip of Alaska, and how he had given up a promising clerkship in a Kansas City broker's office to join the searchers after the golden treasure of a second Klondike. He described the silent trips thru the long Northern nights on dog sleds, and told of the expensive prices of food up in the snowy wilderness.

He showed her the bullet mark on his wrist where the lead had passed thru in the great barroom fight at Kinikanik City, the night that big Red Bransom, the bully of the camp, had been killed by the town preacher, a mild man with his glasses and Bible in one hand and his six-shooter in the other. He told how the preacher had grimly read the funeral sermon over the man he had killed, and how even the Indians had cheered lustily. He told her of how the fabulous vein had "petered out," and of the wreck of his ship when he was coming back from the North to civilization; how the crew and passengers had lived in lifeboats for two interminable days and nights on the cold seas.

He related how he had landed penniless and broken in spirit in Seattle; how he had tried to get his first newspaper berth; how he had secured only a space writer's job; how he had stumbled accidentally on the whereabouts of Emerich, the missing cashier of the Seattle State Bank; and how he had written up the scoop and landed the position that was to throw his life into new channels. And he described briefly how he had drifted from city to city, finally winding up at Chicago.



Protruding From the Rough Edge of Almost Every One of the Jagged Fragments Was a Coin.

All the while he talked the Princess listened open-mouthed, her even white teeth gleaming, her little red lips parted in utter amazement at his vivid portrayal of phases of life of which she had only dimly heard. She shivered perceptibly during his recital of the great barroom fight in Kinikanik City, and of his dramatic visualization for her of the horrors of two days and nights in an open boat on the Arctic seas.

At the end of it he looked down at her and smiled whimsically. "So you see, Princess, it's not a particularly illuminating recital. Pretty sordid—and hard. Nothing in it in the way of poetry. All fight and tough struggle—the whole way thru. And not a thing really accomplished after all."

"Oh, but it is the life you have lived!" she breathed enthusiastically. "It—it was all accomplishment. You—you have seen and done—while O Lyra has been chained in with her dreams." She looked curiously up at him. "And you never marry?" she asked with a peculiar wistfulness in her voice.

He shook his head.

"Why?"

He wrinkled up his forehead. "Well, Princess, the reason is connected with those dreams you spoke of. Likewise with that elusive thing you have called personality. In all these years I have been searching hopefully for that companion personality—the one who might understand Jason H. Barton—and never have found her. I knew partly what she was to be like, for she has been in my mind for years; I knew always. But when I met her I would recognize her at once." He looked down at her. "And does that answer your question?"

Her face was very serious. "But you never yet have found the personality you—you might love?"

He swallowed with difficulty. Something seemed to rush into his being. A sudden mad impulse came over him to seize the dainty hand of this Celestial flower and tell her fiercely that it was a personality exactly like hers he had been seeking for. But he knew that he dared not; that she had invited him there as a friend—not to break rudely all the conventions of friendship.

"Princess, I cannot answer that question exactly," he fenced quietly. "As I said, I knew I could recognize that personality when I met it, and——"

"And so you have been only as I," she put in hurriedly. "I, too, Jason H. Barton, have waited dreaming all these days for such a personality that I might love. When I was little—so little—I did not know that empire could be complicating influence in my dreams; but later I began to realize it—and a sadness seemed to come into me. Oh, I want so to tell you—for I afraid you never know it. But this morning—when you come—when you come—something seem to tell O Lyra—that you—that you the man—the personality—the kind of man—the——"

His jaw fell open. "Princess," he exclaimed in alarm, "you can't mean what you say. You——"

She snapped her fingers toward the maid and spoke a few quick words in Chinese. The woman, evidently galvanized into action, rose and passed noiselessly out of the room.

"I am not girl who pretend. My heart speaks—like heart should always. Love is not something for—for—dissimulation. The heart that first recognizes should speak—and the heart of O Lyra Seng—sees—speaks——" She stopped. A tear rolled down from one of her brown eyes.

"My God, Princess!" Barton said dazedly. "I—I never dreamed, I never dreamed!" He leaned forward in his chair and closed his big hand on one of her smaller ones. "And you could love me? You—a Princess of the great Chinese empire? And you are sure it is not a girlish——"

He did not know how it happened after years it was all confused in his mind in a maze of delirious thoughts and actions. The slim form was in his arms, her moist red lips were close to his, and he was kissing the daughter of the Emperor of China!

CHAPTER XVI

"EXTRA PAPER!"

BARTON pulled himself together finally, and, leaning back in his chair, stroked the silky black curls of the girl who nestled in his arms.

"But, Princess, what happiness can all this bring to you and me? I love you—I knew it this morning—I have known it all day—and I think that you love me. If you are sure of yourself, then it would seem that we are two peculiar idealists who have found each other after a dozen years of searching—over half the world. I think that you and I could always be happy together—that we are companion personalities." She nodded vehemently in his arms. "But of what use is it all? It can only mean bitterness. You are the daughter of the Emperor of China, and I am just a plain American of the most widely differentiated race on earth from yours." He paused, looking down at her. "If only you were not Princess O Lyra Seng, I should ask a question that I shall only ask of but one girl in this world. But it is not to be."

She nodded her head. "No, it is not to be. That I must make myself realize. But I am so happy to be here in your arms—that I like to forget the big world revolving outside—the great empire with

its millions of people—and just think there is only you and me in universe." She sighed a long sigh. "Life is all so—so a tangle. Oh, how I wish I had never studied, nor thought, nor read! Then would I be only ordinary Chinese girl—not in mind such as I am. But it is all what East Indians call Ki—Ki—Kismet."

He sat for a long time, stroking her dark hair. He knew down in his heart that the whole thing was merely a wonderful, fantastic dream, and that any moment the alarm clock on his bureau was going to ring; that he would arise, wash, dress, and go down to the Dispatch office, enter the grind, and that he would hear the sneering voice of Braithwaite with his eternal comparison: "An Englishman is worth two Yankees!" But he hoped desperately that dawn was still far away and that the dream might last longer.

They talked. Psychology, science, philosophy were shelved—as always psychology, science and philosophy will be shelved before the more engrossing little nothings that have been talked even by the cave man—and his mate-to-be in the far distant Paleolithic Age. It was 8:30 before Barton pulled himself together and looked down at the girl who seemed so content to be cuddled in his arms. The threatening alarm clock had not yet jangled; and he realized suddenly that he himself must terminate the dream.

"Princess," he queried meaningly, "do you see the time? Do you realize it means that honorable Tsung may be back at any moment? He can do no harm to me—but there is your own precious self to be considered. This has been the happiest hour of my life—and it has sped by on wings of quicksilver. But you must not be jeopardized by my staying any longer. And so—it means that we'll have to say good-by!"

She nodded unhappily and looked up at him. "Yes, Jason H. Barton, it means good-by; I know it too well. But oh, how happy I am, so glad, that I have make you see what I see when first I meet you—that I make you realize that race, religion, rank, all these shrink for a time in face of biggest thing in the world! But now you see—and some day when you think of little O Lyra Seng far over the Pacific, perhaps you will feel little sad—and yet little glad that you knew O Lyra once in your life." She arose, and with true feminine instinct smoothed out her disarranged dress.

He swallowed hard and arose, also. "I wish I didn't have to think of that, Princess. It will mean unhappiness—not happiness." He looked toward his silk hat. Oh, why, oh why, couldn't Tsung be detained for hours, days, forever?

He held out his arms. "Good-by, O Lyra Seng," he said.

"Is there not another word," she asked, "that—that goes before my name?"

"Dear O Lyra——" he began.

"But still ending on adjective?" she asked.

He smiled as he understood. "Good-by, dearest O Lyra Seng."

She smiled up at him and standing on tiptoe threw her arms about his neck. She kissed him—a long, tingling, lingering kiss; then, with a sudden frightened little cry, unloosed her arms and fled from the room. He stood bewilderedly alone, feeling the warm pressure of her lips. Then, realizing that the dream was over for good, he seized his silk hat and tiptoed out of the room into the silent corridor. He went up the fire-escape into the night, rocking with the dizziness of the past hours. He found himself finally descending in the elevator; then out on the street, staring stupidly along the rows of brilliant arc lamps. And suddenly thoughts began to pour into his cranium with lightning rapidity.

"I wonder if—if there isn't more than a story for poor me in those Coins of Confucius? I wonder—I wonder if the man who locates those twelve coins isn't going to stand pretty pat with the Emperor of a country which has spent thousands of years and money to get them together? I wonder what the other half of that red ticket in Fawcett's suitcase is going to say? God, what a wonderful little creature she is! And she—she loves me. It's all a crazy nightmare. I wonder —"

His chaotic reflections ceased abruptly. A newsboy was going by the Michigan avenue corner crying out his extras. The words were garbled, but Barton caught his breath as he seemed to hear in them the phrase "Washt'nin Fly'r."

"Here—boy—here, a paper!" He tossed the boy a nickel.

The urchin shoved a damp paper into his outstretched hand and moved on up the street to where an elderly gentleman was beckoning. Oblivious to the traffic on the sidewalk, Barton stood under one of the flaming arc lamps and devoured the contents. For him, indeed, the news that the big black headlines screamed forth was startling news—yet so meager that it filled less than two hundred ems of type. It ran:

WASHINGTON FLYER GOES INTO THE DITCH. SENATOR AND TWO CONGRESSMEN AMONG THE INJURED.

"At 7 o'clock tonight the Washington Flyer struck a defective switch just outside of Bentleyville, Ohio. The front half of the train ran into the ditch and overturned completely. All of the injured passengers were rescued from the overturned cars before the sparks from the engine set fire to the coaches. The baggage car, mail car, smoker and first coach are burned to a tinder, and the inhabitants of Bentleyville are fighting the flames which bid fair to consume the rest of the train. Among the most seriously injured of the passengers are Senator Feely, Congressman Opp, Congressman Rann— all of Illinois—and Jason H. Barton, a Chicago newspaper man. A relief train is on the way from Dayton, Ohio."

With the knowledge of the trained newspaper man Barton, scarcely comprehending as yet, ran his eye across the page to what is known as the drum paragraph. There, printed in cheap red ink, not even proofread, were a few further details which had come in by telegraph while the edition was on the presses. They read:

"DYING PASSENGER CLEARS UP CHICAGO TONG MURDER.

("Special telegram to the News:)

'Among the passengers injured in the overturning of the Washington Flyer tonight was one Charles Fawcett, an Omaha newspaper man. On account of cards found on his person his name was erroneously reported as Jason H. Barton. He was removed to a temporary hospital in Bentleyville, but lived only an hour. Before he died he made a brief statement in which he declared that he stabbed a Chinese laundryman late last night in the Central West metropolis, during a struggle which followed an attempt on his part to take out his laundry on credit. He stated also that the weapon he used was one which was lying on the counter, and that he feared he had mortally injured his opponent. The stabbed Celestial, according to Chicago police headquarters, is the man Sam Toy of 144 West Huron street, whose death was supposed to be the result of a Chicago tong war."

That was all there was to the news thus far. Barton, completely stupefied, stood staring down at the paper trying to realize that it was all true. "Poor, poor Charley!" he found himself saying mechanically again and again. "Poor, poor Charley. Poor old boy." He thought dazedly of the clean linen which he had helped the other pack into the suitcase, and now in a flash everything seemed to fly together with devilish accuracy: The clean shirts and collars themselves; Fawcett's drinking that morning; the location of the Chinaman's laundry not three blocks from the Star Hotel; the newspaper man's great physical strength in former days; his trembling fingers that morning; his mood of utter depression——

But as Barton read the two paragraphs for perhaps the fifth time, a sudden deathly sickness seemed to seize him in the pit of the stomach, and a wave of frigid cold seemed to sweep over his whole nervous system. For the first time one sentence stood out at him as the printed in 106-point type instead of agate: "The baggage car, mail car, smoker and first coach are burned to a tinder." In that baggage car was Fawcett's suitcase, and in that suitcase was the leather bill fold containing the other half of Yuan's dying message.

"Good night, Coins of Confucius!" groaned Barton softly to himself. "Good night, dreams! Good night, love! Good night everything! Oh, why—oh, why, does everything in life go wrong?"

CHAPTER XVII.

A BARGAIN IN INFORMATION.

FOR ten long minutes Barton stood on that Michigan avenue corner, oblivious to the passers-by, oblivious to the time, oblivious to the fact that he was in evening clothes, oblivious to everything, lost in the deepest of blue funks. The clew, if ever there had been clew to the Twelve Coins of Confucius, was gone now. Of that there was no doubt. Mentally he berated himself as all kinds of an idiot for ever letting the other half of the Sam Toy message get out of his possession. But the thing was done now; and all that remained was to go back to his rooms and think of the most wonderful girl in the world—the girl he couldn't have—the girl from he was now farther away than ever.

But instead of going home he decided to make one last hopeless effort from the wreckage of his plans; so he turned disconsolately to the drug store back of him and entering the telephone booth, riffled over the directory till he came upon a certain name. Then he dropped his coin and rang his party.

A man's voice—terse and businesslike—answered.

"Am I speaking to Mr. Shanahan, renting agent for the laundry at 144 West Huron street?" Barton was appalled at the dullness, the lifelessness of his own voice.

"Yes, sir."

"Barton is my name," the newspaper man went on. "I'd like to look over the store you have for rent there. Could I drop into your place in the next twenty minutes and get the key? I think I may find a party to take the place."

The renting agent laughed. "Indeed you could, my friend; but a prospective renter is looking it over now. A Chinaman just came in and got the key from me; says he wants to open up a Chinese laundry there for his brother."

"Was he——" Barton began. But he stopped. "Thank you," he said. And he hung up.

He stood in the booth for a moment, thinking. He held a faint suspicion that that Chinaman might be a Chinaman he knew, yet he could conceive of no manner in which Li Hwei Tsung might have become involved in the Sam Toy affair, since he, Barton, had not even had a chance to mention it to the Princess. But he decided then and there to verify or disprove his suspicions.

He hurried from Michigan avenue and over west, where he boarded a North State street car. A number of rowdies grinned and nudged each other at the sight of a man in a dress suit and silk hat on that plebeian branch of the traction system, but Barton saw nothing and heard nothing. He arrived at Huron street within eight minutes. He walked westward on the dirty, dark, narrow thorofare, and passing LaSalle avenue caught sight of a taxicab stationed up the street a short distance in front of a saloon; and as he passed the saloon he saw the chauffeur's cap bobbing over the green baize doors.

"A taxi on Huron street," commented Barton, curiously. "And a hundred feet from Number 144." He hurried on a short distance, and came to Sam Toy's laundry. It was lighted up both front and rear by the hanging coal-oil lamps; but the space in front of the pine partition appeared to be quite devoid of any inspecting renter. The key, however, was in the door, and on the outside; so Barton stepped in off the sidewalk, and closing the door noiselessly behind him strode into the room back of the partition.

There he stopped dumfounded. The whole place had been torn up till it presented a picture of indescribable confusion. The cheap wooden cot had been ripped apart; the thin mattress had been torn up and its hairy contents scattered over the whole room. On the floor along the wall were ranged the kitchen utensils, the yellow bowl and chopsticks, the cups and saucers; the tiny pantry had been ripped out from the wall, and the kitchen table stood upside down. The gas range, pulled partly out from the wall, showed how forcibly the rigid pipe connections had been twisted. A number of loose boards in the floor had been bodily ripped up, and a great patch of loose plaster had been dislodged by a well-directed kick. And in the midst of all the confusion stood Li Hwei Tsung in his American clothes, and Chan Fu

(Continued on Page 15.)

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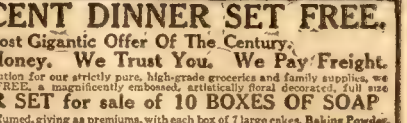

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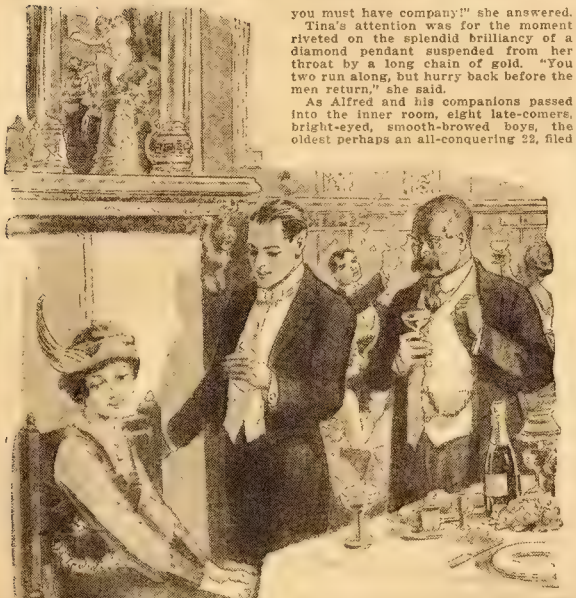
The Flame of Youth

By Josephine Sesnan Cronin



He Bent Slightly Toward Her. "We Have Known Each Other Longer Than Time. Will You Dance With Me?"

LEE was young, and love flamed strong and exultant. Tina was dainty, and a natural mate suddenly proclaimed himself to her. Yet there was danger, hence this story.

THE party of six seated in the farthest corner of the middle dining-room at Vitucci's gave distinction to the jesting, laughing, easy-mannered groups of merrymakers on New Year's eve.

The oldest of the three men chidingly addressed a young girl at the other end of the table:

"Not a word, Tina, not one little word for me?"

She smiled down at him with eyes mirroring startled interest. As far as her tone gave color she might have been answering her father.

"There is so much to see and hear, Alfred, I had almost forgotten you were all with me."

"Brava! Brava! Truthful little Tina!" And Alfred led the applause that followed Tina's naive confession.

"But tomorrow you will tell me what you think of it all, little one?" He was a grizzled fifty-five or six and she could barely have touched twenty.

She smiled up at him placidly by way of assurance. Her dark eyes were large and expressive, but the real glow of life, thru love, had not yet come into them.

Satisfied with this vague rejoinder, the man turned to watch the other men and women about him, growing madder and merrier with each passing moment.

At the rear of the inner room a woman's voice broke into a gay song:

Alfred stood up: "Let's take a walk about, gentlemen!"

The two younger men leisurely followed him as he led the way into the last dining-room.

"I am glad of an opportunity to daub my nose," one of the matrons confided. "Who will go with me?"

The other shrugged her shoulders. "If you must have company!" she answered.

Tina's attention was for the moment riveted on the splendid brilliancy of a diamond pendant suspended from her throat by a long chain of gold. "You two run along, but hurry back before the men return," she said.

As Alfred and his companions passed into the inner room, eight late-comers, bright-eyed, smooth-browed boys, the oldest perhaps an all-conquering 22, filed into Vitucci's, taking seats at a long table reserved for them in front of the musicians' stand, diagonally across from where Tina sat alone.

"Lee," the leader of the party in years, was the one addressed, "where do I sit?"

From the head of the table, Lee, who foreshadowed a manhood of high aims and the strength for achievements, unceremoniously assigned the others places.

To the practiced eye of the waiter the youths looked succulent, and his service was accordingly generous and prompt. The boys responded to the festive air about them with an opening fire of callow quips and retorts—all but Lee.

His first stray glance about the room encountered the fixed gaze of Tina gleaming across for an enrapt instant in which the beams melted into each other.

"Lee! Lee!" His companions looked for the center on which his eyes were focused. "She doesn't even see you!" one taunted.

Lee ran to a desperate refuge: "That's a dazzling stone she's wearing, an infant Kohinoor. It makes a fellow stare so that he forgets ordinary courtesy."

"Going to corral the olives?" The roar from the other end of the table served mercifully to divert attention.

The piano and violin took up in tenuous strains a well-know melody that sighed and panted and throbbed with love. All about there was the mixed buzzing of women's and men's voices, the humming of music lovers, and above both an occasional peal of ringing laughter. Lee's friends jested and flirted, ate without stint, and tried to drink like veterans. But for Lee and Tina, after that first brief thrall, there were only each other and the music that made pulse and thrill.

The other ladies came back to the girl, who gave brief automatic replies to their remarks. Her chin, resting on her interlocked fingers, kept her face well hidden, except the eyes, which shone with a light that had never burned in them before. In Tina's there was gad abandon; in Lee's tense, vibrating emotion. He was young, and love, new to him, flamed strong and exultant. And Tina was dainty, and rounded, and living, and as if fresh from the bosom of earth a natural mate suddenly proclaimed himself to her.

"Lee, a song!"

Informality was the order of the evening. Lee left the table and the hired pianist gave up his place to him. He sang a song of young love. It was an amorous trifle, but the boy's ardor and sincerity made it breathe with life and feeling. It was his first recital of love to a glad listening ear, and it seemed to him that they two were soaring and joyously throbbing in the perfect moment of self-revelation.

Turning from the piano, in an angular glance Lee saw Tina's face and knew she understood.

"Tina, dear!" one of her companions leaned toward the girl and whispered reprovingly. "Don't! Don't! Alfred may be back any instant." The elder woman assumed an air of protection toward Alfred's fiancee. She had seen a little and pieced out the rest.

Tina patted the hand laid on her own reassuringly, but caution would have dishonored the blissful surges sweeping her along.

Holding a wine flagon above her head, a woman with tightly banded gray braids—she might have been a symbol of middle-class decorum—reeled from side to side in an attempt to pirouette for the assembled company. Lee and the love song were forgotten as the onlookers shouted their applause at the old woman's capers. She smirked her thanks, spurred on to wilder antics. The bounds of seemliness, with no obvious tendency to encroach upon license, were yet distinctly slackening. Here and there a man's arm encircled the shoulders or waist of a woman companion, and many a pair of heads came suspiciously close together.

After his first betrayal of interest in Tina, Lee's manner was elaborately guarded. He led the jollity. He laughed longest and loudest; he hurled out story and jest in convulsive succession; and in the singing his voice and his spirit were dominant. By eyes with a very little more experience than those of his friends Lee would have been detected thru the mere exaggeration of his masks. But after their first sallies about Tina, his artifices, aided by the dulling influence of the wine, had blurred the memory of the early incident.

With the demi-tasse stage of the meal toasts were in order. They came trite and prosy, some dangerously racy, and but one freshly mined. Lee's was to finish the round: "To love that will make us all gods some day!"

Enchantingly young and fresh, with all the mightiness of youth assertive in the mold of his face and body and a newly awakened soul looking out thru his eyes, Lee vitalized the love he toasted. Then he gave Rosetti's lines with a sure value of their haunting sadness, but with a running undertone of triumph, certain and complete:

"When do I see thee most, beloved one?
When in the light the spirits of mine eyes
Before thy face, their altar, solemnize
The worship of that love thru thee made known?
Or when in the dusk hours (we two alone)
Close-kissed and eloquent of still replies
Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,
And my soul only sees thy soul its own?

"O love, my love! If I no more should see
Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring—
How then should sound upon life's darkening slope
The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of hope,
The wind of death's imperishable wing?"

After the first line he threw aside his mask and with it all petty concealment. The boys listened, unmocking. Lee was telling them something true, something real, something he had known and had lived thru. Telling them? No! Telling her, the girl with the diamond pendant. He was looking straight at her, holding her with his eyes. She clutched a nearby hand as if to keep herself firm, to hold her from leaping toward Lee. Meantime the diners were stilled, listening and watching, some cynical, some amused. Only the boys and the woman with Tina appeared tense and expectant.

At the closing of the lines Lee drained his glass and sat down. To those at the surrounding tables it was a mere episode of the evening, a wine-heated flirtation. To the boys it had something of a portent about it. Lee was for them transformed, almost supplanted by a man they had never known. Tina, with closed eyes, still clung to the hand of her friend. The men had not returned.

The night's gayety was running close to its apex. Many of the men and women had fallen into easy and unconventional attitudes. Kisses, no longer stolen, were lavished with cheapening prodigality. A general chorus of the musical comedy "hit" of the season ended tumultuously. The musicians sought in the next number to offer a sedative. At the opening measures of a seductive waltz, Lee, with the steadiness of fixed purpose, walked over to where Tina sat with her friends, very still and pale. The fear and appeal that leaped into the girl's face at his approach were unmarked by Lee. He knew only that he wanted to hold her quite close, to look into the depths of her eyes, and to whisper words of tenderness.

He bent slightly toward her: "We have known each other longer than Time. Will you dance with me?"

"Dance!" The word resounded with a crazed masculine hiss.

Lee wheeled around to face the grizzled Italian holding at arm's length a half-filled wine glass. He swept the air toward Tina:

"This lady is affianced!"

In the man's single gesture and his intonation was compressed a sense of outrage to a lady, to her promised husband and his rights, and to the ethics of a whole nation. There lurked a murderous glitter in his bushy-browed eyes as he waited for the boy to speak.

At that moment Lee entered into his first real manhood. His momentary glimpse of the girl, shrinking and terrified, brought back sharply the dull realities about him with their call to reason.

"I had intended no discourtesy, sir, to the lady or to you. It is all part of the night. I am deeply sorry if I have offended." He held out his hand to the elderly man, out of whose eyes the menacing glitter slowly died.

Alfred set down the wine glass. He looked for a long moment at Tina, who, like a crushed flower, with closely lidded eyes, waited for she knew not what deadly termination. Irresistibly she turned to look at Lee, flushed but resolute and godlike in his youth.

In a leonine voice Alfred growled a muffled phrase: "They call to each other. The great Mother knows best." He reached for Lee's hand. "My boy," with dignity of race, "we are not Americans. It is not proper that you should ask a lady to dance among this strange company. But sit beside her and have a glass of wine, and—" his voice grew husky—"be happy, my children." Lee's firm fingers gripped his hand tightly.

And the two in their solitude among that wine-steeped, pleasure-seeking throng, could utter to each other only limping words, but enough to open a vista to a beckoning paradise.

⁂

The Movie Comedian.

SEVEN O'clock—Wakes and falls out of bed when combination alarm clock and garden hose goes off.

7:10 O'clock—Shaves; lathering himself deftly with a charlotte russe.

7:15 O'clock—Morning exercise; puts on boxing gloves and knocks down wife; knocks down child; knocks down serving maid. Runs along hall to door and slides downstairs to piano.

7:16 O'clock—Returns by way of fire-escape, dragging piano.

7:17 to 7:30 O'clock—Devoted to dressing and falling down. Puts on trousers and falls down. Puts on collar and tie before mirror and falls over backward on floor. Rubs off shoes with hair brush. Fixes hair with shoe brush. Puts on coat and falls down.

7:31 O'clock—Starts for dining-room and meets serving maid with tray full of breakfast dishes. Kicks tray; both fall down.

7:32 O'clock—Enters dining-room and kisses wife and child. Kisses serving maid, who pushes him thru china closet. Chases serving maid around breakfast table. Is chased, in turn, by wife. Also by child. Trips on rug and falls down.

7:35 O'clock—Breakfast. Tears off half a loaf of bread and stuffs it in mouth with both hands. Spears seven wheat cakes with fork and douses them with maple sirup. Washes face with largest wheat cake. Ogles serving maid and eats napkin by mistake. Spills coffee. Upsets table.

7:36 O'clock—Chased around room by wife, by child, by serving maid. Climbs on plate rack. Plate rack falls. Everybody falls. Climbs on chandelier. Chandelier falls. Everybody falls.

7:37 O'clock—Jumps into dumbwaiter and starts to lower himself. Wife and serving maid try to pull him back. Chandelier falls. Everybody falls.

7:39 O'clock—Wife throws overcoat, hat, cane and a kiss down the dumbwaiter shaft. Movie actor proceeds thru coalhole of street thence to his day's work at the Swatograph Studios.

⁂

Had Tried Both.

SOME of the inmates of an asylum were engaged in sawing wood, and an attendant thought that one old man, who appeared to be working as hard as anybody, had not much to show for his labor.

Approaching him, the attendant soon discovered the cause. The old man had turned the saw upside down, with the teeth in the air, and was working away with the back of it.

"Here, I say, my man," remarked the attendant, "what are you doing? You'll never cut the wood in that fashion. Turn the saw over."

The old man paused and stared at the attendant. "Did you ever try to saw this way?" he asked.

"Well, no," replied the attendant, "of course I haven't."

"Then hold thy noise, man," was the instant reply. "I've tried both ways, and"—impressively—"this is easier."

The Twelve Coins of Confucius

(Continued From Page 13.)

of the University of Chicago, his gorgeous robes producing the most emphatic contrast to the sordid surroundings.

Barton stopped in surprise, dubiously surveying the two Orientals; but almost before he had time to say Jack Robinson, Tsung, with a few quick words in Chinese to Fu, whipped out a great foreign-looking military revolver and pointed it straight at him.

"Honorable Barton, you will thrust your hands far above your head. You are just in time."

Barton, bewildered by this unexpected display of hostility, hesitated, then suddenly shot his hands ceilingward. Both hands in the air, he turned and gazed toward the gloriously clad Chan Fu; and his voice was vibrant with scorn.

"Well, you crooked Chinese traitor!" he ripped out. "So—so you were trying to doublecross me on that red ticket, eh? That's really funny."

Fu, obviously ill at ease, made no retort, only speaking in Chinese to Tsung. Whereupon Tsung turned furiously toward the reporter.

"Out with it now!" he snarled. "Out with it, sir, and be quick about it! The other half of that red ticket you brought up to Professor Fu's."

Barton smiled bitterly. "I'm not just ready to give up that half ticket," he announced coolly. "It contains half of a poem that interested me. Something about some Coins of Confucius."

The very mention of the words seemed to work Tsung into a fury. "Search him, Fu," he commanded the other. "Take it from him at once."

"Wait, gentlemen," Barton cautioned suddenly, as Fu started reluctantly toward him. "You have the upper hand on me. I can't stand out against you. If that half poem"—it was doubtful whether they could detect the sneer in his voice as he spoke—"is of any value to you, you are welcome to it. But it's not on my person. And only on one condition will I tell you exactly where it is. Is that a fair bargain?"

The Chinese Professor spoke up eagerly. "Where—where is it?"

Barton ignored him utterly. He continued to address his words toward the squat Oriental who kept the military revolver trained on him. "How about it, honorable Tsung?"

"What is your condition?" the other bit out savagely.

"Simply this," insisted Barton, flicking away with his toe a tuft of the hair from the mattress. "My curiosity is aroused to such an extent as to how you succeeded in killing that interview with Braithwaite today, that I'd give anything to know just how it was done. I only want to know what is the meaning of Ling, Braithwaite, Gryce and Tsung." He paused. "I am no longer with the Dispatch. I am now with the Sun."

The Chinese prime minister bit his lip eagerly. "You will tell me where the other half of that poem is, if I answer your simple question?"

Barton nodded emphatically. "Absolutely."

Tsung, without even allowing the barrel of his revolver to waver by a second of arc, spoke quickly to Fu in Chinese. The Chinese Professor answered him quickly in the same tongue, evidently urging him to do something, for he nodded his head energetically toward Barton and swept his long-sleeved arm about the room.

Tsung at once turned his attention to the newspaper reporter. "That—that is all you wish to know?" he asked cautiously. "And you will immediately disclose the whereabouts of that other half of the poem?"

"I'll tell you exactly to a dot where it is." And Barton looked him straight in the eyes.

"Very well then, my friend," the Chinese minister remarked quietly, "you shall have the little information you want. But remember—you are to return the favor. That is understood?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE TURN OF THE TABLES.

BARTON, hands upraised, nodded. Whereupon Tsung spoke, scratching his chin doubtfully.

"You are a young man," he observed sagely. "Yet you have heard, perhaps, of the—the Boxer uprising in China in 1900?"

"The great uprising against the white foreigners?" Barton replied. He nodded slowly. "Indeed yes."

"But you are young, as I say," continued the other, biting his lip, "and you do not know all the things of that day. In fact, my friend, there was a white man—a man of your own race—who trained and led those people of my country who endeavored to throw off the hateful foreign yoke. This man was a deserter from the guard around the English legation at Pekin. If that great movement had gone thru successfully, he would have held a great office in China; but it would have been at the expense of the blood of hundreds of his own race." Tsung paused. "But when Pekin fell before the combined forces of your English, French, Russian and German troops, and the Boxers were driven into the mountains, this Captain Gryce was carried with them with a dumdum bullet in his knee. And that renegade to his race, that traitor to his color, was——"

"Braithwaite, city editor of the Dispatch," put in Barton, with a long-drawn-out whistle. "Good God, but I always wondered who he was and where he had come from." He looked the other over admiringly. "No wonder you had the goods on him, honorable Tsung. He couldn't have found a spot on the globe to lay his head in peace, if the world knew that he led the Boxers against his own people. The dog! He——"

"Allow me to interrupt," said Professor Fu, quietly. "You were, I believe, to establish for us the location of that half ticket. We are now patiently waiting for you to fulfill your end of the agreement."

"Gladly," Barton acquiesced, with a free and easy laugh. "The other half of that paper, dear Professor Fu, is out in Bentleyville, Ohio, in the smoking ruins of a baggage car. It has been reduced to a delicate black ash in the wreck of the Washington Flyer. I refer you to the late extras, now on the streets." He watched the others with curiosity, wondering what effect this bombshell would have upon them.

Its effect was magical. Both men started as tho struck with the lash of a whip. Tsung stared at him, his face for a moment the picture of defeat. "You lie, you dog!" he snarled. He turned angrily to Fu. "Fu, search him. This play has gone far enough. It was a trick—nothing more. I was a fool to have listened to him in the first place. Go thru every pocket, Fu."

The tall Chinese Professor shuffled forward as tho not particularly liking his job. He approached Barton, whose hands were still upraised, and inserted his long, lean yellow talons first into the latter's breast pocket. Barton submitted meekly to it until Fu began to unbutton his vest; then he suddenly lowered his hands, and with a mighty shove sent the Chinese Professor spinning across the room straight into the stomach of Tsung, who was watching operations with the revolver tilted slightly downward.

The latter, his equilibrium upset by the hurtling weight of his companion, staggered back against the wall, putting out one hand wildly to steady himself. But like a flash Barton cleared the room in three great leaps, one of which was over the body of Fu, who lay flat on his stomach trying to get up, and shot out his clinched fist straight to the prime minister's jaw. A second later his fingers closed about the barrel of the gun—and the tables began to turn.

Tsung, with a mighty oath in English, strange to say, lurched at the young man with his yellow fist, still keeping his grip on the handle of the revolver. Barton dodged, and wrenched and tugged at the barrel trying to wrest the weapon from the hand of the Chinaman. Together they reeled around the floor, tugging, panting, sweating, cursing; and all the while Fu was trying groaning to get to his feet. Suddenly, in the struggle, the revolver went off. Barton, his opponent's wrist pinioned under his own elbow, pushing out with his other hand, heard the ping of the bullet and a faint clattering noise; but all his attention was riveted on the work in hand. With a last mighty twist, in which the Chinese prime minister cried out in pain, the revolver came away in Barton's hand, barrel first. And he sprang to the clear just in time to dodge the infuriated Fu, who had struggled to his feet and was coming wildly at him, his blackened teeth gleaming in the lamplight.

In a jiffy, Barton inverted the gun. "Stop, gentlemen!" he puffed. "Stop—or I'll shoot—as sure as there's a heaven—for Christians."

Fu stopped dead in his tracks. His knees seemed to quaver under him. His long arms gesticulated wildly. "See, I have stopped!" he squealed, panic-stricken. "I have stopped! I have stopped! I have stopped!"

Tsung, back of him, thrust his own hands to the ceiling. It was plain that he knew the game had completely turned, and saw that further resistance was useless. He spoke to the other snarlingly in Chinese, and Fu ceased his excited sniveling.

"Right about face—both of you," snapped Barton. "Quick—faces toward the rear wall." He pointed at the wall with his free hand.

Tsung, bitterness in his face, turned with hands upraised. Fu, apparently too scared to act on his own initiative, turned, too, following the example of the short squat Chinese minister. Then Barton found himself master of the situation, both Celestials with their backs to him, their hands in full sight.

"Oh, gentlemen, gentlemen," he said, laughing hysterically, "but I would love to play a certain game we boys used to play on the farm! It's played with the human knee, and——" He stopped, his words trailing away, his lower jaw falling open.

He was looking down at the floor, near the wall. He recalled, as he stared downward, the metallic ping of the bullet which had escaped from the weapon during the struggle, and now for the first time he saw what that bullet's mark had been. The lead missile had pierced the yellow bowl on the floor, and had splintered it into a dozen jagged pieces. But a peculiar condition of that bowl now showed up under the smoking light from the oil lamp above his head.

Protruding from the rough edge of almost every one of the jagged fragments was a coin, round and massive. Some stuck all the way out; on others, only the tips peeped forth from the clayish composition. But the portions that were exposed shewed the glint of gold—old gold, greenish gold, Chinese gold! For a long minute Barton remained staring downward, his eyes pop-

(Continued on Page 25.)

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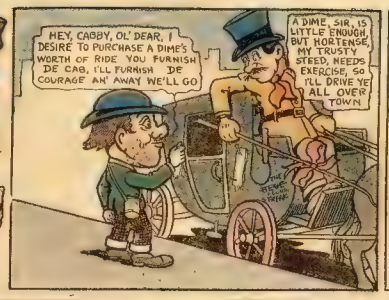
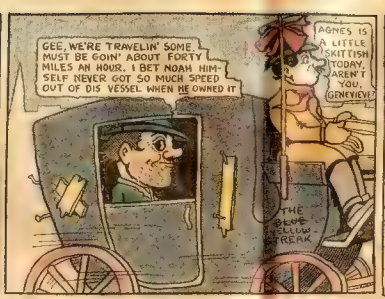
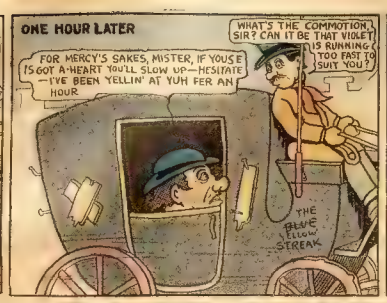
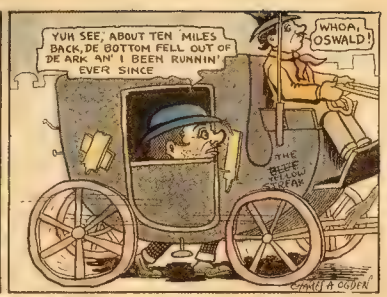
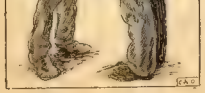

HEY, CABBY, OL' DEAR, I DESIRE TO PURCHASE A DIME'S WORTH OF RIDE YOU FURNISH DE CAB, I'LL FURNISH DE COURAGE AN' AWAY WE'LL GO
A DIME, SIR, IS LITTLE ENOUGH, BUT HORTENSE, MY TRUSTY STEED, NEEDS EXERCISE, SO I'LL DRIVE YE ALL OVER TOWN


GEE, WE'RE TRAVELIN' SOME. MUST BE GOIN' ABOUT FORTY MILES AN HOUR. I BET NOAH HIMSELF NEVER GOT SO MUCH SPEED OUT OF DIS VESSEL WHEN HE OWNED IT
AGNES IS A LITTLE SKITTISH TODAY, AREN'T YOU, GENEVIEVE?
THE BLUE YELLOW STREAK


ONE HOUR LATER
FOR MERCY'S SAKES, MISTER, IF YOUSE IS GOT A HEART YOU'LL SLOW UP—HESITATE —I'VE BEEN YELLIN' AT YUH FER AN HOUR
WHAT'S THE COMMOTION, SIR? CAN IT BE THAT VIOLET IS RUNNING TOO FAST TO SUIT YOU?
THE BLUE YELLOW STREAK


YUH SEE, ABOUT TEN MILES BACK, DE BOTTOM FELL OUT OF DE ARK AN' I BEEN RUNNIN' EVER SINCE
WHOA, OSWALD!
THE BLUE YELLOW STREAK
CHARLES A. COOPER



"How did you get along at the auction bridge party?

"Not very well. My wife insisted on bidding more than she ought to just because it was auction."

As It Happens Nowadays.

Once there was a poor little lame boy. Naughty playmates used to call him "Limpy" or "Gimpy."

Grown-ups used to look at him and say: "What a misfortune! What a handicap in life!"

A dozen years elapse.

The boys who were not lame have grown up to be shipping clerks or fourth assistant receiving tellers. One of them gets as much as $18 per.

"Gimpy" is a star comedian in the movies, and every night, all over the United States, people laugh themselves sick at his "funny work." As for salary, oh, la la!

Moral—The race is not always to the swift.

Accommodating.

Young Man (to lady attendant in restaurant)—"May I have a spoon, please?"

Obliging Waitress—"I don't just want a little you'll have the room to yourselves."

His Present.

It was mother's birthday and Bobbie was very anxious to give her a present, but, unfortunately, the recent holidays had somewhat depleted Bobbie's exchequer.

"I say, mother," he ejaculated, "would my drawing slate be any use to you?"

"No, dear," replied his parent, with a smile.

"Well, do you think you'd like to have my tin steamboat?" inquired the small youth anxiously.

"No, thank you, little man," answered mother.

"Well, p'haps I could do somfing for you," he continued, and then a happy thought struck him.

"I say, mother," he exclaimed enthusiastically, "I tell you what. I'll take a dose of castor oil for you, without crying."

Diplomacy.

"James, I have decided to do without a new winter costume this year, and with the money I shall save I'll have mother here for a nice long visit."

James turned on his wife excitedly.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Wear that shabby old brown cloth thing another season? I don't think! You go straight to town this very afternoon and buy yourself something handsome. Remember, madam, if you please, that as my wife you have a certain position to maintain."

The wife bowed her head in submission. On her lips played a peculiar smile.

"You say it was a love affair that brought you down in the world?"

"Yes, mum. In me early youth I fell in love wit' idleness an' I ain't never been able to overcome me consumin' passion for it."

With Nature.

A young actress who had always lived in town was staying with some country cousins who lived on a farm. On the night of her arrival she found, to her mortification, that she was ignorant of all sorts of things connected with farm life, which to her cousins were matters of everyday knowledge. She fancied that they were amused at her ignorance. At breakfast the next morning she saw on the table a dish of fine honey, whereupon she thought she had found an opportunity of retrieving her humiliating experience of the night before and of showing her country cousins that she knew something of country life after all. So, looking at the dish of honey, she said carelessly: "Oh, I see you keep a bee."

Envy.

"Gosh," said the traveling man, "but I surely envy you those fine homecooked meals you get every day."

"Gosh," replied the stay-at-home, "but I certainly envy you traveling men who can eat whatever you like in a hotel, while I must go up against the skimpy meals that my wife thinks necessary under her food pledge."

Gazappy's Happy Chappy.

The king of Gazappy's a happy old chappy, a happy old chappy is he;
He faces life's trials with smiles and smiles and thus does he live happiles. No aching nor aching at worry, no hurry nor scurry can torment his each waking hour, for he never forgets that one's fruits bring regrets and a sweet thought's worth one million sour. (Now turn the picture upside down.)

Solemn Thought.

I'm going to be an an-cee-tor,
An ancestor, an-cess-tor!
I'm going to be an ancestor
A hundred years from now!
So I must be ti-tus-tri-ous
And dig-nified, in-dus-tri-ous,
And somewhat sanct-i-mo-nious—
But gosh, I don't know how!

Why should the future pick on me?
Make me the goat and kick on me.
And play a scurvy trick on me,
My choosing of my wife?
And yet I've got to do my best,
Roll up my sleeves, pull down my vest,
And go right to it and ancest,
Because I can't resign!

The Winner Spotted.

A gentleman who lived in Central Africa for many years possesses an amusing drawing of a "race meeting" out there. A native is chasing, and rapidly overhauling, a fat old white man and two gayly apparelled natives are lookeron.

"Can you spot the winner?" murmurs one darky to the other.

"The winner," is the solemn reply, "is spotted already!"

Both Looked Around.

"Think what a woman's curiosity will do," he said, solemnly. "Let's wife looked around, and she turned into a pillar of salt."

"But how about yourself?" said his wife. "I saw you look around the other day, and you turned into a saloon."

Against Mrs.

A little boy asked his father what [illegible] egotism was.

"Egotism, my son," said the father, "is that which makes [illegible] think that I am the most important person in the world."

"Is that egotism, papa?" asked the little boy.

"Yes, Alf was right; earth's honors all
Are frailie as a wafer
Good qualities are better and
A darned sight safer."

The Great Sin.

Grace had just been said.

"Oh, dear," said the little girl who had been brought up under the shadow of the Bible.

"What's the matter, darling?" asked her mother.

"I ate a grape that wasn't blessed," was the response of the little child.

Some Difference.

"You look as if you had been kissed by a breeze from Northland," said a poetic young lady to a pretty friend, whose cheeks were glowing with color.

"Oh no!" was the laughing reply. "It was only a soft heir from Baltimore."

Happy.

"She seems to be very happily married."

"She ought to be. He's put all his property in her name."

He Said An Earful.

Let's turn our affairs topsy turvy, I say, to change things around from the regular way. We've long had so much in conventional style, so why not give different methods a trial? It's nice to pick dandelions, pretty and sweet, but to pluck dandelephants would be a treat. The tulips are beautiful, fragrant and swell, threelips or tunoses should do just as well. We like mem-ry gems and enthuse over them, but who ever rend a forgettery gem? Of butterscotch some of us eat quite a lot, then, sure butterrian should just touch the spot. (Now turn the picture upside down.)

Sand.

An old gentleman who had dealt for some years with the same grocer found the latter out in some shady practices. Going to his shop, he gave the dense-queen a piece of his mind and stamped out, exclaiming

"You're a swindler, and I'll never enter your door again."

Next day, however, he came back and bought some sugar.

"Dear me," said the grocer, smiling in a forgiving way, "I thought you were never going to enter my shop again."

"Well, I didn't mean to," said the customer, coldly, "but yours is the only shop in the place where I can get what I want. You see, I am going to pot some plants and I need sand."

New Ways for Old.

"Yes, he courted her for years and never sent her a flower or a box of candy."

"I see. He paid her unremitting attention."

Full Particulars Free.

They were seated in a tramcar—the mother and her little boy.

The conductor eyed the little boy suspiciously. He had to keep a lookout for people who pretended that their children were younger than they really were, in order to obtain free rides for them.

"And how old is your little boy, madam, please?"

"Three and a half," said the mother truthfully.

"Right, ma'am," said the conductor, satisfied.

Little Willie pondered a minute. It seemed to him that fuller information was required.

"And mother's thirty-one," he said politely.

An Aerobat in the Squad.

Sergeant (drilling awkward squad)—"Company! Attention, company! Left up your left leg and hold it straight out in front of you!"

One of the squad held up his right leg by mistake. This brought his right-hand companion's left leg and his own right leg close together. The officer, seeing this, exclaimed angrily:

"And who is that blooming galoot over there holding up both legs?"

Over Haste.

John Murphy had secured a license for Mary Mary Hamilton, but the intended "rued," and six weeks later John made his second appearance in the clerk's office.

"Mather Johnson," said he, "in February I got a license from you to marry Mary Manning, an' I didn't marry her at now, plase yer honor, wud yer be so good as to afther it so it wud fit Honora Moriarity?"

"No," replied the clerk. "You must get a new license to fit Honora."

"And pay for it?"

"Certainly; it will cost you a dollar, the same as the first one."

"Och, ladade! Thin I'm ruined intirely intirely, for I jist coorted Honora to save the dollar."

How He Knew.

"Negorra, an' it's hard to collect money, these days."

"How you'll try'n' to c'lect some, Mr Murphy?"

"Divil a clint; but there's a plinty tryin' to collect from me."

A Sure Method.

Joe—"What is the easiest way to drive a nail without smashing my fingers?"

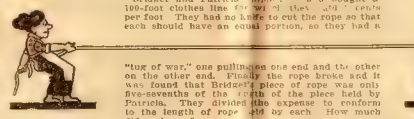
Joel—"Hold the hammer in both hands."

"This waist doesn't suit my complexion. I must change it."

"More expense? I can't stand it. You'll ruin me."

"You silly! I don't mean the waist—I mean the complexion."

THE PROBLEM OF THE CLOTHES LINE.



Bridget and Patricia [illegible] bought a 100-foot clothes line for [illegible] cents per foot. They had no [illegible] to cut the rope so that each should have an equal portion, so they had a "tug of war," one pulling on one end and the other on the other end. Finally the rope broke and it was found that Bridget's piece of rope was only five-sevenths of the length of the piece held by Patricia. They divided the expense to conform to the length of rope held by each. How much did each pay?

Concealed War Implements.

See if you can find the names of a number of implements of war concealed in the following sentences:

1. One's words do not always divulge one's intentions.
2. Shoes wear better if leather is thick.
3. When is a berry ripe enough to pick?
4. I am hoping Rena decides to go with me.
5. Give it a harsh rap, Nellie dear.
6. If you are an American, none but the truest patriotism will do.

Word Square.

1. A recess.
2. A lazy person.
3. A girl's name.
4. Fluid.
5. To rub out.

Concealed Proverb.

In each of the following sentences a word is concealed. When the words are guessed and read in the order here given they will form a well known proverb:

1. A naughty cat ran away. 2. They found a closely written roll in gathering up the rubbish. 3. It is the best one that I have ever seen. 4. The rug at her stairway is not a valuable one. 5. He is an old acquaintance of mine. 6. Amos saw that he was not welcome.

The Sharp Little Shopper.

"I want to buy three skeins of silk and four of worsted," little Jane said to the shopkeeper, as she pinned the correct amount, 31 cents, on the counter. Then she changed her mind and said, "Here me, instead, four skeins of silk and only three of worsted."

"Then you are just one cent shy," remarked the storekeeper.

"O, no," said Jane as she went out with the goods. "I think you are just one cent shy." What was the price of silk and worsted?

Charade.

Those who have met me do not wish for me;
Those who have met me do not wish to lose me;
Those who gain me are glad to get rid of me.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles.

Target Practice Problems.

Six arrows to strike as follows: 17, 17, 17, 18, 16.

Time o' Day Problem.

As the conversation took place in the morning, the time is 6:58 a. m. Just 1 hour later, the afternoon of would have been 12 o'clock.

The Doctor's Advice.

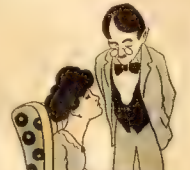
The prescription reads one eight-two eight-forty, or in other words, "One ought to wait for tea."

Curious Birds.

1, Creeper; 2, lark; 3, dipper; 4, adjutant; 5, sparrow (spare O); 6, jay (J); 7, flamingo (flaming O); 8, diver; 9, robin; 10, mar-tin; 11, lyre; 12, swallow; 13, nightingale; 14, parson bird; 15, heron; 16 quail; 17, crane; 18, rail; 19, bunting; 20, flatface.

Square the Laces

L A C E S
A P A R T
C A I R D
E R R O R
S T O R E



He—"A fool and his money are soon parted."

She—"Oh, John, how much are you going to give me this payday?"

"Wouldn't you like to take home a package of this specially prepared children's food?"

"But there are no specially prepared children at my house."

Couldn't Remember.

"Before we were married," sobbed Angelina, "did you not always call me your little drop of cream?"

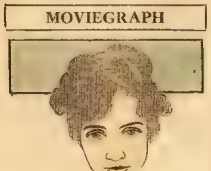
"And you never take me out now," said the wee wife.

"Not since you took me in," was Harold's cold rejoinder. "I used to enjoy single life, but now I'm that miserable I don't know myself until I feel in my empty pockets; then it's easy to remember who I am."

Purpose of Parties.

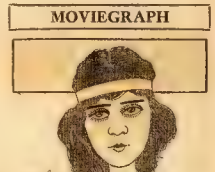
"I think I'll give a party,"
Her tone, tho, wasn't hearty
"To invite somebody
Or to spite somebody?"
Asks hubby, who's a smarty.

MOVIEGRAPH



MIRIAM COOPER.

MOVIEGRAPH



THEDA BARA.

Former Health Commissioner Says Nuxated Iron

Should Be Used in Every Hospital and Prescribed by Every Physician—Attributes His Own Great Physical Activity Today at Over 60 Years of Age Largely To His Personal Use of Nuxated Iron

WHAT FORMER HEALTH COMMISSIONER KERR SAYS

As Health Commissioner of the City of Chicago, I was importuned many times to recommend different medicines, mineral waters, etc. Never yet have I gone on record as favoring any particular remedy, but I feel that in Nuxated Iron an exception should be made to the rule. I have taken Nuxated Iron myself and experienced its health-giving, strength-building effect, and in the interests of the public welfare, I feel it my duty to make known the results of its use. I am well past my three-score years and want to say that I believe that my own great physical activity is due largely today to my personal use of Nuxated Iron, and if my endorsement shall induce anaemic, nervous, run-down men and women to take Nuxated Iron, and receive the wonderful tonic benefits which I have received, I shall feel greatly gratified that I made an exception to my lifelong rule in recommending it. From my own experience with Nuxated Iron, I feel that it is such a valuable remedy that it ought to be used in every hospital and prescribed by every physician in this country.

Wm. R. Kerr

Former Health Commissioner, City of Chicago.

Former Health Commissioner Kerr has given years of his life fighting for public health in his own and other cities. It was he who introduced Anti-toxin for Diphtheria in Chicago's Health Department. He purified the milk for the Consumers and thereby helped to save the lives of thousands of babies. He introduced the anti-spitting ordinance which has been copied all over the country and also took care of the sewers and garbage in the interest of public health. He is positive that the wide-spread use of Nuxated Iron would greatly lessen the worries and troubles of Health Commissioners in keeping up a high standard of public health.

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, which has been used by Former Health Commissioner Kerr with such surprising results, and which is prescribed and recommended by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron and increase their strength 100 per cent, or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

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This classy racer will do anything a full-sized car will do because it is built like a real automobile. It will even go where a big car can't go. For it has a narrow tread so you can drive anywhere—thru forest—in lanes—anywhere you could ride a bicycle. Yet you need not take the dust from anyone—for it will run 25 miles an hour on good roads.

THIS CLASSY CAR CAN BE YOURS

Just look at the happy faces of the two girls in this picture. Don't they look like they were ready for a real time perhaps off on an errand for Mother or a jaunt to the postoffice or fishing pond? Wouldn't you like to be with them?

You can own a Culver Racer and be a young Barney Oldfield if you send me your name and follow my instructions. When I tell you this auto is to be given free—I mean free—it won't cost you one cent of your own money.

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BUILT LIKE THE BIG RACERS

Capacity—Carry 3 15-yr.-old boys or 2 10 yr.-olds. Frame—Pressed st. Steering Gear—Wood with metal sector. Wheels—Wire, inter. ball bearing 20x2 clincher tires. Tires—Culver non-skid. Clutch—Foot pedal, b.-b. drive. Control—Lever under right hand. Springs—Cantilever, elliptic in rear. Size—3 ft., 2 inches. Steering—Wood wheel. Brakes—Foot and hand. Engine—Air cooled 2-h. p. motor. Weight—300 pounds. Speed—Up to 25 miles.

CY SEYMOUR, Manager Dept. 802 BATAVIA, ILLINOIS

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Just the thing for winter, for sport and for work. Made expressly for our boys, to be worn with the Lone Scout Uniform. **Same design and quality as U. S. Army sweater coat, with military collar and regulation pockets.** Body of sweater is gray, collar blue, Lone Scout Monogram in red and blue. No dye to fade. Sweater strictly pure wool—not a thread of cotton in it.

"Warm as a Stove"—Weighs 2 Pounds

Sweaters of this quality sell for $6.50 or more at retail. On account of buying in large quantities and selling at cost, we furnish this special sweater to our boys for $4.00. Weight of sweater is 2 pounds. Built to last, firmly knit with special shape retaining features; no sagging; double bottom, will never stretch out; sloping shoulders; a tight, firm stitch where the wear comes, but sufficiently elastic to give freedom to the body; all seams protected against ripping; tailored buttonholes which will never get larger.

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Order now and get the full wear out of your sweater. Be sure to state your size. The sweater is $4.00 and if you want us to prepay shipment, send postage with order. Shipping weight of sweater is 2 pounds.

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The only Company that Supplies Official Lone Scout Outfits and Equipment.

It Was All Too Funny

IT ALL began with a yeast cake. Ellen Rich found that a mouse had nibbled the last one in the paper lying upon the shelf, and as the nearest store was two miles away she ran over to the Mainses to borrow. Ordinarily, she was not permitted to go to the Mainses, for they were considered rather ungodly by her father. Mr. Rich was a deacon in the Methodist Church and he had brought his only chick up accordingly. Perhaps he had been all the more rigid in his discipline because Ellen had no mother.

Mrs. Mains and Myrtle were sitting on the veranda, cooling off after a hot day of hard work. They were pining for some one to talk to, and they welcomed Ellen with great joy.

"Oh, Ellen, what do you think?" cried Myrtle. "We're all going to Aries to the circus tomorrow."

"The circus!" said Ellen. "Why, I didn't know there was going to be one."

"Oh, there is—a dandy. Three rings, and I don't know how many clowns. Come in and I'll show you the handbills."

Ellen followed Myrtle into the fussy, but attractive, sitting-room, so different from the neat barrenness to which she was accustomed at home. On the table under the lamp lay the gorgeous pink and yellow hand-bills, dazzlingly printed. Ellen stared at them, scarcely comprehending. She had never seen such things before. Circuses, dancing and cards were tabooed subjects in the Rich house.

"I wish you'd go, too," Myrtle said. "You've never seen a circus, have you?"

"I've never seen anything," Ellen breathed, with fascinated eyes upon the handbills.

"Then you must go. Mustn't she, mother?" Myrtle appealed to her mother, who stood looking at the two girls.

"Father won't let me."

"He'll never know. He's going away on the train tomorrow and won't be back till in the night—to look at some cattle. I heard him tell father," urged Myrtle.

Ellen clasped her hands, strongly tempted.

"Jim Trafford's going, too," Myrtle said, "not with us, tho; we're all going to be together after we get there. He's going to take his mother and the girls."

"Oh, is he?" Ellen gasped. The color flowed over her smooth, delicate face. "It can't be so bad if he—I mean——" she stammered to a pause.

"Pshaw! It isn't bad at all," said Mrs. Mains. "That's all talk. I warrant your father went to circuses when he was young, tho he does pretend to be so set against them now. Circuses were made for the young folks to enjoy. I wouldn't think of keeping Myrtle or Johnny away."

"Do please go, El," pleaded Myrtle. "There's going to be loads of room. And we'll pay your way."

"Oh, I couldn't let you do that," Ellen said hurriedly. "I've got money. I'll think about it and let you know."

She ran all the way home, her pulses racing faster than her flying feet. Jim Trafford was going—big, sweet-tempered Jim Trafford, with whom she had gone to school, and whose only fault, even in her father's eyes, was that he was an Episcopalian. Perhaps at the circus he would sit near her and they could speak together.

Her father sat in the kitchen, with a newspaper in one hand and a small lighted lamp in the other. He was doing his evening duty by the news and he did not look up as she entered. She mixed her bread and stole away to her room, but not to sleep. Her head whirled with dreams and longings.

Very early next morning her father drove into Aries to take the train, and Ellen was left alone in the big, empty house. She had just finished her work when Myrtle ran in with fresh importunity.

"You must go, El—you must. Father and mother both say so. And I want you to. Besides, I told Jim Trafford over the 'phone, and he said, 'Bring her if you have to kidnap her.'"

Ellen laughed. "I'm going," she said firmly.

"Come over when you get ready," were Myrtle's last words. "We're going to start right after an early dinner."

Ellen looked lovely in her new blue suit and blouse and hat, her big eyes snapping and her color flying. She sat in the back seat between Myrtle and Mrs. Mains. Mr. Mains drove the car, and 14-year-old Johnnie sat beside him. The white road swirled with dust from teams and motors, but none went faster than they. Ellen was entranced. An automobile ride was almost as great treat to her as the circus itself. Her father, altho amply able to have one, refused to countenance the infamous devil-wagon which, he said, was corrupting the country.

A siren tooted, and Jim Trafford dashed alongside. His mother nodded; his little sisters waved. For a moment they raced even, then Mr. Mains turned on more power and they shot ahead. Ellen looked back at Jim and she smiled when she saw that he was smiling.

They reached the circus grounds at about the same time. The men parked their cars, then they all went to take a look at the animals before the performance began. Somehow Ellen found herself on a high, narrow seat between Jim and Mrs. Mains, eating popcorn out of the same bag with him.

"Oh, Elly, I'm so glad you're here," he whispered. "I wanted to ask you to go with us, but I knew your father would forbid. What's he got against me?"

"It's just that you're an Episcopalian, I guess," Ellen sighed. "There's nothing else that I know of. Don't mind, Jim. Everybody can't be Methodists."

"Would you turn Episcopalian?" Jim asked earnestly. "If you've got scruples, Elly, I'd just as lief join the——" He was interrupted by Myrtle Mains, who leaned across her mother's lap to speak to Ellen.

"Look, El!" she said excitedly. "Right over there opposite the reserved seats—the Methodist minister and his wife!"

"Why, so it is!" Jim laughed. "There now, Elly. You can tell your father He thinks Mr. Lewis is perfection, Elly." He caught her arm as his eyes swept the circle of faces. "Elly, your father's here, too!"

"Oh, Jim, no!"

"But he is. Over there by that fat woman in red—the Widow Avery. He's here with her, I'll bet."

Mrs. Mains had seen him, too; then Myrtle and Johnny, who was grinning from ear to ear. Across the intervening space Ellen's startled, wide eyes gazed into her father's narrow, sour face. It was smirking as he gazed into the widow's blooming countenance. He was quite unconscious of Elly's presence. As she gazed, astonished, there was a burst of music and noise and the clowns tumbled into the ring.

Jim's arm pressed hers. "Look, dear, at that red and white fellow," he whispered.

Ellen broke into a merry laugh. Her spirits were floating suddenly light like the balloon in the red-and white clown's hand. "Isn't it all—just—too—funny!" she gasped.

* * *

Poor Bill.

"DID you bring an evening paper?" inquired the mistress of Apartment 23 of the Wallbed Apartments.

"Yes, indeed!" returned the husband, nonchalantly throwing a news sheet on the table.

"Oh, why didn't you bring the Evening Star?" wailed the mistress of Apartment 23. "I wanted to read 'The Squabbles of Penelope and Bill!' Tonight's paper was to tell about Penelope's adventure with an old admirer who was to take her to lunch as in the days of yore when he and Penelope loved each other before she met Bill.

"I wanted to know what happened and whether Bill found out and what he did. Bill has an awful temper and says dreadful things when he's peeved."

"Yes, he says dreadful things all right," growled the master of Apartment 23, Wallbed Apartments. "But a lot of good it does him! Fat chance Bill has to get by with anything! Why doesn't the woman who writes that stuff give Bill a chance Poor Bill! She never lets him say anything unless she can think up something a deuced sight cleverer for Penelope to say getting back at him. Poor old Bill!"

"Splendidly drawn character!" insisted the lady. "Typical man!"

"Sure!" agreed the master of Apartment 23. "Typical man, poor old Bill! Just a plain money-earning, grouchy, untalented masculine thing to be made jealous of the talented and handsome woman and to growl and then be headed in and pay bills.

"But while Bill hasn't anything but masculinity of the commonest type Penelope has everything. She scintillates with charms and wit and happiness in the role of all roles most desirable from the feminine point of view, that of lion tamer.

"Have you ever noticed how the lion tamer, all spangled and beautified, clever and vivacious, swats the poor lion over the snout with a poker?

"That's woman's most enviable occupation, stinging the growler and making him jump thru the hoops."

"Not at all!" retorted the lady of Apartment 23. "In the last chapter Penelope suffers terribly at Bill's hands and weeps——"

"Weeps!" snapped the master, scornfully. "If there is one role that women adore more than that of witty cleverness it is heartbroken weeps, and it was because I was sore about the last chapter of 'The Squabbles of Penelope and Bill' being so confoundedly sorrowful that I decided not to buy the paper tonight. However, I read it at the office—and er—um—shall we go to the theater tonight, my dear?"

* * *

Years of Discretion.

"Pa, what does it mean when it says that a man has arrived at years of discretion?"

"It means, my son, that he's too young to die and too old to have any fun."

A Manicure Shop Mystery

By Robert Carlton Brown

In a manicure's orange sticks and a bottle of ongaline lay the solution to the murder of a rich New Yorker and Christopher Poe cleverly finds the murderer.

"BOUDINOT dead!" cried Christopher Poe, the New York banker, jumping up to throw a light spring coat over a thin office suit cut Oxford style. "I must go there directly."

"Poisoned, too, Dr. Robinson says. Just met him on the way home to make a test of Boudinot's gouty blood," said the informant, a fellow banker.

Christopher Poe waited for nothing else. Old Boudinot Riggs was a distant relation, a temperamental dilettante, sort of a fat grown-up bad boy, who had inherited a fondness for beauty and indolence, together with something between three and four million beautiful, but not too indulgent, dollars which yielded money interest that Boudinot managed to keep very active, hemmed in as he was by a household of women, including a kindly old dependent who nursed him, a somewhat shrewish sister who despised him, a young lady secretary who took the place of a business man's stenographer and a raft of interested outsiders, poor relations, a lady barber, a lady shirtmaker, a girl who sold him cigarettes and a petite French manicure. A popular description of Boudinot among the men who knew him was, "A large body with gout entirely surrounded by women."

Three of them were most important in his life—Mrs. Groves, the dependent nurse, because she mothered him, Miss Riggs, his sister, because she bothered him and Miss Mignon Moquin because she manicured the squat pink nails of which he was very proud. In consideration of the varying degrees of his interest in these estimable ladies Boudinot had made a will, more or less public, in which he left three million to Miss Mignon Moquin, a half million to his faithful old nurse and a thousand dollars each to his expectant sister, who had no private fortune, his secretary, his cook and a little scullery maid who polished his boots each night and left them before his door each morning, after the English fashion.

It was this second maid who opened the door to Christopher Poe that afternoon of Boudinot's death. It was Mrs. Groves, the nurse, red-eyed and trembling, who pressed Poe's hand with sincere emotion and led him to Miss Riggs, who had just been called back by the news of her brother's death from Yonkers, where she had gone on a visit that morning.

Poe took the cold hand Miss Riggs thrust out to him mechanically. "Isn't there something I can do?" he asked.

"No, everything is quite all right."

"But being Boudinot's friend and banker, I thought——"

"As for your being his banker," she said, throwing up her hand abruptly, "I'll attend to that after this. Perhaps you don't know that Boudinot came to his senses last night and changed my name for Miss Moquin's in that silly will of his?"

"No!" cried Poe in surprise, glancing at Mrs. Groves, whose eyes were so big and somber and sad, as the with a consuming story, that Poe asked sharply, "Did you know of this?"

The nervous, bird-like little woman looked straight at Miss Riggs and said in a direct, level tone, "If you hadn't slandered Miss Moquin and—and driven him to it, he wouldn't have done it. This morning when you said you wished he was dead and slammed the door in his face he asked me to take him in his wheel chair to Miss Moquin so he could see if you told the truth last night."

Miss Riggs drew up her thin, cordy neck and swallowed hard as Mrs. Groves paused before continuing in a higher key: "Oh, I'm going to speak out now. I've kept quiet in this house long enough [illegible] enabled with emotion [illegible] was the only one that ever took care of him; I saw that his eggs were poached, just so; I nursed him when his foot was so bad he swore at everybody, I

"And you're well paid for it!" snapped Miss Riggs in a voice that sounded like a slap in the face. "He left you half a million."

Mrs. Groves' face had bunched together in an agonized knot. "How can you talk like that, with him lying in there!" she cried. "It isn't money I'm speaking of, tho God knows he wouldn't have left me a cent if he'd listened to the things you said against me."

"You lie!" screamed Miss Riggs in tremulous rage

"Miss Riggs," but in Poe calmly, touching her on the shoulder, "Your brother" indicated the adjoining room. "This will rest till later when——"

"Oh, I don't care about him. What did he ever do for me?" she burst out violently, an hysterical, dry sob escaping her

"Try to calm yourself, Miss Riggs," Poe put in softly, adding in a casual tone, "Have they found yet what kind of poison was used?"

"Poison!" Miss Riggs jumped to her feet, drew her arms down taut in an effort at self-control, her face went dead white and she glanced quickly from Mrs. Groves to Poe, both watching her keenly.

"Well, what kind of poison do they think it was and who do you think did it?" she asked in a dry voice, each word an effort.

"Oh, it hasn't gone that far," said the banker in a concerned tone. "I learned of it from a friend and stopped to see Dr. Robinson before I came here. He was making a test of the blood; said as far as he'd gone all indications pointed to prussic acid."

"Prussic acid!" cried Miss Riggs, and evasively, dropping her eyes sullenly as Poe looked at her.

"Not two blocks away, just at the corner, on Broadway," replied Mrs. Groves with eager promptness.

Poe picked up his hat, saying, "If I can do anything you will feel free to call on me, won't you, Miss Riggs?"

The pinch-nosed, aristocratic woman rose and fixed her beadlike eyes on him. "There won't be anything," she said decidedly. "Boudinot will be buried at once and I shall take my money and go to Europe to live the rest of my life."

"Now, Monsieur," She Said, Taking His Hand and Giving It a Gentle, Concerned Pressure.

Mrs. Groves looking from [illegible] other [illegible], hollow eyes. [illegible] three grains of which, less than a [illegible] absorbed by the blood will cause death," said Poe calmly, his eyes on the carpet, tho he saw Miss Riggs glance furtively at Mrs. Groves and her expression grow hard.

"Then Miss Moquin disliked being cut out of the will?" she forced a [illegible]

"You mean you think she——"

"Either Miss Moquin or his nurse——" pointed an unsteady finger at Mrs. Groves

"Oh, I'm sure you're quite too wrought up by the announcement I made; I should have been more thoughtful," the [illegible] shrewdness in Poe's tone.

Mrs. Groves put a timid hand on his arm and asked tremulously, "Who do you think did it, Mr. Poe?"

"My dear lady, I only wish I knew," said Poe vibrantly, adding, "we all wish we knew, don't we, Miss Riggs?"

She replied sullenly, "I don't care who pois—how Boudinot died, only if that little French manicure did it it would confirm my opinion of her."

"Where is her place?" asked Poe casually. "Is she near here?"

"Ask Mrs. Groves; she generally wheeled him there," said Miss Riggs

"I hope you may," said the banker bowing.

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Oh, the State might mal[illegible] he turned to explain, "that [illegible] if Boudinot was really poisoned That might detain you."

"I don't see how they could detain me!" she cried. "Why, I wasn't even here when he died"

"But you hadn't left home more than an hour or so before; when the State makes an inquiry it is apt to want to keep track of everybody immediately concerned, but I hope if there is an investigation it will not trouble either you or Mrs. Groves."

As he stepped into the hall Mrs. Groves hovered solicitously near and asked in an awed whisper, "Would you like to see the body?"

"Not now, later, if I—still, I rather think I would." Christopher Poe changed his mind abruptly and stepped into the room.

As Dr. Robinson had already told him, there was not a single bodily indication of how Boudinot Riggs had died; not a bruise, not a scratch. While Mrs. Groves answered a call to another part of the house Poe made a hasty, but minute, examination of the exposed skin, finding but little on which to base a vague theory forming in his mind.

Then, a worried look expressing itself in two thoughtful grooves joining his nostrils with the corners of his lips, he left the house abruptly and crossed to Broadway, where, from a booth in a corner drug store, he called up his friend Dr. Robinson, with whom he sometimes worked in his avocation of solving mysteries and trapping criminals.

"Hello, this is Poe," he said, on getting the doctor at the other end of the wire. "Found out for sure?"

"Yes, no doubt at all. Dilute hydrocyanic acid. I used the ammonia ferrous sulphate test. Probably not more than three grains absorbed, I should say," came the answer.

"Do you think he drank it?"

"No. There was no odor of it about his mouth, but the blood shows it. I can't imagine how it was introduced. There wasn't a scratch on his body, as I told you."

"Delay reporting it for two hours, will you? It may save some trouble to several people."

"On your say-so, of course, Poe. Got anything to work on?"

"Not much so far. Let's see, it's about three o'clock now. Say six-thirty. Be at home then?"

"Yes. Come to dinner."

"If I feel I can finish and turn over the right person without outside help I will, otherwise I'll 'phone you. Good-by."

Poe hung up the receiver and left the booth, stopping to buy a half dozen orange wood sticks at the counter.

While the druggist was waiting on him Poe asked if there was a manicure shop in the neighborhood.

"Miss Moquin's, on the opposite corner," the druggist nodded thru his window. "The news-stand is right in front of it there."

"I see. Thanks. The name sounds French?" he raised his brows questioningly.

"I imagine she is. But I don't know. She doesn't come in here."

His line of inquiry being promptly cut off, Christopher Poe slipped his purchase into a side pocket and strolled out.

He sauntered across the street, opening the package in his pocket as he went and purposely jabbing himself in the cuticle of the forefinger with one of the sharp sticks just before entering the manicure parlor, which consisted of a single small room with a petite showcase of hair goods and toilet articles in front and a Japanese screen across one corner, concealing a nook in which Miss Mignon Moquin held and manicured hands, gentlemen's preferred.

She stood behind her showcase as Poe entered, a radiant little French woman, a coquette with a sprightly, fascinating manner.

"What can I do for Monsieur?" she said prettily, tripping forward and gazing up into his face with ingenuous concern.

"I'm needing a manicure badly, I guess," he said, exhibiting his hand, none too soft and well cared for.

"Oh, Monsieur!" she gasped fetchingly, "you do not treat ze little nails with respect. You have a hurt, too." She gazed at the finger tips with intimate, personal concern, bringing them instinctively toward her lips as tho she would kiss the bruise; then letting them drop and starting back consciously, blushing in practical alarm.

"Ah, Monsieur, too busy, I suppose," she said, making her mouth into a pretty little questioning zero and leaning toward him. "Come, sit down. The nails shall soon be better, they shall recover." She led him gently by the arm. She helped him sit down as tho she were placing an egg-shell china cup on a narrow plate rack in the dining-room. "Now, Monsieur," she said, taking his hand and giving it such a gentle, concerned pressure that Poe simulated having succumbed to her charm and breathed softly, "You have a nice, comfortable little place here."

"Oh, sir, you are so kind," she said, forgetting her French for the moment in remembering to blush delicately, like a pink poppy petal.

"Can you put these nails back in shape?" he asked. "You've quite alarmed me. I mustn't let them go so long again."

"You shall see, Monsieur. You must come often to have a manicure." She drew a pan full of water from a small coil heater in the corner, shaved some soothing soap into it, tested its warmth with her little finger, daintily, and then placed his left hand gently into it.

"We will leave that hand cooking, Monsieur, while I prepare zis one," she lisped just the least bit, looking up at him with a sprightly smile and extending his fingers on her aproned knee

"There are little stains in the tiny cracks around your nail. I must use my little orange stick and ongoline to get them out, Monsieur, then we will soak it and pretty soon it shall act better. You will get a hangnail there if it is not fixed," she indicated the bruise Poe had inflicted on himself. "I had a customer

this morning with a bad one, but yours it not so serious." It was most difficult to get ze stain out for him, he cried with pain sometimes when the stick slipped, but Monsieur will be more brave," she said glibly, busily pushing back the hard cuticle about the bruised finger tip by means of her little yellow orange stick dipped in stain-remover.

"Ouch!" cried Poe, simulating distress as Miss Moquin slipped the stick carefully under the cuticle. "I won't be as brave as the fellow this morning if you keep that up."

"Then put both hands over to cook, Monsieur," she said, placing the pan more conveniently. "I cannot see you suffer."

"If I had a hang-nail, too, I'm afraid I'd be like that fellow you had this morning. I'd holler!"

"Oh, Monsieur, like him!" she cried, her eyes drooping toward him languishingly. "He is fat and so funny. Monsieur is—different. The gentleman this morning was so nervous. He jumped when I touched him, he was so excited he could hardly breathe and his attendant had to help him out of ze shop into his wheel chair like a baby;" she put both hands on her knees and laughed.

"Oh, he was so funny, gasping for breath like a fish when he left and jumping like a scared rabbit. Men are so funny when they have a little hurt and I did not stick him at all hard. And the ongoline does not burn. Men cannot bear pain!" she said Becky Sharpishly, drooping her eyes at his again.

"Yes, you're right," said Poe, interrupting her breezy chatter with, "that reminds me. I want to buy a bottle of ongoline," he nodded toward the showcase on the other side of the screen.

Miss Moquin skipped to the front to get the bottle and Poe took advantage of the half minute he had managed to be alone by substituting two of the orange wood sticks he had bought for those Miss Moquin had left on the table before him. He also smelled hastily of her open bottle of ongoline.

When the manicure returned her customer had both hands soaking and was looking placidly at a Japanese print on the wall.

She gave him the bottle and went to work again deftly on his nails, tripping along with her gay little tongue from one subject to another glibly. Poe, finding very little of vital interest in what she had to say, seemed impatient for the work to be finished, and when it was he paid generously, complimented her and stepped into the street, stopping before the news stand to light a cigar and buy a paper from the boy proprietor. He slipped a half dollar into the youngster's grimy palm and, turning his back to the manicure window, said softly: "Follow me around the corner, I want to speak to you a minute, and you can keep the change."

The boy, true soldier of fortune, took his chance unhesitatingly and followed to the hallway into which Poe had quickly turned.

"There's a fat man comes 'most every day to the manicure shop, sometimes with an old woman who——"

"Yes, I know 'em," the boy interrupted. "He pays a nickel for his paper an' swears at the woman; sometimes she wheels him here in a chair, He's got gout."

"That's it. Did you see him this morning when he entered the shop?"

"Yes. He was pretty mad, I guess, red in the face, and didn't seem to notice me."

"And you saw him when he came out?"

"Yes, he was worse then. Something seemed to have happened to him. He couldn't get his breath and his eyes stared; he looked like the devil. I was waitin' to sell him the paper an' I didn't want to miss me nickel, so I kep' tabs on him thru the window; 'fraid I'd miss him when he come out."

"Could you see the manicure table thru the window from where you stood?"

"Yes."

"And did you see when——" a man turned into the passageway and Poe pulled the boy aside, whispering the remainder of the sentence in his ear.

"Yes! I seen her do it. I thought there was somethin' funny," the boy looked up suspiciously and edged away, asking, "How'd you know about it?"

"Never mind now," said Poe. "Get a boy to watch your stand for the rest of the afternoon and I'll give you two dollars."

"All right," said the youngster, promptly.

Poe scribbled on the back of an envelope:

"Robinson:

Test these sticks for me. Call me up at Riggs as soon as finished. Keep the boy. P."

Writing Dr. Robinson's address on a fold of the note, he wrapped Miss Moquin's orange wood sticks in a clean handkerchief and gave them to the boy with directions.

Then he hurried back to the Riggs house by the most direct route, looking in the gutter as he went. Having almost reached the house and having found nothing, he crossed the street and walked back slowly on the other side.

Suddenly he stopped and, glancing about to see that he was unobserved, scooped up in an empty cigarette box a scattering of glass fragments. He smelled of the pieces, smiled, repeated softly, "Peach kernels," put his tongue to the moist surface of one bit of glass and said with satisfaction, "Bitter almonds."

Then, squaring his broad shoulders, he slipped the box into his pocket, took a deep breath and walked briskly to the Riggs house.

There he was admitted by Miss Riggs herself, who raised her eyebrows critically and asked why he had returned.

"To make sure that the woman who murdered Boudinot does not escape," he said in a direct tone.

Miss Riggs went white and stepped back, Mrs. Groves running down the hall to support her.

She recovered instantly, standing straight and stiff before the banker.

"What do you mean?" she demanded thru thin trembly lips. "You have learned something?"

"Everything."

"But I did not do it. You're mad!" she cried, turning on Mrs. Groves and pointing an accusing finger. "You mean she did it?"

"Try to calm yourself. I'll explain," Poe turned quickly to Miss Groves and asked, "Is there any ongoline in the house?"

"No. There isn't!" cried Miss Riggs, her muscles taut. "Explain! What do you mean by accusing me?"

Mrs. Groves had slipped away silently with a significant signal to Poe. She returned momentarily with a plain bottle in her hand, while Miss Riggs was hysterically demanding an explanation.

Poe took the bottle from Mrs. Groves' fingers, uncorked and smelled it.

As he was about to speak the 'phone rang and the little second maid who always shined Boudinot's shoes came forward to announce softly that Mr. Poe was wanted on the wire.

The banker answered his call, recognizing the voice of Dr. Robinson at the other end.

"So you found the same acid on the orange wood sticks," he remarked.

"Yes, pure prussic acid on one of them," continued the doctor.

"Good. I'll dine with you——" Poe paused to look at his watch, "in half an hour; about six-thirty."

He hung up the receiver and returned to the room where the two women awaited him, watching each other narrowly.

"Mrs. Groves," said Poe, turning to the nurse and holding up the bottle she had brought him. "Why is there no label on this bottle? I thought ongoline always came in a container with an embossed label something like this?" He took from his pocket the bottle he had purchased at Miss Moquin's.

Mrs. Groves gasped for a reply, gagged and glared at him with half open mouth, unable to answer.

Miss Riggs rose from her chair and stepped to Poe's side.

"She was the poisoner!" she cried, leveling a long, trembling, red-tipped finger at the old attendant, whose eyes grew suddenly small and sharp, like a rat's.

"Yes," answered Poe. "I suspected it from the moment I saw the hang-nail on Boudinot's finger. You are a clever poisoner, Mrs. Groves, and I can't blame you for figuring that Miss Riggs might have had your legacy of half a million reduced to a thousand, after her success in making Boudinot change his bequest to Miss Moquin. Your only mistake was in keeping this ongoline when you emptied the original bottle to fill it with prussic acid."

"What do you mean?" cried Miss Riggs.

Mrs. Groves, a hunted, insane gleam in her eyes, crouched down and searched in her skirt pocket as tho for a handkerchief, keeping her eyes gimleted on Poe.

As the banker turned to answer Miss Riggs, quick as a flash the old attendant brought out a hand and flung the contents of a phial straight at Poe's head; he ducked just in time and the sulphuric acid struck and began eating its way into a choice Japanese tapestry which adorned the wall behind.

She shot out of the room and scurried up the stairs like a rat.

Miss Riggs dashed to the door, screaming for William, the butler.

"Come! Where is her room?" cried Poe, leaping up the stairs. "She'll do herself damage." He turned the angle at the top in time to hear a crash behind a door at the left. Trying the knob, he found it locked and, bracing his shoulder against it, managed to force it in, but much too late to save the woman's life.

She lay across a footstool, a jagged wound in her neck where she had opened a jugular vein with an insane thrust of her sharp-pointed sewing shears.

Poe shuddered and turned away. He slipped out thru the bedroom door as Miss Riggs was entering.

Going quietly downstairs he entered the telephone cabinet and got Dr. Robinson on the wire.

"Doctor," he said slowly, "I can't come to dinner. You'd best come over to Riggs' and make out a second death certificate. Mrs. Groves has committed suicide in a frenzy at being found out."

"Found out! What do you mean?"

"It was she who bought the prussic acid you found in Boudinot's blood and on the tip of one of the orange wood sticks I sent you."

"But explain; what was the motive?"

"Sufficient," said Poe. "Last night Miss Riggs worked on Boudinot with stories about Miss Moquin, doubtless true, from my own observation. He made a new will, changing his sister to position of chief legatee. Mrs. Groves trembled for her half million, knowing that Miss Riggs hated her, probably with more or less good reason. To make sure Miss Riggs wouldn't have her cut off with a thousand the old lady carried out a shrewd scheme she'd evidently figured out some time before when Boudinot disgusted her with his profanity and abuse."

"What was it? Why did she do it?" insisted Dr. Robinson breathlessly. "Have you proofs?"

"Yes, plenty. The boy I sent to you with the orange wood sticks saw thru the manicure shop window this morning Mrs. Groves deftly substituting an ongoline bottle filled with prussic acid for the real bottle of stain remover on the manicurist's table. You see, Boudinot had a bad hang nail on the forefinger of his left hand."

"Yes, I noticed it, but didn't think it important enough to mention to you," said Dr. Robinson anxiously.

"Naturally not. But that was the bruise thru which the drop of prussic was introduced to Boudinot's blood. You see, Mrs. Groves often wheeled Boudinot to Miss Moquin's and had watched her clean with ongoline and an orange stick beneath the cuticle of his nails."

"Good Lord, man!" cried Dr. Robinson. "You don't mean that she figured out the fiendish scheme of having the manicurist actually introduce the poison by dipping her orange wood stick into the substituted bottle and shoving the poison deep into the cracks and pores around the finger-nails, thinking it was ongoline?"

"That's it exactly; it would throw the blame on the manicure if anything were discovered, you see," said Poe enthusiastically. "Mrs. Groves replaced the genuine bottle of ongoline before leaving, so nobody else would be killed, then she threw the bottle of prussic into the gutter on the way home with Boudinot, gasping for breath and already dying, as graphically described by the manicure and newsboy. I found the pieces of glass, recognized bits of the ongoline label and identified the poison by smell and taste. Not a bad scheme for an old lady; only slip she made was in thriftily saving in a plain bottle the ongoline she had to pour out to get the prussic acid into the right container so the manicurist wouldn't suspect."

The End.

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Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

The Wheels of Justice.

ELISA KELLEY had never heard of a centaur, but even if she had it would not have been of much help in the situation which confronted her. Tod Dasker on his own two feet was bad enough and one to flee from, but intensified by the four clumping hoofs of his father's big white truck horse, on the back of which he was perched, he was something paralyzing and appalling to a small girl who had been but a moment before peacefully pursuing her way down the alley on a short cut home from the bakery.

To her excited eyes Tod and his mount seemed to occupy the complete width of the alley. He let out a piercing yell and jerked at the slow-moving animal to make it prance if possible.

"Now, you let me be, Tod Dasker!" Elisa shrilled excitedly, hitching the loaf of bread farther up under her arm. She stood poised to run.

"Aw-w-w!" Tod yelled mockingly and bore down upon her. With a wild scream Elisa dropped the bread and, embracing a convenient telephone pole, clambered up a few feet. She clung like a cat, twisting her head to watch with protruding eyes Tod's maneuvers.

"I kin gallop right up to you!" Tod called to her, as he guided his steed around in circles. "You're just high enough up so's he kin nip you good and hard! Giddap, Nero!"

With another shriek Elisa promptly slid to the ground out of range of Nero's teeth.

"Aw-w-w!" was Tod's comment. "Cowardy-cat!"

"You let me be!" Elisa repeated, with a touch of tremolo in her voice. "I'll tell your father on you, I will!"

"Huh!" sniffed Tod disdainfully. "He won't do nothing! He told me to ride Nero! He told me to ride him around to the blacksmith shop! Watch me. Yah-h-h!" He pushed his steed into a kind of amble in the opposite direction and Elisa made a spring toward her abandoned loaf of bread.

As she straightened, breathless and red in the face, ready to make a dash for home, Tod whirled about and again bore down upon her.

"I kin git you no matter where you go!" he told her pleasantly, again moving around in a circle and blocking all progress. "I'm going to stay right here forever'n ever and you can't git away!"

"I hate you, Tod Dasker!" cried Elisa, in tears of fury. "You just wait! You wait till my big brother catches you, an'——"

"Aw!" said Tod, genially. "Why, he can't do nothin'! If he came after me I'd just drive Nero right at him and tell him to bite him—like this!"

With another scream Elisa again ascended the telephone pole and then, remembering Nero's teeth, promptly fell off to the ground, where she sat staring helplessly at the mountain of horse before her. That Nero's thoughts at the moment were of oats alone she did not know.

"Nero's teeth," began Tod, as he jerked the big head up, "they are something awful! He kin bite anything in two! Once he began to gnaw a big board and in a second or two he just naturally crunched it to pieces! And the way he steps! Say! Once he stepped on Tizer's baseball and the baseball went as flat as a pancake! Want to have him step on you? Giddap, Nero!"

Elisa screamed and fled to the high board fence at the end of the Gridleys' patch of corn and tomatoes.

"You wait!" she promised hysterically. "I'll tell the police on you, Tod Dasker! You'll get paid up! You'll be sorry!"

"Aw-w-w!" Ted jeered and headed the horse toward her. Whether Nero had wearied of his erratic meanderings or whether a fly bit him no one will ever know, but the fact remains that he gave one shake and a bump and his rider flew over the big head in a beautiful curve, landing with great riot and devastation in the middle of the Gridleys' cherished Golden Bantam corn. And old Gridley was at the moment hoeing.

There was an inarticulate roar as he hauled Tod out of the ruins and then the sound of smart spanking well directed. Outside the fence Elisa crouched, listened, and a grin spread over her white face. Giving the bread another hitch she sped contentedly home. There was no need to tell the police, because from her tormentor's yells of anguish she knew she was avenged.

His Hard Lot.

Vice, contrary to popular opinion, is not attractive. We have in mind a certain person who last year felt moved to acquire a few vices so that he would have something to swear off on New Year's day. But after looking over the entire display of vices he was unable to find one that exercised any fascination, so he had to content himself with his old virtues.

Mystery of Devil's Den

(Continued From Page 4.)

for a man's anger in the face of danger, and I wanted that fight as I had wanted nought else in all my pampered life.

John Lord behaved just right, exactly right. A false move and I fear I would have killed him. He must have read the danger signals, for he took one stride forward, then stopped abruptly, hid hat near sweeping the floor in an elaborate flourish.

"I will—later," he said, and turning on his heel, left the room.

VI

OF MYSTERY I asked no questions, merely told her what I had gleaned from her sickness. Nor did I doubt her worth. Her red mountain blood I held a fit match for the blue of my lineage. What New York would think when I brought her back I dishonored neither myself nor her by asking. I loved her, that was sufficient. And I thanked my misspent fortune, the old family doctor and the butterflies which I was once more pursuing, for bringing her to me.

But as the days grew colder, deepening the tints upon the mountainsides, I could salve my conscience no longer. Mystery was well enough to go. When? Where? How? These were the problems I was pondering, had pondered for many days, and was still pondering that night when the fire broke out on Rocking Rock Ridge, settling them once and for eternity.

Some hunter's carelessness, I suppose. Mystery, trained to the ways of the woods, detected it first. By noon, my own nose was full of the rancid smoke. By night, flames were charging red over Rocking Rock Ridge and drawing near. Half an hour later, John Lord, coatless and excited, broke cover and panted thru the twilight. The woods were full of smoke and drifting ashes. The ridge was not far distant. John Lord had urgent business there. I gave chase.

Beaten by a wind from the other side of the mountain, the blaze spread fast, licking its eager way across the bald summit of the ridge, now speeding thru the light undergrowth, now fiercely attacking some giant spruce, swinging hand over hand to the top of its swaying branches, lighting the night with a cascade of fiery needles.

Toward this traveling volcano we hastened on our way. The air grew warmer. I began to question John Lord's wisdom. He still pressed on. I followed. The night grew light. Firebrands and leaf-withered branches began to drop about us. We neared the cliff—were at its foot.

"Here," said I to myself, "he will stop, and here we will have it out."

He did not stop; he went right on, scrambling like a squirrel over and thru the rock-strewn debris. Above him, eighty feet in the air, towered the fire-crowned cliff. In a flash his purpose stood revealed. He was headed for the Needle, and the Needle, a natural funnel in the solid rock, would bring him out on the heights above.

I hesitated. If John Lord in his madness wanted to seek his own destruction it was his affair, not mine. Slight reason had I for preventing him. But what on earth made him want to? This was what puzzled me, and curiosity more than sympathy urged me to follow as he disappeared into the mouth of the tunnel.

Soon I found that I had again taken up the pursuit and was making my way in the rear of his echoing footsteps up the precipitous rock-walled pathway. Altho the crackle of the flames could be distinctly heard from above, and the light danced in and out along the cavern wall, there was but little smoke, and a stiff five-minute scramble took us to the surface. Even here the smoke was inconsiderable, due to the rapidity with which the fire was moving and to the dearth of combustible material.

And when I speak of the fire's rapidity, I mean it. From point to point it jumped with incredible swiftness, touching here and there and passing on. John Lord was taking big chances. I knew it the moment I saw him enter a clump of spruce a rod or so to the left. A minute more and the fire would cut in behind and block his retreat. Even as I took after him a fire-coated tongue darted out and hissed on the resinous bark at my side.

In the smoke and excitement I did not see my man again until I had almost stumbled over him. He was lying face down inside a small iron inclosure. In the inclosure with him were a grassy mound and a snow-white slab of unmarked marble, both giving evidence of unmistakable care.

Few people—and these mostly strangers—ever visited Rocking Rock Ridge. Of these few most were content to halt at its base and sate their curiosity with a wondering look upward at its sheer perpendicular sides. This was because of trespass signs, and because they were unaware of the Needle so skilfully concealed in a cluster of bushes, perhaps at their very feet. Barely by accident I had stumbled upon it one day while in close pursuit of a butterfly. Up to the present I had always supposed the concealment natural, but I now suspected John Lord as its inventor. So far as I knew, and I had investigated pretty thoroly, there was no other route save a direct, perilous ascent up this side of the mountain. On the other, it was many miles to a hamlet of any size.

So Rocking Rock Ridge, rearing its head in stolid, lonely grandeur, capped by storm-tossed spruce and hemlock, an acre unequaled on the Green mountain Range, stood the seasons round, brooding, unmolested. It was of nature's own designing, and John Lord could have picked no resting-place so grandly solemn and alone.

I spoke.

So sudden was his onslaught that it caught me completely off my guard. His great arms were around, crushing me to him, bearing me backward toward the fire. Desperately I beat upon his head and shoulders. His breath smote in great heaving blasts upon my face. He was a strong man, wildly spending his last efforts in one consuming burst of energy. He was too much for me. I was done. The fire, scorching hot, played all about us, smoke rose like steam in our faces, the earth underfoot was hot. I waited for the end, struggling fruitlessly. Burning embers rained about us, streamers of light played in the tree tops, massive limbs cracked and thundered in the night.

Before us rose the fire wall. Bellowing like an enraged bull, John Lord made at it, stumbled, fell, uprose, and tottered thru, dragging me after him. Once more he stopped, stooped to pick me up, and fell prone across my body. Wriggling out and to my feet, I bore him swiftly away across the fire-smitten earth. At the mouth of the Needle I laid him carefully down.

The face upturned to mine was big and soft and weak. It was not a face to be trusted even under its mask of death. But the hard lines of evil had somehow been purged away, purged by a memory, I believed, and a last heroic act. John Lord had saved my life.

His lips moved. He rose on one elbow, facing back along our trail.

"My wife," he said, pointing, "Mystery's mother. Another took her from me. I was bad and he was good. Mystery was theirs. I kept the girl to keep alive the hatred. Take—good—care of —her. Good-by."

His head drooped back. He was —No, not yet. I shook him roughly, spoke sharply.

His answer, scarcely audible, came thru lips growing cold in death.

"Jean McIvor."

The McIvor tragedy was familiar history in my circle. Mystery had lived true to her birth.

Next day we buried John Lord on his mountain top. His will left everything to the girl. On our way to New York we met Professor Muller. I am sure the old gentleman enjoyed our gossip on butterflies.

A Pitiful Case.

"MY HUSBAND has an awful grouch on," remarked Mrs. Hilderberry to the insurance collector who had called for the weekly installment. "He acts so miserable and terribly gloomy that I'm afraid he might leave home in a fit of melancholy. And the joke of it is, Mr. Blekinson, he hasn't a reason in the world. If there was I wouldn't worry about him. As it is I don't know what to do."

"I heartily sympathize with you, Mrs. Hilderberry," said the insurance collector with a quaver in his voice. "That your husband should be unhappy without cause is a most unfortunate thing. To be unhappy for good and sufficient reasons is legitimate, but to be unhappy without cause is cheating. He's getting something he isn't paying for.

"And even if he had reason to feel morose and downcast he should be man enough to hide it. If he failed to do that he should be quarantined until he was again in a happy mood.

"If I could have a quiet five-minute talk with your esteemed husband I would make him see that to be a sour guy without cause is a crime that should have a fitting punishment.

"There is the pitiful case of Lew Weeks. Lew was invited to a stag party at the town hall Saturday night and looked forward to the event with the enthusiasm of a child. A stag party was a thing unknown to Lew's experience as he unveiled twenty-eight years ago. His wife is firmly opposed to entertainments that don't have the refining influence of the gentler sex. But Lew had the one opportunity of his life on account of his wife's sister being a visitor at their home and he being left unguarded.

"Well, Mrs. Hilderberry, on Saturday afternoon, as Lew was putting his things out on the bed preparatory to dressing for this gala affair, the town constable whizzed by his house in his little automobile in pursuit of a thief or somebody. Lew leaned too far out of the window in watching the chase and alighted on the lawn several feet below.

"No serious injury resulted, but the strained ligament Lew received made it necessary for him to spend the evening in the living-room talking over other days with his wife and her sister. Lew now thinks somebody wished a jonah on him and it will take much argument to brighten him up."

"What a cheery soul you are!" ejaculated Mrs. Hilderberry. "I'll bet that your wife, with you around the house, sings at her work like a bird."

"My wife?" said the insurance collector dejectedly. "Oh, that's a different story."

Had All But One.

CHARLIE LEEDY conducts a daily column in a Youngstown, Ohio, newspaper. But before he joined the church he was manager of a minstrel show. The troupe landed in a Vermont town a few hours in the lead of the sheriff, and with only $3 in the treasury. Business had been bad.

Leedy spent the $3 for handbills. Over at the opera house he picked out a likely looking boy to peddle the literature, promising the youngster a pass to the show.

"You take these bills all around town," said Leedy. "Clear to the end of every street."

Then the manager went upstairs to paint advertisements on a new drop curtain. An hour later he came down again and walked down Main street to eat at a restaurant to be advertised on the curtain.

In front of the Grand Hotel he came upon the boy, crying bitterly, with the bundle of bills still under his arm.

"What's the matter, son?" asked Leedy.

"A man tried to take one of my bills away from me," the boy answered.

Should Be Happy.

An oculist ought to be a very happy man. Are not all his days eye-deal ones?

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THIS is a straight-from-the-shoulder proposition that every man and woman should take advantage of right this very minute.

I claim that my "Perfect Vision" glasses will enable you to thread the finest needle—to read the smallest print—to see far or near—to protect your eyes and prevent eye strain and eye pain, which usually cause headaches.

Furthermore, I claim that my "Perfect Vision," 10-Karat, Gold-filled Glasses are the best and the most handsome looking spectacles you have ever seen.

I Will Send Them To You Absolutely FREE

As soon as you get them I want you to put them on and see how easily you will be able to read the finest print, thread the smallest-eyed needle, even in a machine, and sew by day or night, without any eye pain or eye strain, and with as much ease and comfort as you ever did in your younger days.

My Glasses Will Enable You To Read The Finest Print, Thread A Small-Eyed Needle Or Shoot A Bird Off The Tallest Tree

ARE YOU A SPORTSMAN and go hunting occasionally?

Shoulder your gun, whistle your dog across the field, and see how these glasses will help you to sight your gun and take aim at your game.

With these "Perfect Vision" spectacles of mine, you will be able to shoot a bird off a tree easily, and this even if you are a very poor shot right now.

I want you to try out these "Perfect Vision" spectacles of mine for reading and sewing, or for distance; for indoors, or outdoors, whichever you prefer. I don't want you to keep them unless they positively fit you better than any you have ever had before, and you can honestly tell me so. That is why I want you to

Mail The Coupon Right Now, It Will Cost You Nothing

You may think I am bluffing. Perhaps I haven't convinced you these Gold-Filled "Perfect Vision" glasses of mine are as good as I claim them to be, but you can easily take a chance and make me prove my words. I don't want you to send me a cent. So you have nothing to lose.

Sit down right now—this very minute—and fill out the below coupon at once; let Uncle Sam deliver into your own hands, at your own door, a pair of my 10-Karat, Gold-Filled "Perfect Vision" Spectacles, in a handsome velveteen-lined, spring-back, Pocket-book Spectacle Case, for you to try fully ten days absolutely free of charge. Don't send any money. Just fill in this coupon and mail it to me at once.

ST. LOUIS SPECTACLE HOUSE, Room 33 ST. LOUIS, MO.

I herewith enclose this coupon, which entitles me, by return mail, to a pair of your 10-Karat, Gold-Filled "Perfect Vision" Spectacles, complete, also a fine leatherette, velveteen-lined, spring-back, pocket-book spectacle case, exactly as shown in the picture at the top of this advertisement, without cost to me, so I can try them out, under your own offer, of a full ten days' actual test. This free trial is not to cost me one penny, and if I like the glasses and keep them, I am to pay you $1.65 only—no more and no less. But if, for any reason whatsoever, I don't wish to keep them (and I, myself, am to be the sole judge), I will return them to you without paying you a single cent for them, as you agreed in the above advertisement to send them on ten days' absolute free trial. With this understanding I mail you this certificate, and it is agreed that you will stick to your word and I will stick to mine. Don't fail to answer the following questions:

How old are you?.....How many years have you used glasses (if any)?.....

Name .....

Post Office.....

Rural Route.....Box No.....State.....

By Paths of Peril

By Dan A. Keller

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CHAPTER VIII.

TWO SURPRISED BOYS.

THE day after the rescue of Mrs. Van Stanley by our two young friends, a letter bearing a seal and a stylish crest was received at Tony's lodgings. The boy opened it with feverish curiosity, and to his astonishment found it to be an invitation for him and Billy to appear at the magnificent home of the writer on Murray Hill.

When Billy put in an appearance after his duties he was shown the letter, and after reading it he turned to Tony a face beaming with excitement.

"Where is Murray Hill, Tony?" he asked innocently.

"It's the locality where the wealthy live," was the reply.

"I should have thought so from this stylish letter. What does Mrs. Van Stanley want with us?"

"She simply invites us to her residence. You know she's the lady who was in the carriage last night."

"Yes."

"We'll go and see her, Billy," remarked Tony. "At any rate we're getting acquainted with some pretty good people."

"Better than some we've met, eh?" grinned Billy Bates. "I'll bet my head they don't invite Sam O'Dell and Mr. Sommers to Murray Hill."

Tony laughed at his chum's remarks, and they arranged to answer Mrs. Van Stanley's invitation in person.

The following evening when they were at leisure they might have been seen on Murray Hill.

"It beats Woodlawn for fine houses," remarked Billy, as he took in the scene. "One such house as that yonder would make our folks die with envy. How do these people make all their money?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Tony, "they make it in various ways. Some of them are kings in Wall street, where the money is, and others, no doubt, have inherited their wealth."

The Van Stanley mansion was found without difficulty and with considerable timidity they mounted the broad steps and rang the bell. A liveried butler opened the door and stared at them.

Tony, who had written their names on a card, extended it to the man.

"The family is not at home," said he. "That's a pretty howdy-do!" exclaimed Billy, "after one's been invited and then can't get farther than the front door."

"You've been invited to the house, eh?"

"Yes, by Mrs. Van Stanley."

The man left them in the wide hallway, but soon returned.

In another moment they were being escorted to another part of the house. They were ushered into a large and richly furnished parlor, where they were left alone for a few minutes.

"Gee whiz!" exclaimed Billy Bates, as he gazed at the magnificence of the apartment. "We couldn't get this rich in a thousand years, Tony."

"Perhaps not in twenty centuries, Billy."

Presently the door opened and a richly dressed lady entered. She was at once recognized by the boys as the occupant of the carriage which had been overturned in the street. The moment she spied our young friends she came forward with a pleasant smile.

"I'm glad you have come," said she. "You certainly did me a great service on the occasion of my accident, and I wish to thank you in my own house."

She had scarcely ceased when two beautiful young girls came forward and Mrs. Van Stanley introduced them as her daughters, Paulina and Carolyn.

The young ladies were glad to welcome Billy and Tony, who hardly knew how to reply to their expressions of gratitude.

"I wonder what's coming next?" thought the boys.

"My husband is out of the city, else he would be here to thank you for your courageous act," went on Mrs. Van Stanley.

"It wasn't anything," said Billy, with a blush. "I once stopped Tim Hogan's team when it was coming down Hobson's Hill lickety cut, and tho Tim was tumbled out and broke his leg, the damage wasn't very much besides that."

The two Misses Van Stanley smiled and tried to look interested.

"I wish, my young friends, to show you some mark of our esteem," the mother of the girls continued.

She rang a bell and the butler marched loftily into the room.

"The tray on the mantel, Ivan," said Mrs. Van Stanley, and the fellow as loftily marched out.

Presently he returned bearing before him a silver tray, upon which reposed two little black boxes such as the boys had observed in the windows of the avenue jewelry stores. Mrs. Van Stanley picked up one of the boxes, and extending it to Tony, said:

"Please accept this as a token of gratitude and a reward for your bravery."

At the same time Miss Carolyn handed the second box to Billy with similar words.

The curiosity of the boys got the better of them instanter, and with eager fingers they opened the plush-lined boxes. In each box lay a splendid gold watch and an elaborate chain.

Tony looked at Billy, and Billy returned the stare of amazement. Neither could speak.

"Open the cases," said Miss Paulina, with a sly glance at her stately mother.

This the boys did, and read the following inscription in the highest style of the engraver's art:

"Presented by Mrs. Van Stanley, as a reward of heroism."

Each watch was also inscribed with the owner's name.

"We will never forget you," said the lady, fixing her eyes on the astonished boys. "You are real heroes and deserve to have your deed fully recognized."

Tony and Billy stammered their thanks as best they could, and hardly knew what to do with the gifts.

"We won't dare to wear these watches in public," said Tony. "We would be robbed the first day out."

"Especially if Sommer and Chalk were about," put in Billy. "I guess we'll send them home."

"Where are you from?" asked Mrs. Van Stanley.

"We're from Woodlawn, in New Jersey."

"A pleasant place," was the reply. "I remember seeing the cozy little station from the cars last summer."

"It's an all right place, madam," was the answer. "They've never seen such tickers as these there."

"Then you will be the observed of all observers," smiled one of the young daughters.

"Won't we, tho?" ejaculated the delighted Billy. "Really, madam, what we did last night isn't worth so much expense. Maybe you cannot afford it?"

At this the two girls broke forth in merriment and looked at their mother.

"I assure you, young gentlemen," said Mrs. Van Stanley, with all the sedateness she could muster, "that it won't bankrupt us."

"Then we'll keep them," Billy returned.

A few moments later Miss Paulina went to the piano and began to play. The servant brought in punch and ices and the boys fell to with much gusto, all the while glancing around at the magnificent furnishings of the lofty room.

"It beats a king's palace," Billy whispered to Tony. "I wonder if Solomon ever had a place equal to this?"

"Don't bother me just now, Billy," was the retort, as Tony filled his silver spoon with an ice.

"I wouldn't mind stopping a runaway team every day if this is what one gets for it."

After refreshments the boys were escorted into the great library of the Van Stanley mansion and shown the costly paintings with which the walls were adorned. There were curiosities from all parts of the world, carvings, pictures, bric-a-brac, each of which had cost a large sum. Miss Carolyn accompanied them with descriptions of the works of art, and while the boys inspected the objects they did not for a moment relinquish their hold on the precious boxes.

They were more than an hour in the mansion on Murray Hill, and every moment of the time was filled with surprises. Billy stepped gingerly on the velvet carpet, as if fearful of soiling it, and Tony kept his hands clear of the various things.

At last the time for their departure came, and when the carved portal had closed on them Tony looked at his companion.

"I've got to pinch myself to see if it isn't a dream," said Billy, with a smile. "I used to dream of many things at Woodlawn, but this flabbergasts me, Tony."

"This is proof that it isn't a dream," and Tony held forth his black box.

"How are we going to get home?"

"Why, Billy?"

"If we take a car we'll be robbed, and if we walk we'll be slugged by some night owl."

"Why not take a cab?"

"Just the thing!" cried Billy Bates. At that moment a taxicab came in sight and the two boys hailed it. The vehicle drew to the curb.

"Take us to No. 98 DeKoven street," said Tony.

"And don't spare your machine," added Billy, as he climbed inside of it.

The boys were off in a jiffy, and were soon rushing across the lighted metropolis.

"Keep a hand on your watch, Tony," continued Billy. "There isn't another pair like ours in the world."

The boys did not breathe freely till they were set down in front of their lodgings, and after paying the chauffeur they bounded upstairs.

Billy hastened to bolt the door, after which he drew his precious gift from beneath his coat and deposited it on the table.

"I'm going to have it put in the steel safe tomorrow," said he. "If Chalk or Jerroid smells it out in our hands it won't be worth looking after."

It was a sleepless night for the boys, and they actually kept the prizes in their hands till morning.

When they went to their respective places of employment they carried the watches with them and had them placed where they would be safe, guarded by heavy steel doors which no robber could force. For all this the night's adventure seemed a dream to them and for some time they forgot Sam O'Dell, Chalk, and his companion, to say nothing of the Moores, and Billy's lost uncle, Evan Bates.

CHAPTER IX.

GRIP OF MR. CHALK.

"TONY," said Mr. Shell, the inspector, to our hero the next day, "I've got a little work for you."

Tony laid aside his book and was alert in a moment.

"There's some petty smuggling going on," continued Mr. Shell. "I want a certain store watched for a few days."

He proceeded to inform Tony that he was expected to take up quarters for a while in a certain house which stood opposite a little building which, he explained, was occupied by one Darius Darke, who was under suspicion by the authorities. It was suspected that diamonds were being smuggled into this country, and also into the store, by a man who was a passenger on one of the large liners which would reach the port on the following day.

The inspector described the suspected one to Tony, and told him to report if such an individual entered the store. The boy had never thought to be called to enact the role of detective, but he did not demur to the arrangement.

He went to the place designated by his employer, and was soon secreted in a snug little room, from which he could keep tab on the establishment across the street. He left a rather mysterious note in their room for Billy, for he had no time to see him personally, but he did not tell his chum where he was to be found.

The next day and the following one passed, and, just as the shades of evening were settling over the city, he saw a man answering the description of the one expected on the liner enter the shop. Tony hastened from the room and across the street.

In another moment he had entered the store, which was a small jewelry establishment. The man who had entered before him was at one end of the counter, talking in low tones to the proprietor, while a lean-faced young clerk came forward and asked Tony what he wanted.

The Story's Story.

TONY WOODS, a country boy on his way to New York, falls into the clutches of Jerroid and Chalk, confidence men, but threatens them with a cane and escapes. Tony's uncle, Jasper Sharp, and O'Dell, his partner, are cruel in their treatment of Vesta Moore, who comes to pawn the family jewels. In Evan Bates, a customer, Tony thinks he finds the long-lost uncle of his chum, Billy Bates. Sharp refuses to let Bates redeem his valuables and betrays that he knows Jerroid. Tony is discharged when he takes Vesta's part against O'Dell and gets a job with Erastus Shells, a Government inspector. Tony saves a countryman whom Jerroid and Chalk are trying to fleece. Billy Bates comes to New York and his pocketbook is stolen. He recognizes Sommers, the thief, causes his arrest and recovers his property. A note from Vesta takes the boys to her home from which valuables have been stolen. In the description of a man who limps, presumably the thief, they see Chalk. They see O'Dell slip into the building where they believe Chalk is to be found. Jasper Sharp betrays he is a tool of O'Dell. As the boys leave a movie show O'Dell attacks them. As a climax to an exciting day they rescue Mrs. Stanley, a wealthy woman, from a runaway. O'Dell tells Jerrold and Chalk to get Tony out of the way. O'Dell goes to see Paul Norton, whom he had hired to rob the Moore home, and the latter, conscience-stricken, mails $10 to Mrs. Moore anonymously. O'Dell surprises Sharp looking over the stolen jewels and threatens him if he tries to return them.

You can go on with the story from here. If you want the first part in full, back copies of the Ledger may be obtained from news dealers, our agents or direct by mail from the office of publication. The story began in No. 51, December 22.

The Man Began to Bind Tony to a Chair.

A Liveried Butler Opened the Door and Stared at Them.

"I'd like to look at some rings," said the boy.

The young man lifted a tray from one of the show cases and displayed some medium-priced rings for Tony's inspection.

While apparently engrossed in examining the rings, Tony managed to glance at the men, and saw them enter a small alcove not far off. The visitor took from his pocket a package, which he handed to the proprietor, who took it with a smile of satisfaction. That they were smuggled jewels Tony did not doubt for a moment.

He had seen enough to report to Mr. Shell, and, saying that none of the rings suited him, he withdrew.

What was his surprise when, as he reached the street, he nearly collided with the man known as Chalk. What was he doing in that part of the city at that hour? The sharper appeared not to have noticed the boy, and Tony made off as rapidly as possible

All at once he heard a footstep behind him, and glancing over his left shoulder, he saw Mr. Chalk almost upon him.

"See here," called out the shark, as his hand darted out and landed on Tony's shoulder before he could elude it. "I want to see you, boy."

To escape was impossible. He was in the clutches of a great rascal and one who seemed to possess the strength of a giant.

"What do you want with me?" asked Tony, twisting in the man's grip.

"Come along and I'll show you," was the reply, and he was dragged away.

Nothing else was said till Tony found himself in an upper room two squares from the scene of his capture, and he was almost thrown into a chair by the scoundrel.

"Interfering again, eh?" ejaculated Chalk.

"Interfering with whom?"

"Never mind. I guess you've been caught in the act this time. How do you like the change?"

The boy did not reply.

At once the man produced a strong rope from a cupboard in one corner of the room and began to bind Tony to the chair. The face of the boy paled and he was speechless with fear. The cruel rope seemed to cut to the bone, for the man did not handle it gently, and in a few minutes Tony was securely fastened to the heavy chair as if with cords of pliable steel.

"Now, my little rat, you'll have time for reflection," smirked Mr. Chalk, as he drew off and coolly lit a cigar, which he puffed into Tony's face. "Nice occupation, this game of yours, eh?"

"Of course not, but all the same, I wasn't watching you," was the reply.

"When you touch one you touch all of us."

"I see," said Tony.

"That's good," was the retort. "I hope you'll like the change."

With this the man picked up his hat, which had fallen to the floor, and made out as if he were about to leave the room.

"You're not going to leave me here?" cried Tony.

"Why not, you rat? Isn't this just the place for such as you? It's not your old place in DeKoven street, of course, but you're safe here, and we know where you are."

"You're Chalk, aren't you?"

"Yes. You remember me, I see."

"Of course I do. You're one of the men who wanted to rob me the day I came to New York."

"Yes, and I feel your blow on my arm yet. You nearly broke it, you wild cat."

"I wish it had been your head!" cried Tony. "If you hadn't warded off the blow it would have been your cranium."

"Sure, it would," was the laughing reply.

For some minutes Chalk drew off and took a chair, where he smoked in silence, watching his victim all the time with the air of a tiger.

This was the height of aggravation, and Tony thought of his employer and wondered what he would think of his absence.

At last Mr. Chalk seemed to conclude that he had played one part of the game to a finish and rose to his feet.

"You'll keep your seat, I reckon," said he, maliciously. "There's no danger of your getting away."

Tony knew this without being reminded of it.

At last he saw the man vanish and heard his feet on the stair beyond the door.

It was in vain that he tugged at his bonds. They would not yield, and tho he exerted all his strength, he was compelled at last to desist.

How long he would be kept in this terrible state he did not know, nor what would follow the return of his captor. That his capture was in some manner connected with his spying on the man who had entered the little jewelry store he did not doubt, but how was Chalk connected with this person?

The shadows of night deepened over the city.

Tony heard the rumble of vehicles in the street below, and now and then the cries of the evening newsboys came to his ears. What had become of Billy and what would he say when he returned to the little house in DeKoven street and found him missing?

These thoughts and similar ones were gall to the victim in the chair. The room grew dark save for a gleam of light which came from the lights outside. At length stillness reigned in the place, and Tony listened in vain for footsteps on the stairs.

Mr. Chalk did not come back and Billy as a rescuer was not to be thought of. By and by, wearied out bodily, Tony slipped into a light slumber in which he forgot his situation. He was soon in dreamland.

All at once he found himself wide awake. The door had opened; he was sure of it. Straining his ears for the slightest sound, he bent his head forward as well as his painful position would allow and listened.

There was a breath of cooler air on his cheeks.

Some one was in the room beside him. Was it the scoundrel, Chalk?

At one time Tony thought of crying out for the purpose of discovering who the visitor was, but upon second thought he desisted. Perhaps a light would be struck and then he could see.

Moments seemed hours to the boy. His heart rose to his throat and sank again. A footfall came across the floor. Tony tried to pierce the darkness, for the little ray of light had disappeared, but he was disappointed.

Who had entered the room?

"It's pretty dark in here," said a voice which startled the boy. "I can't see anything."

The speaker seemed to move toward the corner where the cupboard was.

"Now," thought Tony, "I will know who is here."

The following moment he almost let out a cry of terror, for the unknown had stumbled against him and cried out again.

"Who's here?" said the same strange voice, and at the same time a hand fell upon his face.

It was a small, cold hand, and could not be that of his captor.

"Who are you? And tied to the chair?" said the voice.

At last the boy found his tongue.

"I'm a rascal's victim," he exclaimed. "I'm Tony Woods from Woodlawn, New Jersey."

"Oh!"

"And who are you?"

He was answered by the switching on of a light and he saw, not Mr. Chalk, but a pale-faced girl of 16, who drew off and regarded him in silence.

She was not pretty, her face was peaked and white, and her garments were of poor material.

"Who tied you to the chair?" she asked, leaning forward and peering into Tony's face.

"Mr. Chalk," was the reply. "You know him?"

"Oh, yes, I know Mr. Chalk," was the laughing rejoinder. "It's so funny, you see."

"It's not very funny to me," said Tony, biting his lip. "These cords cut to the bone. Can't you loosen them?"

"Me? Oh, no! What would Mr. Chalk say?"

"It matters little to me what he would say," Tony answered. "I want out of this chair."

"But I can't let you out of it."

"Why can't you?"

The girl drew off and for a full minute gazed speechless into Tony's face. "Because," she said slowly, "Mr. Chalk would kill me if I did!"

CHAPTER X.

OUT OF DURANCE.

WHEN Tony discovered the young girl in the room whither he had been conducted after his capture by Chalk, he had hopes of release, but when she told him that she dared not cut his bonds his heart sank within him.

"No," repeated the girl, "I dare not release you."

"You had nothing to do with my coming here," replied the boy. "Mr. Chalk did it all."

"You must have crossed him in some manner."

"I doubtless did. Does he live here?"

"Sometimes," answered the girl, as she drew off toward the window and tried to look down into the street. "What is your name?"

"Tony Woods."

"Do you live in the city?"

"Yes, but I haven't lived here always. I am from the country."

"I have never seen the country," said the girl, with a sigh; "I have heard about it. What is it like?"

Amused at her question, Tony proceeded to tell about the region around Woodlawn, the farms, the trees, the flowers, and the clear blue sky. She listened intently.

"I believe I could live there!" she cried. "Here one sees not a speck of sky for days, and the tall buildings blot out the sunlight. Why didn't you stay in the country?"

Tony told her why he did not.

All the while he believed the sympathies of the girl were being drawn toward him. Her looks softened, and at last she came back from the window and stood once more beside him.

"I don't see why Mr. Chalk tied you to the chair unless he was afraid of you."

"Why should he be? He's a man, while I'm but a boy."

She slipped away to the door that opened from the room and pulled it ajar. Putting her head into the hallway which Tony could see she remained silent for a moment and then came back to him.

"If I untie you I'll have to go away from here," said she, looking into his face.

"Have you no other home?"

"No other," she answered.

"Are you Chalk's girl?"

"He is not my father," she said quickly. "I can hardly tell you how he came into my life."

Tony waited. Her hands moved toward the cords and rested upon them. He held his breath. Surely freedom was at hand.

Suddenly she sprang back and uttered a little cry. The next moment she had put out the light and the room was dark once more.

He heard her flying footsteps as she ran down the hall, and they died away somewhere within the mysterious building.

What had frightened the girl Tony did not know. Perhaps she would come back when her fright was over, but that was only guesswork.

"If I could only get out of this trap I'll take care not to get into another," thought he. "It's Chalk's revenge, and if he comes back he's likely to add to his villainy."

As yet he had not reported to Mr. Shell, the inspector, and he was anxious to tell him about the man who had come to the little jewelry store.

Suddenly the girl came back.

"It was only Tinky," she said, with a smile.

"Who's Tinky?" asked Tony.

"Tinky's a newsboy who sleeps in the back part of the house. He's a one-armed little fellow who has no home."

"You thought it was Chalk, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"You're not afraid of Tinky betraying you?"

"He wouldn't do that for the world," laughed the girl. "We're two persons in misery, and Tinky's a cute little mite not much higher than that," and she held her hand a little distance above the chair-back.

The next moment she was tugging at the knots of the strong cords that held

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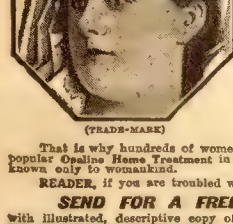

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Tony to the chair. They were so well tied by the hands of Chalk that both soon discovered that she had a task on her hands.

"Tinky's good at knots, I know he is," she said, drawing back at last.

She darted from the room and soon returned with the owner of the queer name. He was indeed a mite, with the brightest pair of eyes Tony had ever seen in a human head. He had but one hand, as the girl had said, but he was an adept with it. It did not take the newsboy long to master the intricacies of the knots, and at last the rope was loosened.

"There!" cried Tinky, stepping back and looking at Tony. "I guess you're all right now."

The boy stood free of the torturing chair and drew a breath of relief.

"I thank both of you!" he cried. "I'll never forget your kindness."

"Don't mention it, please," replied the girl, with a satisfied smile. "I reckon Tinky and I will have to look out for Mr. Chalk if he finds us out."

"Oh," cried the newsboy bravely. "I'm not afraid of Chalk! What's he but a big blusterer?"

"But he's strong, Tinky," said the girl.

"Yes, a big brute."

"I don't like him, either."

"What did he tie you to the chair for?" asked the dwarf.

"He doesn't like me, I guess," was the reply. "Since he may come back soon, I've got to get away."

Tony moved forward and was soon in the hallway. In another moment he stood on the landing below.

One of these days he would settle with the great hulk of a ruffian. He had no doubt that Chalk was concerned in the transaction which he had witnessed in the jewelry store, and he was anxious to acquaint Mr. Shell with the facts.

Down the street he went almost as fast as his nimble legs could carry him. He found Mr. Shell's office closed for the night and was forced to turn away.

Eager now to find Billy, he turned his face toward DeKoven street, and in a short time he opened the door of their little room. Billy was not in sight.

He was about to turn away, when the door opened and he stood face to face with the man who had pawned his watch with Sharp & O'Dell.

Tony started at sight of him. This was Billy's lost relative, and the moment he saw Tony he came forward.

"I'm glad I found you," said the man. "You're the boy who works for Sharp & O'Dell?"

"I did, but I'm not now in their employ," said Tony.

"You remember the watch deal I had with them?"

"Yes, distinctly."

"Those sharks refuse to give my watch up, saying that the time is out. I must have it back. It is one of the most precious of all my possessions. Well, if you're not in their employ any longer I won't bother you."

"Sit down, Mr. Bates," said Tony. "If you wait a while you may see one of your relatives."

The man started.

"I don't know what you mean. I have no relatives."

"Are you sure of that? I know a Billy Bates and he is my roommate."

"Where from?"

"From Woodlawn, in New Jersey."

Evan Bates relapsed into a state of reflection, and at last said:

"He might be, after all. I had a brother in New Jersey once, but I never heard that he had a son."

He took a seat and put his hat on the table. Tony resumed the conversation till he heard footsteps on the stair.

"Billy's coming now," said he.

The door opened and a head was poked into the room. The man gave a sharp cry and sprang to his feet.

"It's the very rascal I want to see," said he. "It's O'Dell!"

Sure enough the broker stood in the doorway, gazing blankly at Evan Bates and Tony. Before he could withdraw, Tony's visitor was in the hall. There came sounds of a hard struggle, and at last Evan Bates came back dragging the big form of O'Dell with him.

"I want my property," he was saying, between gasps. "You've got to give up my watch, or I'll choke you to death!"

Sam O'Dell was flung to the floor, and Tony saw how white his face was.

Evan Bates was nearly beside himself with rage. Tony had never seen a man in such a towering passion. He was afraid he would carry out his threat then and there

"I haven't got your watch," whined O'Dell.

"But you're keeping it against the agreement," was the reply. "You and your partner, Jasper Sharp, are trying to rob me."

"The time had expired."

"Nothing of the kind!" cried Bates. "You must give up the watch and right away."

"But it's not here."

"Oh, it's at your office in the steel safe, I suppose?"

"Yes."

Tony feared that if Sam was released he would get away and that would be the last they would see of him.

"I'm not fool enough to let you go," said Evan Bates, evidently reading O'Dell's thoughts. "Do you know the combination of the safe, Tony?"

"Yes, Uncle Jasper taught me how to open the safe."

Sam O'Dell growled like a wild beast.

"You've got the key to the office, Mr. O'Dell? Hand it to the boy. I'll keep guard over you till he comes back with my watch."

There was a show of refusal on O'Dell's part, but Evan Bates gave him a look which sent the cold chills thru him and he sullenly handed over the key to the office in Gold street.

"Bring me the watch," said Evan Bates, looking at Tony, as he picked up the key. "You'll have plain sailing since you know the combination."

At this moment the door opened and Billy sprang into the room. He halted a moment as he took in the situation.

"Your uncle, Billy," said Tony, waving his hand to the man who was guarding Sam O'Dell. "I'll be back presently."

With this he put off and was soon on his way to the office where he had served time with his Uncle Jasper.

A thrilling thought flashed thru his brain. In that same safe were the jewels of Mrs. Moore of Pineapple street.

Tony has further remarkable adventures in the next instalment of this story, which will appear in the Ledger of Jan. 12. A good many puzzling things begin to clear up and the curiosity with which you have read this story will in a measure be appeased.

She Meant It Well.

A certain bishop was a very eloquent preacher. As soon as the morning service was over many people went to him to express their appreciation of his sermon. One woman in particular was most outspoken in its praise.

"Why, bishop," she said, "you can never know what your sermon meant to me. It was just like water to a drowning man!"

Down On the Farm

BY EARL H. EMMONS.

The Hired Man.

THE hired man is a trance which is kept around the farm because it has been the custom to have one, but not for the amount of work he performs. The hired man is the champion long-distance sleeper of the world, and spends most of his wakeful hours studying the almanac to see when it will rain so he won't have to work.

Whenever a man gets too ornery and worthless to be tolerated around the city, and the jails kick him out, he is sent to the country to become a hired man, and he demands five dollars a day with bed and board, for which he plows up half of the cornfield and drives the team over the rest, altho he cannot be blamed for this, as it is done while in a somnambulistic state.

The hired man is willing to work, but he does not know what to do, and owing to a peculiarity in the formation of his eardrums, he cannot hear any orders, the only thing audible to him being the dinner bell. This he can hear two miles away with the utmost ease, and he will run the team to death in order to get to the house before anybody else. He is always the first at the table and the last to leave, and then when he gets back in the field again he gets aboard the plow, dozes off and allows the team to climb over the fence and eat up the garden, but the hired man sleeps on peacefully.

Still the hired man should not be judged too harshly for his conduct. He has a hard life. Every night as soon as supper is over he must drive to town, eight miles away, call on two lady friends, get his hide full of corn juice, and participate in three fights, returning home at 3 o'clock in the morning with his feet thru the dashboard of the buggy and the best team minus some legs from being run into a barbed-wire fence.

After a night such as this, it is small wonder the hired man shows up at 4 a. m. in his Sunday clothes, carrying two black eyes, a grouch, and a tired feeling. This sort of thing is trying on the system, and the hired man is not to blame if he goes to sleep in the field and lets the team run away with the machinery and wreck it in a ditch.

And so the hired man sleeps. If let alone, and if the dinner bell did not interfere, he would slumber on until his whiskers twined around his feet, and when he finally awoke and tried to get up he would trip over them and break his neck, which, perhaps, after all, would be best for all concerned.

But even the hired man has good qualities, altho few people can spare the time or patience to find them. They are there, however, just the same. He is a first-class musician on the harmonica, and no barn dance would be a success without him and his mouth organ and his patent-medicine-almanac jokes. He also is useful as a companion for the farmer's children, as he furnishes a living example of how not to be when grown up.

DID JOHN SAY IT?

Some one asked John D. Rockefeller why he was so seldom seen at public dinners. "Well," replied the millionaire, "in the first place I don't eat much, and while you don't have to eat you do have to sit thru the speeches. And, to my mind, the average after-dinner speech is like a bicycle wheel—the longer the spoke the greater the tire!"

He's GOT to Face It!

THE blast of the blizzard, the fury of the gale, the raging storm, all sorts and conditions of dangerous exposure are bravely faced by the fireman, policeman, and all other outdoor workers.

The after-effects— aches, pains, rheumatic twinges, tired stained muscles, stiff neck, lumbago— are quickly and mercifuly relieved by Sloan's, the most popular, most effective Liniment.

No rubbing required— applied, it *penetrates*, bringing sure, feel-good relief and keeping men fit and fine for continuous duty. Will not stain the skin.

For every man or woman who hasn't used Sloan's Liniment there are a thousand who have. Sold by druggists everywhere — Your's has it

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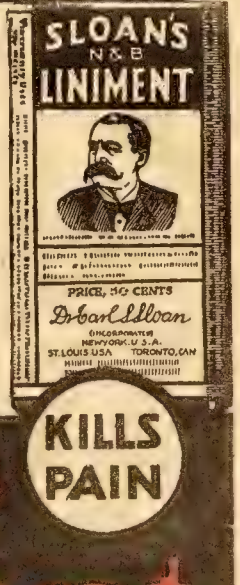

KILLS PAIN

Sloan's
The World's
Liniment

The Twelve Coins of Confucius.

(Continued From Page 15.

ting out of his head. Then he suddenly pulled himself together.

"Forward march, gentleman, clear to the wall," he ordered hurriedly. He stooped down and began loading the jagged fragments into his pockets. "I'll have to bid farewell to you both in a minute, but when I go I'm thinking I'll be pulling out with the Twelve Golden Coins of Confucius!"

CHAPTER XIX.

A MATTER OF HIGH SPEED

WITH the pockets of his newly pressed dress suit bulging almost to bursting with the fragments of the yellow bowl, Barton, never allowing the revolver to waver from the backs of the two stolid Orientals, backed slowly from the place. Reaching the front door of the shop he swung it open, and in a flash slammed it shut, snapping the key in the lock. He jerked the key from the keyhole and ran swiftly and happily down the dark street toward the waiting taxi.

Passing a sewer inlet, he ran out to the curbing and dropped the key down the broad mouth. As he flew on toward the stationary vehicle, he heard back of him at Sam Toy's shop a furious pounding on the doors and windows, but he ran on.

The taxicab driver was just emerging from the door of the saloon, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand

"Taxi!" panted Barton. "Sun office—Market street—drive like hell!"

The driver hesitated. "But—but I just brought two guests to that there laundry back there. They ain't paid their bill yet. And they told me to wait."

Nervously Barton jerked out his roll of money. He tore off a crisp five. "There's their money," he lied gracefully. "They told me they weren't coming. Now hop up and put me at the Sun office as fast as your old tank can go."

The driver, at the sight of the bill, smiled a broad Irish smile. He grabbed it, and with one curious look back toward the shop from which came sounds like the beating of fists on the windows and door panels, he grinned and climbed into the seat of his machine. And as Barton closed the door with a slam, he shot off with a lurch that threw his lone passenger flat against the cold cushions.

Around to Wells street he flew, over the bridge that covered a dark gap thru which spat numberless red and gree lights from the masts of moored vessels, and onto Madison street he turned sharply, and with a grinding and shrieking of the brakes stopped dead in front of the Sun office.

Barton was out on the running board even before it had come to a stop. "Wait here," he told the chauffeur, and with a bound was up the outside steps of the newspaper office. Up the inside stairs he went four at a time, and racing past the open door of the city room, hurled himself against the ground glass panels of Britton's office, thru which a light showed. He jerked open the door and shot thru the tiny anteroom, empty at this hour of night, and flung open the door of the private office inside.

Britton, his finger on the electric switch, stood near the wall with his hat and gloves on. His cane lay across the table, and his flat-top desk was all in order. It was plain that he was just leaving for home.

"I got 'em, Mr. Britton!" shouted Barton excitedly. "The whole twelve of 'em—the Coins of Confucius." He pointed to the big vault in the corner of the room. "But for God's sake, man, lock 'em up at once—without delay! They're the biggest thing in the history of China. They——"

He stopped. One by one he hurriedly turned the pockets of his suit inside out, dumping forth the jagged fragments of heavy yellow pottery. From one of the pieces a coin dislodged itself and rolled off the table to Britton's feet. The older man stooped dumbly down and picked it up, studying it bewilderedly under the bright light above his head.

"Man, man!" he ejaculated slowly. "How—how did you do it? Where did you get 'em? What was——"

"Never mind now, Mr. Britton," broke in the other, hastily. "Don't stop to examine 'em—to count 'em—or anything! Get every one into that vault with three ones of cold steel on the outside of them. I'm off now." He broke one of the fragments on the table with a sharp rap, and slipped the freed disc of gold into his vest pocket. "I'll keep this one for the time being."

Britton, galvanized into sudden action at the younger man's tense attitude, peeled off his tan gloves, tossed his brown derby hat in the corner, and a second later was standing in front of the big vault, with the massive doors swung open, depositing the jagged fragments of pottery in a steel drawer at the rear. Barton was already at the door.

"Wait for me until I come back," he shot out. "Can't stop now. Things are breaking fast. But don't open that vault for any one in God's kingdom—whatever you do." And he was gone.

Down the stairs he ran, leaving the dumfounded Britton standing in front of the vault scratching his head. Into the waiting taxicab Barton bounded. "Hotel Rydenour," he snapped. "And speed—speed—make speed."

The cab shot eastward and was soon on Michigan avenue. In front of the Rydenour, Barton climbed out. He gazed down Congress street, and a short distance off spied the opening of an alleyway that led into the back of the building. So he leaned over close to the driver's ear.

"Run your machine over to that alleyway," he instructed, "and be ready to make the quickest journey of your life. Never mind expense. You're getting double pay, my man. And I pay the fines."

And he was in the hotel and scurrying thru the lobby.

He entered the elevator. A new elevator boy—evidently the night man—had come on duty. That was fortunate, Barton reflected, for too many times that day had he made the trip to the fifteenth floor.

The elevator boy whisked him to the fifteenth floor, and the moment the car descended, Barton dived thru the door that marked Suite 15-B, and reaching the dark window that led out to the fire-escape was down it and into Suite 14-B before twenty seconds had elapsed. He ran lightly down the corridor and pounded wildly on the door he had entered twice that day. The Chinese maid answered it, but he shoved her aside and pushed his way into the room.

Over in the great chair under the lamp, her chin in her hands, sat the Princess O Lyra Seng, the picture of unhappiness. The moment Barton appeared in front of her she sprang up, her eyes glowing with a strange light—the light of surprise, of welcome.

"You—you—came back?" she breathed. "And why——"

Barton strode quickly over to her. He took her two slim hands in his.

"Princess, I must say quickly what I am going to say. When last I saw honorable Tsung, I left him locked in a Chinese laundry where he was trying to get his fingers on the Twelve Coins of Confucius. Any second he will arrive here. But I have those coins—all of them. Think of it, Princess. It sounds unbelievable, but I cannot stop now to explain. You must just believe me, that's all!

"Today I told you I loved you. I love you more as every minute passes. Your every action has shown me that you care for me—in the one way that really counts. So shall we make a grotesque mistake by parting tonight, never to meet again? Or shall we do what God intended those to do—who—who have discovered each other? Perhaps my words sound as tho I am crazy. Perhaps I am dreaming it all. But I am going ahead with my question—no matter what happens. I want to marry you—not tomorrow—not next week—not some day when it will be hopelessly impossible—but tonight—right now—when it is possible. An hour from now and it will be too late. You must think quickly, Princess. Remember—I have the Twelve Coins of Confucius."

He drew from his vest pocket the one greenish disc he had kept possession of, and held it in front of her eyes. "No matter what happens, this—the other eleven, too—will go back to the Emperor of China—to the nation itself. But I want something bigger and better than those. I—I want to steal the Emperor's daughter." He looked down at her. "What is your answer, O Lyra? It must come quick—or never!"

Her eyes wide with astonishment, perhaps instinctive awe, she gazed at the greenish gold coin in his fingers. "It—it—it is of the Twelve!" she breathed. "Oh, I can't comprehend—as yet! But it is one of them—that I have seen so often with my own eyes in the palace." She turned her face up to his, and her eyes beamed with pride-pride of him. "I am so—so glad you came back. When you go, then I realize suddenly that O Lyra Seng have make mistake of her life. I know then that I like more than to love—I like to marry with you. I do not know how you get these twelve historical coins, and I do not ask; I only believe you.

"Yes, Jason H. Barton, I know with sadness in my heart after you go that love is biggest thing in world—and that I am coward—afraid to put to test all my fine-spun theories. But now the true vision come to me. I do not care what my honorable father, or the Chinese officials of my country, or anybody in whole world say—I shall fulfill O Lyra Sen's destiny to find her own happiness—in the way the Great Spirit back of the universe decrees—and dictates. There is but one question—and I ask it again. You will love me always? I want you—but perhaps to get you I give up everything in world. I do not know now. But O Lyra is willing to take chance—if you will tell her only that you will always, always take care of her—and care for her."

He bent down and kissed her. "Always, O Lyra. I only wish that I were the one who was perhaps giving up everything—and you nothing. But conditions are the reverse. It will be the dream of my life, tho, to make you feel that you received more than you gave up. But the choice must come from you."

"I marry you," she said simply. "I marry you now this minute—anywhere—anyway."

"Then listen carefully to me," he cautioned hurriedly. "We can never go by way of the lobby of the hotel. We would be stopped instantly by the house detective. Are you a brave girl? There is only one way to get out. That is by way of the fire-escape. And remember—Tsung will arrive any minute."

She stepped into the bedroom and emerged a second later with a quaint lit-

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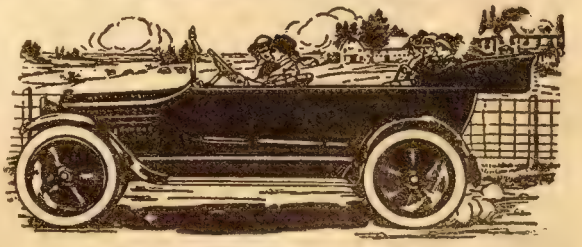

A fine new five-passenger touring car will be given away absolutely free to some one who acts right away. Wouldn't you be happy and proud to own this fine automobile? Think of the fun you can have taking your friends out riding. And how all your relatives would enjoy the car. Hundreds of men, women, boys and girls all over the country are winning automobiles, etc. They win by starting early. As soon as they see the advertisement and puzzle they go to work and solve it and so get a great big start in the contest.

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This contest will not be advertised and pushed like so many others. There will be fewer contestants than in other contests, and if you start right away you can win easily this 1918 model, fully equipped, five-passenger touring car.

2000 VOTES FREE

To test your quickness and to give you a good head start we are printing the auto prize puzzle picture shown below. In this picture there are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun to find. Solve the puzzle, mark the faces, fill out the coupon and send it all to us with four cents in stamps to help pay the cost of mailing the beautiful set of Movie Star Photos, including that of charming Mary Pickford. We will also make you a present of 2,000 free auto votes and tell you all about this splendid five-passenger touring car. We are also going to give away many other prizes.

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We want to impress on you that it is very necessary to start at once. We are determined to give this automobile to some one free, and it might as well be you. Don't delay another minute. Find at least four of the partly hidden faces on the puzzle picture, mark each with a cross (X), fill out the coupon, cut out the picture and coupon and mail them to us with four cents to help pay the cost of mailing expenses for the set of Movie Stars Photos for solving the puzzle. We will also give you 2,000 free votes toward winning this auto. There are no losers. You get prizes for everything you do—many of them. We will help you win this auto if you are quick. Mail the coupon right away. Address

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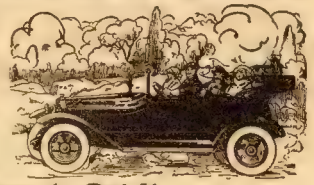
This picture shows one of our friends driving an automobile like the one we are going to give away. In this picture there are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun for you to find. It is not so easy to find the faces in this picture, but by close search and by twisting and turning the picture around they will be revealed to you.



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Gentlemen: I have marked the four faces on the picture puzzle which I am sending you together with four cents in stamps to help pay the postage and mailing expenses of the set of Movie Star Photos, including Mary Pickford. Please tell me how I can become the owner of this five-passenger touring car delivered to me absolutely free. Also send me my certificate of entry and 2,000 free votes toward winning it. Let me know also how to earn cash commissions and the many splendid prizes you have for me

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the picture hat tied under her chin with pink ribbons. On her arm was an expensive cloak of Persian camel's hair, dyed a rich purple. "I am ready," she said quietly. "Lead—and O Lyra will follow."

He held the cloak for her, and she crept into it. He buttoned it carefully about her, for he knew that the air of the evening was going to become chilly during a certain swift drive. He didn't quite want to realize what he was doing lest he lose his courage; so he worked quickly at the buttons to keep his mind busy on details.

When he was finished she stepped over to the maid, and patting her on the cheek addressed a few words in Chinese to her. The woman smiled back at her—rather wistfully, as it seemed to Barton. Then the Princess turned to him.

"I am ready, Jason H. Barton."

CHAPTER XX.

DOCUMENT VS. DOCUMENT.

BARTON flung open the door of the room and led the way to the fire-escape. Out he climbed on the little iron platform, lighted dimly by an arc light far below in the alley, and put forth his hand to help the Princess out. She shivered a little and hesitated.

"Do you wish to go back, Princess?" he asked kindly. "It is not too late."

She smiled to him, in the half-light. "I tell my maid to tell honorable Tsung that I go marry with most wonderful man—I know—and now I never go back till I make marry with him. Lead—and I follow."

"Then don't look down," he advised. With his hand on her arm, he led the way down the first flight of the clinging stairway. She clutched at him fearfully at first, but as they covered flight after flight, she seemed to get back her courage, and several times gave a delighted little laugh. At the bottom landing he ran out on the great swinging arm a few steps, and with a ponderous groaning it dropped slowly to the ground and after a bump or two lay stationary.

Down the flight they sped, like two children on an escapade. Thru the dark alley, past boxes and barrels they threaded their way, guided only by the brilliant lights at the alley opening on Congress street. Out they came on the sidewalk, and Barton breathed a long sigh of relief. The taxicab was waiting, the driver posted in the seat smoking a cigarette.

They dived across the pavement, a few pedestrians stopping point-blank in their tracks at the strange performance. "Down Michigan avenue quick—and turn off at Eleventh street," said Barton, as he helped the girl in and slammed the door.

When they had covered a few blocks and were off the brightly lighted boulevard, he thrust out his head from the half-opened door. "Where's the nearest Indiana town to the State line," he queried, "that a marriage can be performed without a town license?"

Was ever there a taxi driver that was not encyclopedic in his knowledge of customs, geography and topography for miles and miles around? "Whiting," the young Irishman responded, grinning. "Can get ye to a minister's house in Whiting inside of an hour and a half. Just the other side of the South Chicago steel mills."

"Shoot!" directed Barton, and settled back on the cushions again.

The girl nestled in his arms. "I am so glad we make up our minds," she said simply, looking up at him as a rapidly receding arc light flashed into their faces for a bare instant. "China—the empire—the life of my youth seems to be far away—something unreal. But this is real, so real—and tonight I know I am living life."

So, leaning back on the cushions, his arm about her, Barton told her fully of his two experiences in Sam Toy's shop; one earlier in the day, and one that evening with her "honorable guardian," as he termed him; and of the final astounding discovery of the coins, fashioned into the crude bowl of yellow pottery. And discussing the matter, their machine rolled before they knew it into South Chicago, with its rickety gas lamps, its sunbaked cottages, its pink-tinged sky from the great blast furnaces and converters. Rapidly the dull boom-boom-boom from the plate mills grew fainter and fainter in the rear; soon they passed two great concrete posts bearing the sign "State Line." And fifteen minutes later they shot into a quiet little town with dirt-paved streets and great green trees lined along the roadway.

The machine stopped in front of a tiny vine-covered cottage. The driver looked in and nodded. "We're there," he announced.

Barton sprung from the taxi and helped the Princess out. He beckoned to the driver. "Come," he said; "we'll need you for a witness."

The marriage was performed by a white-haired old clergyman in a quaint little parlor which held an old-fashioned organ quite in keeping with the hand-worked Bible quotations about the walls. For a ring, Barton placed on the Princess' slim finger the ring he had received from his mother—the ring which he had always carried; for witnesses, the clergyman's wife, bedecked in a huge gingham apron, and the chauffeur sufficed. Fifteen minutes later all three emerged, in Barton's pocket a crisp white certificate bearing the information that one O Lyra Seng, 20 years of age, and Jason H. Barton had been made man and wife.

Back over the State line, thru Steeltown, and to the Sun building the taxicab went by Barton's direction. Long before they reached the city proper, the streets began to be deserted. In front of the dingy building on Market street, he helped out the smiling Chinese girl. On glancing up, he could see that Britton's office was brilliantly lighted, the rays piercing the dark gorge of Newspaper Row.

Up the stairs he conducted her and into the office without the formality of knocking. But there, seated against the folding doors that shut off the city room, were two men with Britton. Each of them had stout strong jaws; each was smoking a big black cigar; each wore a shiny Federal badge on his vest. The moment that Barton and the girl entered the office, she standing timidly at his elbow, the taller of the two men arose and came straight over to him.

"Your name Jason H. Barton?" he asked.

Barton's face showed his puzzlement. "It is."

The man gave a searching glance toward the Princess, then faced Barton again.

"I am sorry to say that one Li Hwei Tsung made a technical affidavit two hours ago before the commanding official of the Federal immigration bureau. His affidavit declares that he and his party entered the United States for commercial purposes, and he requests immediate deportation back to China—including Princess O Lyra Seng." He paused. "You know the law. You've heard of the Asiatic exclusion act. This girl must go with me to the Federal bureau and be put under the charge of the matron—and from there be sent back to China."

Suddenly the officer's words seemed to pierce the Princess' consciousness. She clung to Barton shrinking. "Oh," she walled, looking up helplessly at him, "you—you won't let them——"

But she didn't finish, for Barton strode forward a step and looked the other man straight in the eye.

"It was a brilliantly clever move on Li Hwei Tsung's part," he stated quietly, "to make that affidavit, but I'm afraid he's hoist by his own petard. Indeed, sir, I have due respect for the Chinese exclusion act, which is conceded to be unbeatable. It rules that no member of that empire may permanently enter the United States after the year 1908. But I have the honor to inform you that this lady became my wife two hours ago in Whiting, Ind'ana"—he dug down into his pocket and whipped out the crisp marriage certificate—"and by the completion of that ceremony automatically assumed the citizenship of her husband. Let me introduce you all to Mrs. Jason H. Barton, American, Yankee, voter, citizen, who cannot be barred from this country by ten thousand exclusion acts."

The tense silence following his words was broken by Britton clapping his hands and pounding on the table. Over the face of the Federal officer a broad smile came. He thrust out his hand. "Bully for you, old man! I really hoped you had done it. It was your only chance." He made a careful examination of the marriage certificate, and handed it back. Then he motioned to his companion. "Come, Jimmy; we're not needed around here."

Already Britton was swinging open the great doors that led from his office into the city room of the Sun. At the raising of his hand, the fearful clatter ceased and a score of reporters and subeditors sat stiffly in their chairs. A profound silence filled both rooms.

"Gentlemen," said Britton, in the doorway, "attention all of you—if you please! The Fates that govern news have unduly honored the Sun tonight. A Sun reporter has married the only daughter of the Emperor of China, recovered the biggest treasure in the history of that peculiar empire, and beaten the so-called unbeatable Chinese exclusion act. Gentlemen, our paper—all of us—hold in our hands tonight the biggest, strangest, most exclusive and most unbelievable story of the year. This way, every mother's son of you—and bring your chairs and notebooks!"

The End.

Only the Music.

A NEW Irish porter was put to work on a railway in the north of England. The head porter directed the man to imitate him closely, and thereby learn his duties. When the first train came into the station the head porter shouted:

"Ferryhill; change for Hartlepool, Stockton and Middlesbrough; change for Spennymoor, Coxhoe and Trundon; keep your seats going north."

Barney strode after him, and shouted in a louder voice:

"Fareyhill; change for Dahore, Umphump, Tootalooral, Diderham; change for Coxcomb, Moorham, Findham, Coldham; kape your seats where you are."

The station master afterward called him aside and showed him the right names on the time table. Barney removed his cap, and said, politely:

"Thank you, sorr; I got hould of the music, but I couldn't catch the words."

The Elephant's Teeth.

She was condemnatory in her manner. "I refuse to take this paper cutter," she declared, sternly, "because it is not ivory, and I want to use it as a birthday gift."

The shopman looked at her with the "I don't doubt your word, madam," expression indigenous to his tribe. "That's very strange," he said. "The elephant must have had false teeth."

Waiting for the Mysterious U-Boat

Our destroyers and scout ships are waiting for the sudden attack or the deadly torpedo—the watch on the Atlantic are on the lookout for the first indication of hidden danger—it's a fight for life. For those leading a quiet life at home it is often the unexpected that happens. It may be that we are mysteriously attacked by pain in our back or limbs.

Backache of any kind is often caused by kidney disorder, which means that the kidneys are not working properly. Poisonous matter and uric acid accumulate within the body in great abundance, overworking the sick kidneys; hence the congestion of blood causes backache in the same manner as a similar congestion in the head causes headache. You become nervous, despondent, sick, feverish, irritable, have spots appearing before the eyes, bags under the lids, and lack ambition to do things.

BE PREPARED!

The latest and most effective means of overcoming this trouble, is to eat sparingly of meat, drink plenty of water between meals and take a single An-u-ric tablet before each meal for a while, or until recovered.

Simply ask your favorite druggist for Anuric, double strength. In tablets, 60c. If you have lumbago, rheumatism, gout, dropsy, begin immediately with this newest discovery of Dr. Pierce, who is Chief Medical Director of Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute in Buffalo, N. Y. Send 10 cents for trial package.

Chicago Ledger

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GENTLE JABS.

A misfit truth is the worst of all lies.

There are a lot of skins in the leather business

Unless a man is polite to his wife he is not polite.

Sound judgment is responsible for a lot of silence.

Truth never dodges, no matter who throws mud at it.

Most things will come your way if you go after them.

Even a crook can hand out a straight tip if he wants to.

Money isn't everything, but it makes good as a substitute.

An egg is best when fresh, but it's different with an office boy.

No doctor can cure what ails you if you have a mean disposition.

Some people are full of the truth because they never let any of it out.

A man is never too busy to listen when the lady on the silver dollar talks.

Graft that doesn't come out in the washing may show up in the ironing.

You can never tell what a woman in love and a balky horse are going to do

Paradoxical as it may seem, the right end of a check to indorse is the left end

From an Indian's standpoint it's America for everybody but the American.

If bread is the staff of life then bread and honey must be a gold-headed cane.

Young man, if you would engrave your name on a girl's heart use a solitaire diamond.

Only the man who holds the key to the situation is in a position to open a deadlock.

When locomotives and children get on the wrong track it takes a switch to get them back.

A cold is a good deal like a street car. A man can always catch it when he doesn't want it.

Any man who depends on wages will acquire a lot more money than the man who depends on wagers.

Just because a married man does the things his wife wants him to is no sign that he is stuck on the job.

If you don't believe that men are just as curious as women, tie up one of your fingers and pour liniment over it.

One difference between a gum barrel and a rum barrel is that one kills with a bang and the other with a bung.

Old Noah was a great ball player. He pitched the ark without and within, and later in the game he put the dove out on a fly.

Reasons for Registering

A WOMAN wrote into the Women's Committee of the Council of National Defense the other day to say that her son was too old to go into the Army and that she therefore wished to enroll herself for whatever service she might render her country in his place. She meant that she wished to register with the Women's Committee, as it has been urging women thru its national organization to do.

They wrote back to know what kind of service she desired to render. She made a reply similar to one that an English woman returned to her government when they asked for a list of her accomplishments. She said that she had not been able to do much lately—being, presumably, a little decrepit—except train canaries.

There were those who, on reading the letter, felt her services to be not exactly demanded in our present crisis. Still, the British government, when one of their female subjects made this same statement, turned it to account. They set her to training carrier pigeons for the army.

Now we are said to be investigating the advisability of setting our subject, whose son is too old for service, to this work.

Some one was asking the other day why on earth the Women's Committee was so dead set on getting every woman to register. The above incident in a way answers the question. They wish it in order that the country's willing workers may be fitted out with suitable employment. Many millions of women have already registered, and the Women's Committee has undertaken the solemn obligation of placing them intelligently.

An Italian woman, living in two rooms with eight children, volunteered to take care of children belonging to some woman who might thus be released to go to work for the country. Another woman, whose baby was born at 4 o'clock one morning, asked to have a registration card brought to her bedside at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. She said that she could just as well nurse another baby, whose mother could then work on some war relief job.

Librarians are enlisting, and the committee is planning to set them to educational propaganda work. Their plan is to have them gather in books and pamphlets, which they will put on file in small, segregated libraries for the use of teachers in remote country districts.

A woman in Montana wishes to break horses and turn over the money paid her to the Government. A letter that came into Washington from a girl in Minnesota says that she and one of her friends wish to help reconstruct the railroads in France.

A girl of 18 writes in from Michigan that she loves her music, but is willing to give it up and go anywhere that she could be of help. Some one from Idaho offers herself as buyer, inspector of knitting, first aid, reader, chauffeur, or, on the other hand, anything whatever that she could do at home.

From these detached offers one can almost figure out for himself just what the work of the Women's Committee is. It consists in turning to practical account a willingness on the part of the country's feminine patriots, who would be helpless if not harnessed and given direction.

The above paragraphs may help the women of the country to answer the questions put them already some millions of times of, "Why should I register? I am living as economically as I can and doing everything I can to help the Government without pledging myself to anything." They should register in order to help us give full play to our greatest talent—our national genius for organization.

No better evidence that you should register could be cited than this: The foes of our country who are within its borders have spread a dangerous propaganda. They are advising the women not to register.

They say that if you do you will be commandeered by the Government and sent abroad—perhaps to the front. They insist that when you register you sign away your independence.

Women in some of the States are said to have been visited before registration day and warned that the Government would, if they pledged their names on a piece of paper, take away their food. A woman in Iowa, by the way, heard the story and believed it. But she was a patriot of the first water.

When the agent came to get her card she had signed it. At the same time she demanded eagerly to know when the Government was coming for her supplies, and she appended that if they would wait a few days they would get more, as she was busy canning everything she could get her hands on for them.

To work together is the secret of effective aid in war time, and the enemy knows that the first step toward cooperation among the women of the country is for them to register.

There are township chiefs who report to a county chairman, who in turn is accountable to a chairman of the State, who is under the authority of the national board in Washington. In Alaska eight chairmen have been appointed who correspond to the chairmen of counties. Minnesota leads the list with its town units. They have 988 organized. Illinois comes next with 800.

In thirty-five States the work either is begun or a definite registration date set. Missouri returned 100,000 cards and is continuing to register. Nebraska reports a brilliant campaign. Michigan has made a complete survey of the State preliminary to registration. Tennessee reports that from its one registration day the count approximately shows 100,000 cards.

A War Decalog for Women

"A new decalog of war for women has been arranged by the professors of the University of Turin," says Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, chairman of the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense.

"This decalog, like that of the Scriptures, applies to both men and women, and by close attention to its rules, every one will be able not only to do her part, but to do it so systematically and efficiently that there is no demand the Government could make that would not find us prepared to respond at once. If every family kept this decalog where it could be in view every day, it would remind them of their duty as well as the glory of sharing in the great new struggle which we trust shall bring to us a fulfillment of the spirit of Him who came to bring 'Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men.'"

The decalog is as follows:

1. Do not chatter. Keep to yourself the news you hear, your own impressions, and your apprehensions.

2. Do not listen to alarmists, to slackers, or to those who would spread discouragement. Silence them.

3. Be moderate in your spending, neither lavish in gifts nor sordid in your economies. Let everything in your life, even your daily expenses, take on at this moment its true national importance.

4. Encourage national industries, avoiding imported goods, even tho they may seem better and less costly than those made at home.

5. Do not look upon the departure to the front of those dear to you as an abandonment. Be with them constantly in thought, as they are with you, particularly in the hour of danger, and do all that you can to replace them in their former occupations.

6. Do not complain of the difficulties, annoyances and privations caused by the war. Think of those who are dying for their country and complaint will halt upon your lips.

7. Multiply your activities, in your home as well as outside, thereby rendering yourself useful to your country by the work of your hands, the warmth of your heart, and the clarity of your intelligence.

8. Exhibit day by day and hour by hour the same courage a man shows upon the field of battle. Instruct the ignorant, uphold the feeble, console those who are stricken; transmit your own confidence to others.

9. No matter how long the struggle may last, await victory with strength and patience.

10. If you are stricken in your dearest affections, bear your sorrow nobly, that your tears may be worthy of the hero whose death you mourn

UNREST IN SCHOOLS.

Teachers say that there is great unrest in the public schools and juvenile delinquency is increasing. The small boy and small girl make use of every opportunity to stay at home or to go somewhere else than school. Red Cross work among the girls, food surveys looking for window cards among boys and the everyday war excitement have upset the old order and discipline. Yet the beginnings of a sense of authority and obedience for law are taught in the public schools, and children must be rallied to their present duty of going to school.

Here is another chance for the neighborhood patriot, the club woman and the worker in the Parent-Teachers' Association. A boy or girl on the street during school hours is out of place, has no right to be at large. After seeing one's own child keeps clock-like regularity at school, the next duty is to question the wandering child on the street and to report to parents and the school. Small highwaymen, child robberies of houses left alone, and the defiance of school rules are too frequent.

Easy to Make This Pine Cough Remedy

Thousands of families swear by its prompt results. Inexpensive, and saves about $2.

You know that pine is used in nearly all prescriptions and remedies for coughs. The reason is that pine contains several peculiar elements that have a remarkable effect in soothing and healing the membranes of the throat and chest. Pine is famous for this purpose.

Pine cough syrups are combinations of pine and syrup. The "syrup" part is usually plain granulated sugar syrup. Nothing better, but why buy it? You can easily make it yourself in five minutes.

To make the best pine cough remedy that money can buy, put 2½ ounces of Pinex (60 cents worth) in a pint bottle, and fill up with home-made sugar syrup. This gives you a full pint—more than you can buy ready-made for $2.50. It is pure, good and very pleasant—children take it eagerly.

You can feel this take hold of a cough or cold in a way that means business. The cough may be dry, hoarse and tight, or may be persistently loose from the formation of phlegm. The cause is the same—inflamed membranes—and this Pinex and Syrup combination will stop it—usually in 24 hours or less. Splendid, too, for bronchitis, hoarseness, or any ordinary throat ailment.

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WHAT HAPPENED IN CRAZYQUILT LAND

THE DUPLICATE CHILDREN RECEIVE A SUMMONS TO THE PALACE

Raymond and Lucille Appear Before the Queen's Jesteress.

WHISPERING BILL, the Crazyquilt Inspector, awakened Raymond and Lucille [illegible] shortly after New Year's day to give the duplicate children a note which the Crazyquilt lady letter carrier had dropped to the Inspector from the crazyquilt balloon in which she made her rounds. The letter was plainly addressed to them and the duplicate children were somewhat startled to think that some one in Crazyquilt Land should write to them.

"I'll bet it's from Rollo Ruffle, who danced with me at one of the holiday parties," said Lucille. "He smiled and smiled at me all evening, but didn't seem to know what to talk about, as he kept saying 'A'hem! A'hem!' and I thought he was referring to the hems on the Crazyquilt people who were there."

"And I'll bet," said Raymond, "that it's a bill from that Mrs. Crosspatch, whose colors ran when you wept on her shoulder the other day after you had been scratched by a crazyquilt kitten. Her colors weren't fast, and she has no business to charge you for the loss of her color."

"Maybe it's a note of apology from the kitten who, I understand, went to the pond and drowned himself three or four times because of his sorrow for having bitten me," suggested Lucille.

"And then again," said Raymond, "perhaps it's from the Musicalulus, the sweet singers of Crazyquilt Land, requesting me to release some of the notes they sang at the New Year's party. I picked some of the brightest notes of the air just as they were about to float out of the room and away on the evening breeze. It happened that they were not harmonious notes, for when I stuck them in my pocket they made a lot of discord and I had to place them in a crazyquilt jar where they could carry on all they pleased without disturbing any one. There were sharps and flats and half notes and whole notes and green notes and red notes all mixed up together."

"Shame on you," scolded Lucille, "for treating the poor, innocent notes that way."

"You wouldn't call them innocent if you had heard the racket they made together. But if you want me to, I'll release them from the jar, which I brought home and put under the table here." Raymond pulled forth a jar from beneath the table and removed the cover. Immediately the room was filled with the greatest discord of sound imaginable. The notes flew out of the window, and as they did so the duplicate children heard one note say, "I'm glad to get away from those sharps," while a sharp note said, "I'd hate to be a flat. Why, a flat is even lower than a plain everyday note."

Soon the noisy notes disappeared and Raymond and Lucille again turned their attention to the unopened letter. "Why don't you open the letter if you want to find out who sent it?" spoke up Whispering Bill.

"That suggestion is well worth considering," replied Lucille. "But how can one open an envelope made out of crazyquilt patches?"

Whispering Bill ripped out the stitches in the envelope with a pair of crazyquilt scissors, and out came a crazyquilt card which read as follows:

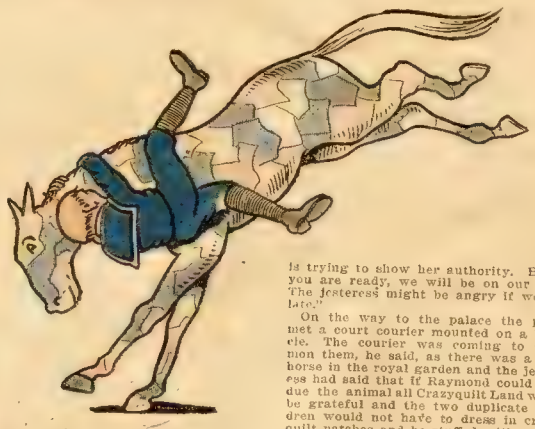
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE CRAZYQUILT JESTERESS, COMMANDS RAYMOND AND LUCILLE TO APPEAR BEFORE HER IMMEDIATELY, TO SHOW CAUSE WHY THEY SHOULD NOT DRESS IN PATCHES AND BE STUFFED WITH COTTON THE SAME AS NATIVES OF CRAZYQUILT LAND.

"Oh, but we couldn't very well dress that way," said Lucille to Whispering Bill, after all had read the note. "We wouldn't be recognized by our real selves when we returned to tell of our experiences in Crazyquilt Land. And cotton isn't a very good filling for hungry growing children where we came from. Raymond and I must eat even if we are only reflections. I've had a hard enough time trying to get along on the magic food which you have been able to get for us. If we just had a little more to eat my happiness would be complete."

"Let's be off to see if we can't explain matters to the queen's jesteress," said the Crazyquilt Inspector.

"Why is it that the queen's jesteress, and not the queen, commands us to appear at the royal court?" asked Raymond.

"I forgot to mention to you that every time there is a Crazyquilt full moon, the members of the royal family step down from the throne and give way to their servants. Until the moon changes again the servants are in full authority and the royal folks act as servants. For example, the jesteress becomes queen and the queen becomes jesteress. And the king changes places with the royal gardener or the royal janitor. That is why it is the jesteress has commanded you and Lucille to appear. She is trying to show her authority. But if you are ready, we will be on our way. The jesteress might be angry if we are late."



On the way to the palace the party met a court courier mounted on a bicycle. The courier was coming to summon them, he said, as there was a wild horse in the royal garden and the jesteress had said that if Raymond could subdue the animal all Crazyquilt Land would be grateful and the two duplicate children would not have to dress in crazyquilt patches and be stuffed with cotton.

The bicycle rider led the party to the garden, where they saw the wild horse prancing and kicking about, while Crazyquilt people stood off at a safe distance, some behind bushes, some behind trees and others in doorways, all afraid to venture too near the horse. The queen's jesteress and the queen were looking out of a window of the palace.

"If I only had a lump of crazyquilt sugar," spoke up Raymond, "I bet I could subdue that wild horse in a jiffy." But as there is no such thing as sugar

(Continued on Page 29.)

Katrinka's Adventure

Being the Story ot a Little Girl Who Was Afraid of a Pig.

Before She Knew What Had Happened, There Was a Great Crash of Broken Glass.

IT MAY have been the fault of the chickens, and it may have been because the old black pig grunted too soon; it certainly was not Trink's fault—oh, no!

Trink was a small person, very proud and very sunburned and very charming when everything went as she wanted it, and very—well, I must confess—very apt to be cross when she couldn't have her own way. But she soon outgrew that so it is hardly fair to describe her as anything but a big ray of sunshine.

Trink was short for Katrinka, and as she was short of stature, the name applied both ways.

Trink was at her grandmother's again, on the beautiful big farm between the mountains; and she was having the best kind of a time, especially as her small cousin Nell had also come there to make a visit. There was one thing they did wish for, and that was apples. All of the apples in the orchard were as green as fresh grass, and no good to eat, for they had tried and found out after spending a day or so in bed.

One day when Trink was helping Uncle Jim hunt eggs in the weeds back of his new chicken house she discovered, instead of a nest of white eggs, two large shining strawberry apples. And looking up above her head she saw many more, all on the side of the tree toward the chicken house, and far above her head. Uncle Jim, carefully climbing up on the corner of the house, picked a hatful of beauties and gave them to her.

"Don't ever climb up there yourself, Trinky," he said, "for you know my nice new chicken house has a glass roof, and if you slip an inch you may crash thru and hurt yourself and the chickens and spoil the house."

"I'll remember, Uncle Jim," said Trink, as she raced off to find Nell. Trink was always dutiful as long as she remembered.

So, when she showed Nell the tree next day, and the great red apples beckoned them, she refused to climb on the end of the chicken house for one instant, or to allow daring Nell to do it.

"You boost me up, Nelly," she said, brightly, after they had gazed longingly up for some time and had tried to throw sticks up so they would not fall into the chicken house, "and I'll climb out on the limb and throw 'em down to you—you can catch 'em in your dress."

So roly-poly Trinky rolled up the tree and worked her way out on the limb, carefully keeping her eye on the place where the biggest and best apples were. She finally seated herself just where she could reach several nice apples. Then she dropped a big one down to Nell and buried her teeth in another. After that one was finished, even to the seeds, she picked some more to throw down.

"I'm not ready to catch 'em yet," cried Nelly. "Put 'em in your lap a minute." So Trink picked up an apron full of jolly red ones and then sat looking down in the chicken yard under her.

"Oh, oh!" she screamed, "there's an old hen just coming off with the darlingest fluffy chicks you ever saw—I wish you could see 'em, Nelly——"

But Nelly had seen something else, which was the old black pig trotting thru the orchard pell-mell toward the strawberry apple tree. And if there was one thing both she and Trink were very much afraid of it was that same impulsive old black pig that always poked his nose in where he wasn't wanted. Nelly was running away as fast as she could. The hen caught sight of Trink in the tree above her and commenced to "cut-cut-cadarcut," just as the little girl saw Nelly running thru the orchard, and the old black pig under the tree. She turned to clutch the limb on which she was sitting, and before she knew what had happened there was a great crash of broken glass, a frightened scream, a terrified snort from the pig and a dozen red apples fell from the tree on top of the chicken house and thru the glass roof into Madam Hen's drawing-room.

Poor little Trink was bruised and cut and frightened nearly to death. She could not pick herself up for a few minutes, and when she did she discovered great bleeding places on her hands and legs, and aches all over, which frightened her even more; and, worse than all, there was no way out of it—the sides were too high even to reach on tiptoe, and the door was locked, for she had seen Uncle Jim do it. There wasn't any use in crying, for there was no one to see how miserable she was, so she curled herself up in a corner, nursing her cuts and aches.

Nell soon came back, when she saw that the old black pig was in a far-away and safe corner of the orchard. She had not heard the crash as she ran, and when she saw no sign of Trink a great fear came over her, and she ran to the house screaming that the old black pig had eaten Trink.

Of course, Nell was only a little girl and very much afraid of the black pig, and they laughed at her fears, but finally Uncle Jim went out to see if anything had happened. When Nell showed him the tree and the limb, he whistled, and then ran round to the door of the chicken house, and, much to Nell's surprise, there was Trink, cut and bruised, but patiently waiting to be rescued.

Uncle Joe carried her tenderly to the house, and grandmother bathed and doctored the wounds, which were painful, but not dangerous.

"I'm so sorry, Uncle Jim," said Trink, with tears in her eyes. "I will save up my money till I get enough to pay for the broken glass. I didn't mean to be disobedient."

"You weren't, Trinky," said Uncle Jim, kissing her. "You had no intention of touching the chicken house, and I can have it mended easily, I know. As for the baby chickens, the old hen brought off twelve, every egg she had under her."

A DOG DAY.

First he tore a doll to pieces,
Then he stole the kitten's food;
Then he chased poor Cockalorum—
Which was really very rude;
Upset Mary's pail of water,
Drove Miss Nanny-Goat away,
Till she turned and tossed him. "Really,
You deserve she should!" said May.

THE SQUIRREL IN THE MUFF.

When Phil began to nod over his pudding, his father carried him into the living-room and laid him on the couch; but Phil made up his mind that he would not go to sleep. It was a whole hour until bedtime and he did not want to waste an hour. He opened his eyes wide and looked around the room. Aunt May's muff lay on the table with one end toward him. Phil thought the hole in it looked like the door to some furry animal's house in the ground or in a tree trunk. He began to tell a story to try to keep himself awake.

"Once a little boy went 'way, 'way out into the woods to crack nuts, and after a while he saw a great, big hole in the side of a tree, and he walked right up to it and said: 'Uncle Doodle, Uncle Doodle, Uncle Doodle Bug,' and out popped a great big——"

The story broke off there, for out of the hole in the muff popped a furry head with scared eyes. Phil sat straight up and yelled at the top of his voice. The furry head disappeared into the muff again and there was a clatter of chairs in the dining-room. Fred reached the couch first, because he had been nearest the door and could run faster. He turned round with a chuckle as his father came up.

"Phil says there's something alive in Aunt Mary's muff. He's been asleep and dreamed it."

Laughing, Fred picked up the muff and shook it, and out popped something which tried to crawl under his jacket. Then Fred, too, yelled at the top of his voice and beat the something off. Whatever it was scuttled under the couch.

"Shame on you, boys!" laughed father. He got down on his knees and reached for the furry something and tucked it into the breast of his coat. "Poor little fellow! I can feel his heart beat with fear. It's a tame squirrel. He's lost and scared and was trying to make friends with you."

"I opened the window to air the room just before dinner and he must have sprung in out of the elm tree," said mother.

"Oh, father, you are sure he's tame? Maybe he's a wild squirrel and we can keep him and tame him!" cried Fred excitedly.

"I know he's tame because he tried to get under your jacket. I had a pet squirrel once, and I always carried it there. We must find the owner if we can, but the squirrel may have come clear across the city."

Presently father coaxed the little stranger out, and he sat on father's shoulder and ate a nut. Phil was delighted.

"Uncle Doodle! Uncle Doodle!" he shouted. "That's his name. He came out when I said it."

They never found the squirrel's home and he couldn't tell them his real name, so they kept him and called him Uncle Doodle.

THE MOTHER.

Peggy, a little canine derelict, drifted to our door one day, a woeful, suffering outcast, hungry and abused, a pleading, almost human, look in her eyes, mutely craving kindness, protection, shelter. She was given food and a comfortable bed, and lost no time in presenting us with three baby puppies.

After a time Peggy made frequent trips to a nearby park. One day she brought home a baby squirrel, tenderly placing the fuzzy mite along with her own family, licking and caressing it lovingly. The "foundling" thrived under her maternal care and Peggy was supremely happy.

When the squirrel grew older, however, and frisked about it seemed a source of worry and care to Peggy. Often she'd look at the lively little creature with a worried look in her eyes that seemed to say, "Well, you're a bit queer," and, mother-like, bestowed upon it her tenderest care, paying little or no attention to her dog family, instinctively knowing they were perfectly capable of caring for themselves. Her canine sagacity prompted her to give her sole attention, with a fidelity that only mother love can bestow, to the one whom she thought a little weak in the doggy gray matter.

STORY OF THE OSTRICH.

Long, long ago the ostrich lived in a beautiful garden at the edge of the desert. There was no garden like it in all Egypt. Weary travelers from the desert looked thirstily at the juicy oranges and pomegranates which lay scattered upon the ground. But the ostrich's heart was as hard as the stone in a date. Her roses dropped their leaves on the ground and her fruit dropped and decayed, while hundreds of hungry, starving people passed her gates.

One night, as the great sun was sinking into the West, a traveler on a noble white camel paused by her garden walls.

"O, ostrich!" he called, in a voice like a silver trumpet, "I pray you, give me a few of your dates and figs that are lying on the ground."

"Plant a garden thyself," answered the ostrich, proudly.

"Give me, then, the red rose which hangs over the wall," pleaded the traveler.

The ostrich reached up, plucked the rose, and strewed it over the sand that touched her garden walls.

Then the traveler extended both hands toward the sun, which was sinking behind the desert sands.

"You are as cruel as the yellow sands," he cried. "Your garden shall be taken from you and given to one who is gentle and kind."

The ostrich shivered and spread her great wings and rushed forth into the night. She was so sorry that she had been hard-hearted that she thrust her long neck into the sand, just the way she does to this day when she is frightened.

What Happened in Crazyquilt Land.

(Continued From Page 28.)

in Crazyquilt Land, the duplicate boy had to give up the thought of subduing the horse in that manner. However, he walked straight up to the horse and after many ineffectual attempts to get onto the animal's back he finally succeeded, to the intense satisfaction of those gathered about.

To Raymond's great surprise, the horse turned his head and said in a clear, low voice, "I'm not really wild. I've seen you and Lucille a number of times and admired your appearance, and when I heard that the queen's jesteress was going to make you and your sister wear crazyquilt patches I got mad and made a great kick around the place. But I didn't tell any one why I was mad, so don't let on that I told you."

"But the queen's jesteress has said that if I subdued you, Lucille and I would not have to wear patches," answered Raymond.

"Yes, I heard that, too," said the horse. "That's why I let you finally get on my back. Now I'm very, very happy."

"Not any more than I am," said Raymond, "And just to show my appreciation for your kicking me off only a few times, I'm going to ask Whispering Bill to send around a brand-new bale of cotton, so that you can stuff yourself to your heart's content."

"Thank you-so much," responded the horse, "and while you are about it, you might see to it that my crazyquilt tail is stitched on a little more securely."

The queen, from her place at the palace window, called Raymond and Lucille and the Inspector, saying that the jesteress desired to see them immediately. A courtier led them thru winding passages to the throne room, holding up a bright crazyquilt rose to guide them along the way.

The Crazyquilt queen presented the arrivals to the jesteress, whose duty it was to occupy the throne during the period of the full moon. The jesteress was so pleased at the courage displayed by Raymond in mounting the horse's back that she told the children that she would not only let the children remain costumed in the same manner to which they were accustomed, but she would make them a present of a royal crazyquilt cow which belonged to her while she occupied the throne. She explained that the cow, in spite of the fact that it was a crazyquilt cow, gave real milk, the kind that humans drink.

The children were greatly pleased at the generosity of the jesteress, and after a long, pleasant visit, during which the real queen performed funny antics usually done by the jesteress, they returned to Whispering Bill's home leading the gift cow, who cried with joy because she would be henceforth the property of the duplicate children.

(To Be Continued.)

THE RIVAL SAUSAGEMAKERS.

The story of the rival bootmakers, which appeared recently, is matched by a correspondent of an English paper with another story, equally old but equally worth repeating. It concerns two rival sausage-makers. Again, they lived on opposite sides of a certain street, and, one day, one of them placed over the shop the legend:

"We sell sausage to the gentry and nobility of the country."

The next day, over the way, appeared the sign:

"We sell sausages to the gentry and nobility of the whole country."

Not to be outdone the rival put up what he evidently regarded as a final statement, namely:

"We sell sausages to the King."

Next day there appeared over the door of the first sausagemaker the simple expression of loyalty:

"God Save the King."

THE WONDERFUL WAITER.

Count D'Adhemar at the Newport horse show was praising American wit.

"One must understand English—or, rather, American—to appreciate your wit," he said. "Take your waiters' wit. It's quite lost on the foreigner.

"I heard of a wonderful waiter in a cheap lunch joint—I believe 'joint' is the word—the other day. A guest came in and asked for mutton broth, adding that he was in a hurry.

"'Baa-baa in the rain! Make him run!' the waiter roared.

"Another guest asked for a chicken croquette.

"'Foul ball!' roared the waiter.

"Then a guest ordered hash.

"'Gent here,' roared the waiter, 'wants to take a chance!'

"A second guest ordered hash.

"'Another sport!' the waiter yelled."

YES, HE GOT IT.

"Just one little kiss," he pleaded.

"But only a little one," she said, relenting.

"Of course," he replied. "How could I look for a big one from so small a mouth?"

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WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $200.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Z. Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

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MEN—AGE 17 TO 45 NEEDED. EXPERIence unnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations; reports. Salaries; expenses paid. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 128 St. Louis.

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For the Woman Who Sews or Embroiders

Abbreviations of Crochet Stitches.

ch st—Chain stitch.
si cr—single crochet.
do cr—Double crochet.
tr cr—Treble crochet.
do tr cr—Double treble crochet.
p—Picot.
sp—Space.
gr—Group.
*—Sign of repetition.

Ch st, make a loop over hook, thread over hook, pull second loop thru first loop, repeat for the length required.

Si cr, make a length of ch sts, skip 1 ch st, insert hook into 2nd ch st, thread over hook, draw thru the ch st, making 2 loops on hook, thread over hook, thru both loops.

Do cr, make a length of ch sts, thread over hook, skip 3 ch sts, insert hook into 4th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

Tr cr, make length of ch sts, thread over hook twice, skip 4 sts, insert hook into 5th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

P, make 5 ch sts, catch back into 4th ch st, from the hook, pull loop thru.

Sp, 1 d c, 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, forms 1 sp.

Gr, 1 d c into each st for 4 sts, together form 1 gr.

Bedspread Insertion and Border.

BY ELIZABETH BERNE.

THIS charming design for insertion and border for a bedspread is set together with strips of scrim, linen or mercerized poplin. The work is fascinating and one which can be left in one's fancywork bag, to be picked up and laid aside at a moment's notice. For this use a heavy white mercerized crochet cotton, either Perle or Cordonnet, as desired. Start the insertion with 56 ch sts.

First Row—2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 5 ch sts; turn.

Second Row—2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 5 ch sts; turn.

Third Row—2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 3 gr, 1 sp, 3 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 5 ch sts; turn.

Fourth Row—2 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 5 ch sts.

Fifth Row—2 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 5 ch sts.

Sixth Row—2 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 5 ch sts.

Seventh Row—2 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 5 ch sts.

Eighth Row—2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 7 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 5 ch sts.

Ninth Row—2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 3 gr, 1 sp, 3 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 5 ch sts.

Tenth Row—2 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 5 ch sts. Completes one-half of flower; repeat backward for the remaining portion of pattern, continue for the length required. As the strips are not wide they work up much quicker than one imagines.

For the border, start with 44 ch sts.

First Row—1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 2 sp, 2 gr, 6 ch sts; turn.

Second Row—1 d c into 4th ch st, 1 d c into each of next 2 ch sts, forming 1 extra gr, 2 gr, 4 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 5 ch sts; turn.

Third Row—1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 1 t c into last st, * 1 t c into lower third of t c; repeat * forming 1 extra gr, sl st back on 3 sts, dropping 1 gr, 3 ch sts.

Fourth Row—3 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 5 ch sts.

Fifth Row—1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 3 gr, 1 sp, 3 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 6 ch sts.

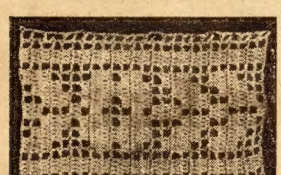
Sixth Row—1 extra gr on ch, 2 gr, 2 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 5 ch sts.

Seventh Row—1 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 2 gr, 1 extra gr.

Eighth Row—Sl st back on 3 sts, 3 ch sts, 2 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 5 ch sts.

Ninth Row—1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 6 ch sts.

Tenth Row—1 extra gr, 2 gr, 1 sp, 3 gr, Twenty-second Row—2 gr, 6 ch sts; turn.



Insertion for Bedspread.

1 sp, 2 gr, sl st back on 3 sts, 3 ch sts, turn, forming first row of dropped sts in mitering the corner.

Eleventh Row—2 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 2 sp, 2 gr, 1 extra gr, turn; sl st back on 3 sts, 3 ch sts.

Twelfth Row—3 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, turn; sl st back on 3 sts, 3 ch sts.

Thirteenth Row—1 gr, 4 sp, 2 gr, 6 ch sts; turn.

Fourteenth Row—1 extra gr, 2 gr, 2 sp, 2 gr, sl st back on 3 sts, 3 ch sts.

Fifteenth Row—2 gr, 1 sp, 3 gr, 1 extra gr, turn; sl st back on 3 sts, 3 ch sts.

Sixteenth Row—3 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, turn; sl st back on 3 sts, 5 ch sts.

Seventeenth Row—1 sp, 2 gr, 6 ch sts.

Eighteenth Row—1 extra gr, 2 gr, turn; sl st back on 3 sts, 3 ch sts.

Nineteenth Row—2 gr, 1 extra gr, turn; sl st back on 3 sts, 3 ch sts.

Twentieth Row—4 d c, 3 ch sts; turn.

Twenty-first Row—Make 3 d c on the end st of twentieth row, 3 s c on the side of next row, join to 2nd st of eighteenth row, turning the corner, 3 ch sts; turn.

Twenty-second Row—2 gr, 6 ch sts; turn.

Twenty-third Row—1 extra gr, 2 gr, 2 ch sts; join to corner st of seventeenth row, 3 ch sts, 1 d c into top of sixteenth row; turn.

Twenty-fourth Row—1 sp, 3 gr, 1 extra gr, turn; sl st back on 3 sts, 3 ch sts.

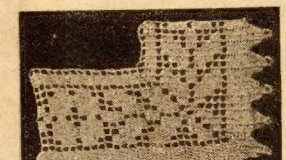
Twenty-fifth Row—3 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 ch sts, join to top of fifteenth row, 3 ch sts, 1 d c into top of fourteenth row.

Twenty-sixth Row—2 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 6 ch sts; turn.

Twenty-seventh Row—1 extra gr, 2 gr, 2 sp, 2 gr, 2 ch sts; join to fourteenth row, 1 d c, sl st back on 3 sts, 3 ch sts.

Twenty-eighth Row—1 gr, 4 sp, 4 gr, turn; sl st back on 3 sts, 3 ch sts.

Twenty-ninth Row—3 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr,



Border for Bedspread.

1 sp, 1 gr, 2 ch sts, join to thirteenth row, 3 ch sts; turn.

Thirtieth Row—3 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 2 sp, 2 gr, 6 ch sts.

Thirty-first Row—3 gr, 1 sp, 3 gr, 1 sp, 3 gr, 2 ch sts, 1 s c into twelfth row, 3 sl sts on next 3 sts, 2 ch sts; turn.

Thirty-second Row—2 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 3 gr, 1 extra gr, 3 sl sts, 3 ch sts.

Thirty-third Row—3 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, break thread, completing corner.

Thirty-fourth Row—Repeat seventh row, making 2 gr at end of row, continue pattern.

NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

The Chinese tassels which are so decorative are used in all sorts of ways, but one of the most novel is to employ them as means by which to suspend and decorate a pincushion. A plain oblong cushion, five inches long and three inches wide, is covered with silk of a Chinese pattern, or a flowered silk with colors, matching the tassel. The cushion is slipped between the loop of the cord, which is then brought up on both sides of the pillow, thru the center, and tied in a knot at the top. The cord is caught to the cushion with invisible stitches, so that it will not slip out of place. The tassel dangles from the bottom of the cushion and the loop at the top offers a means to suspend it.

Three yards of material would make a dress protector one and one-half yards long. Dimity, silkaline, or a soft chintz are excellent fabrics to use for this purpose. The goods is folded double, and the folded edges are slightly rounded, so as to fit over the sloped coat hanger. A slit of six inches, each way, is cut from the center of the fold toward the shoulders. This opening is bound with ribbon, wide enough to form a casing, and to stand a half-inch above the material for a heading. Elastic is run thru the ribbon casing, so that it can be drawn up, leaving just enough of an opening for the hook of the hanger. The selvedge edges are seamed, and a two-inch hem finishes the bottom of the cover. The rounded seam at the shoulders is shirred and drawn up to fit over the coat hanger. It is a good idea to have the hanger padded and covered with the same material as the protector.

CHILDREN AND UNTRUTHS.

Why do children lie? Edwin S. Puller in the Mothers' Magazine answers the question by saying that the imagination of a child is stronger than his intellect, that fiction is as real to a child as fact.

"The cure for lies inspired by imagination," he asserted, "is the education of the child's intellect to distinguish between fact and fancy. As his error is mental, not normal, his cure must be mental. It would be a grave error of training to attempt to suppress his imagination as a cure for his untruths. Imagination is the mainspring which moves his mentality to growth, hence it should be directed into rational channels and not curbed.

"Only parents who cannot distinguish between an imaginative untruth and a real lie punish such infants or scold them for being wicked. The child does not recognize any immoral quality in his untruth because there is none. Therefore he does not see the justice of the censure or the whipping which he has received as punishment. But he would recognize as helpful his mother's patient effort to untangle his imagination which is so helplessly commingled with facts.

"About the age of 7 or 8, the child's mental fog begins to clear and his mentality develops to the point where it begins to dominate his imagination. The unreal becomes more sharply defined and fancy slowly disengages itself from fact. When such mental development is reached, the misstatements inspired by imagination will cease.

"A factor for the prevention and cure of lying in older children is the good example of parents. Moral suasion is apt to lost its effectiveness when the mother sends her daughter to the door to tell the caller that mother is not in. The parent should be 'on honor' in the matter of truthfulness, as well as the child. Children are great imitators. Hold up an example of scrupulous adherence to truth, and your part will have been nobly done."

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